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High Times

January '79

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by "R," Dope Connoisseur

VIDEOSEX

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DOLPHINS**
of Yucatan

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ

**MYTH OF
THE "MAFIA"**
by Jules Siegel

Sports:
DOPE OLYMPICS

**HEFNER AND
GUCCIONE IN JAIL?**
by Al Goldstein

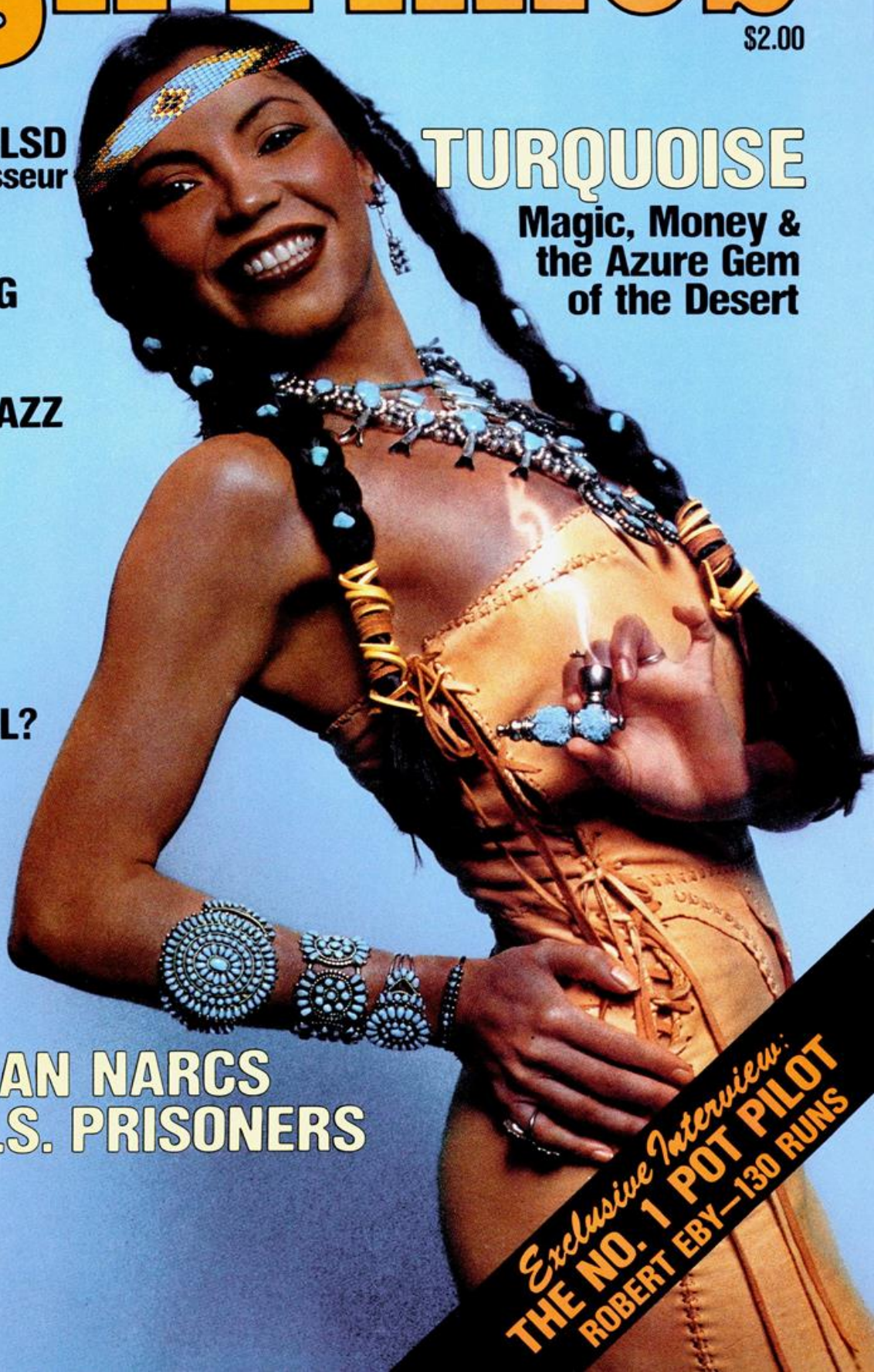
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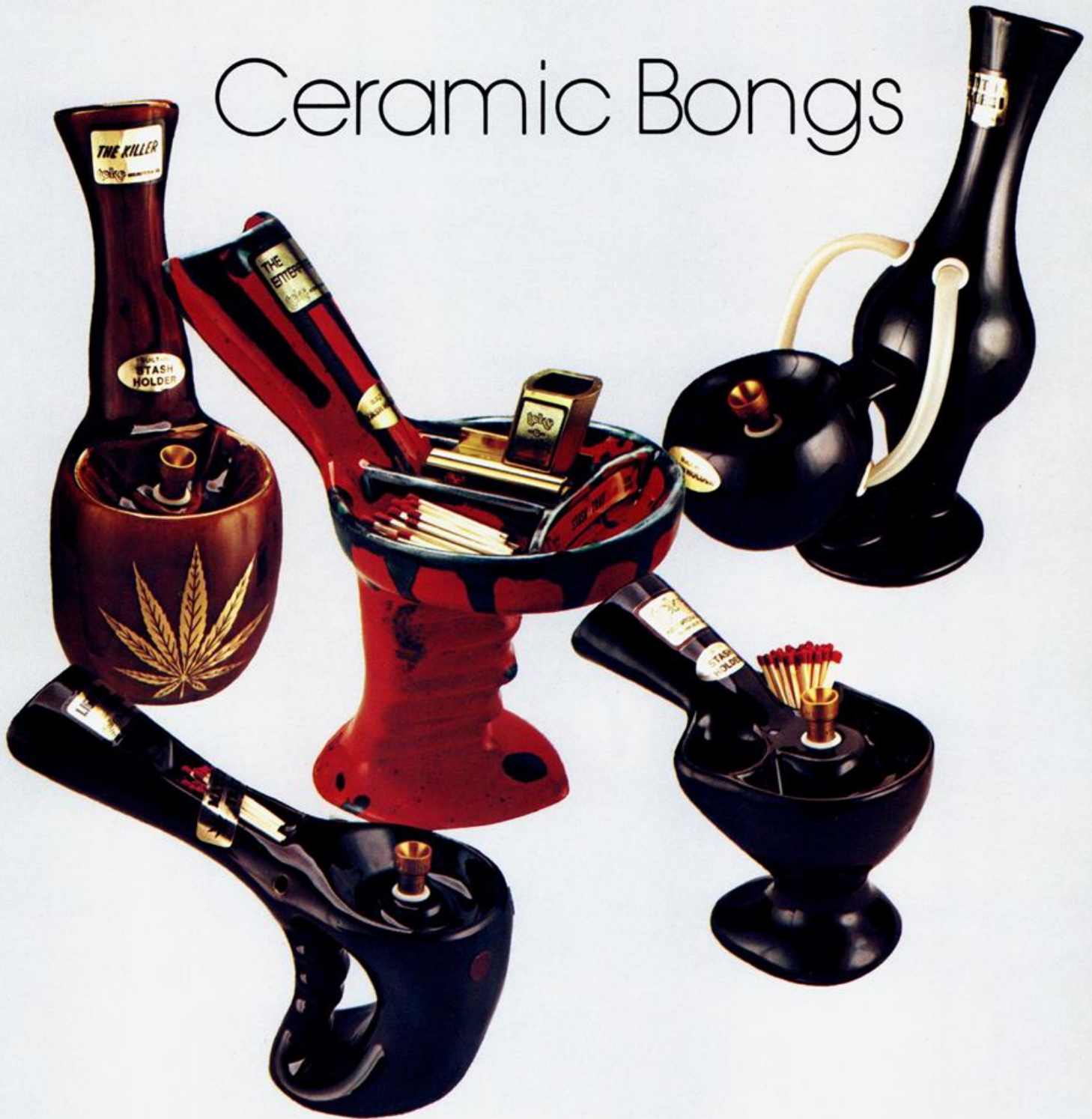
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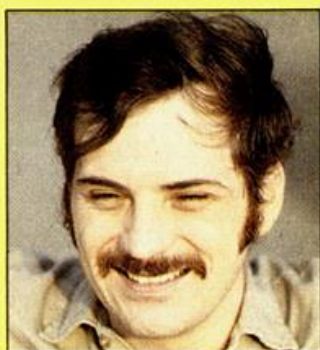
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High Times

Jan. '79 No. 41 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY



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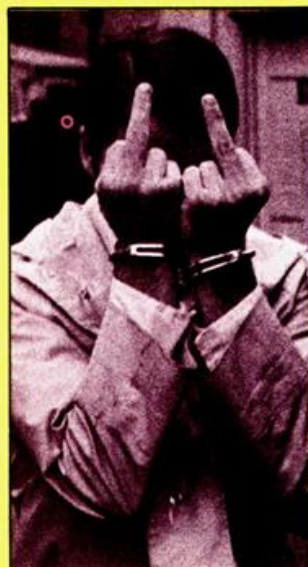
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Allen J. Sheinman, Greg Wustefeld

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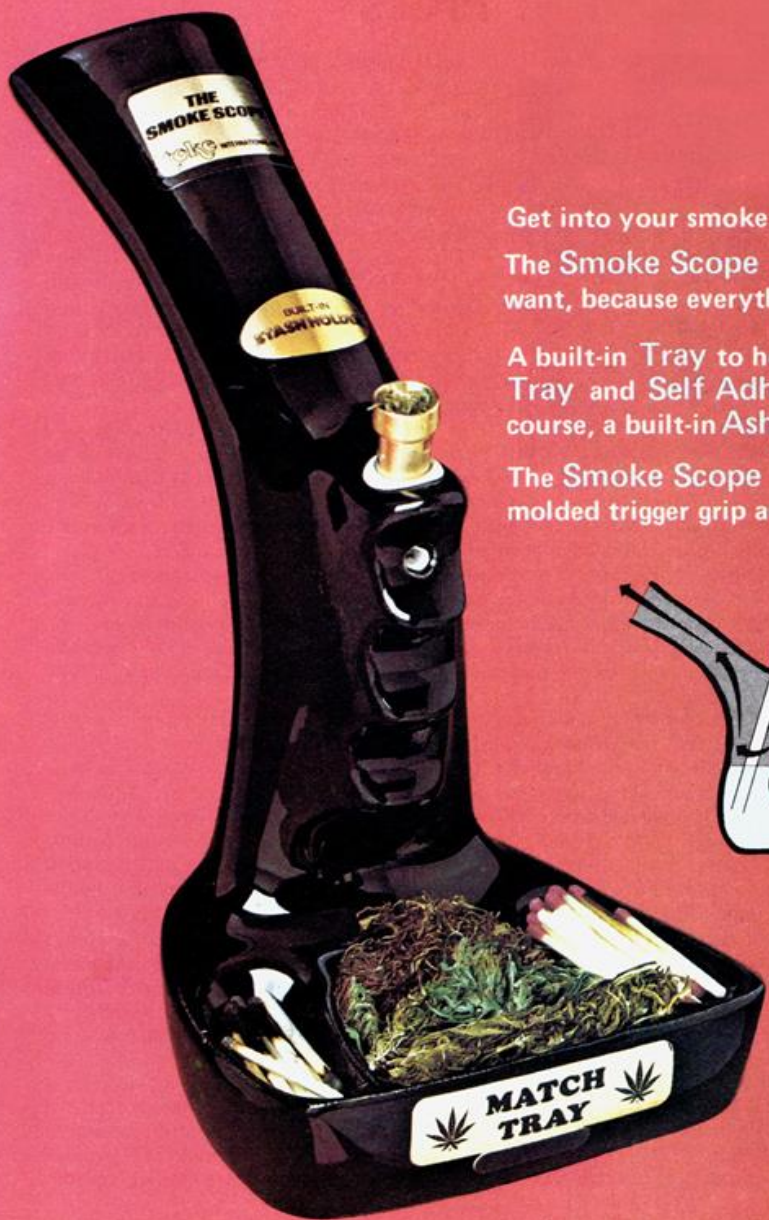
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Guccione and Hefner: A Free Press

Hugh Hefner, the publisher of Playboy, and Bob Guccione, the publisher of Penthouse, behind bars? That is a difficult vision to conjure up, but less unlikely than it might have seemed several months ago, for one Hinson McAuliffe, the solicitor general of Fulton County, Georgia, recently issued arrest warrants to both of these legendary erotic entrepreneurs.

The warrants, which were issued last month by McAuliffe's office, charge the two men with distributing obscene materials (Playboy and Penthouse) within Fulton County (which includes the greater Atlanta area). The maximum penalty for the misdemeanor charges is a one-year jail sentence and a \$5,000 fine.

In separate statements, both Guccione and Hefner indicated that they would have to be extradited from their respective residences before they would answer the allegations. Both of them know that extradition is a rare occurrence in a misdemeanor case. Guccione, who lives in New York, and Hefner, who currently resides in Los Angeles, realize that the solicitor general should be ignored until he is finally flushed down the toilet of public disbelief and disapproval.

Guccione was quoted as saying that he would not "dignify" the charges by answering them. Hefner, in his official statement, said that the accusations "smacked of petty harassment." McAuliffe, an antipornography crusader, has reported to the press that he won't be happy until the world is made safe from naked vaginas. He's even gone on to indicate that the act of a woman giving birth and thereby "showing pink" is so disgusting that he might have to make that activity illegal in Georgia.

The danger of McAuliffe's kind of quasi-imbecility is that it is catching. Let's not forget that the selfsame State of Georgia was where Hustler publisher Larry Flynt was gunned down last March. This Babbittlike state is also where the movie *Carnal Knowledge* was ruled obscene. In fact, the Supreme Court, which is filled with senile Nixon appointees who are appalled by nudity and erections, found the *Carnal Knowledge* decision to be so absurd that the Court reversed it 8 to 0.

As I looked at the recent newspaper clippings covering McAuliffe's circuslike cavortings against Playboy and Penthouse, I must confess to feeling a certain sense of pleasure. For a long period of time, both Guccione and Hefner have argued that their magazines were "not pornographic" while almost looking down upon the activities of Hustler and my own tawdry sheet, *Screw*. What they, of course, had trouble realizing was that the brush of the censor is not very specific or efficient: it tends to splatter all publications containing a plethora of nude pictures. Hypocrites like McAuliffe make no distinction among the varying motives of each erotic purveyor; they simply argue that nudity is ipso facto synonymous with obscenity. This ludicrous point of view has not been sustained by any court, but it has surely helped redneck politicians reap and rape the simplistic popularity of the downtrodden masses.

In spite of Hefner's and Guccione's pretensions, they nonetheless did not leave *Screw* alone in its own successful struggle against federal obscenity charges, in particular the odiousness of federal entrapment, which began four years ago in Kansas. Hefner, for instance, contributed many thousands of dollars to *Screw*'s defense fund. Equally generous was the contribution of Guccione, who gave *Screw* a half-page ad in *Penthouse* (which was worth almost \$12,000) to help us gain subscriptions.

In fact, the persons that I would like McAuliffe to harass, to further illustrate their hypocritical, worm's-eye view of the First Amendment, are Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*, and Katharine Graham, the publisher of the *Washington Post*. These two "respectable" public pimples feel that they have the right to decide what is a government secret and what should be published to satisfy the "public's right to know" (the prime example of which was their newspapers' spilling of the beans in the infamous Pentagon Papers case), but anytime there is any nudity in print, they feel it should be swept away with the same vigor that McAuliffe constantly exhibits.

So, this whole episode of attempted censorship in Georgia demonstrates once more that in most cases the members of the "straight" press only decry repression and censorship when their own asses are on the line. Such repression and censorship are currently threatening Hugh Hefner and Bob Guccione, but hopefully they will prevail over McAuliffe and the forces of closed-minded tyranny and thereby reaffirm the constitutional right of freedom of expression in this country.

Al Goldstein

—Al Goldstein,
Publisher of *Screw*

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Sex Offensive?

To the editors of *High Times* and to my associates in the paraphernalia industry, I lift my pen about an issue of great importance to me. We support *High Times* by selling it or by advertising in it. This month's issue (October '78) sinks to the depths of boredom and cheap commercialism by once again using sex to sell the magazine. If I wanted to deal in porn, that's what I'd be buying and selling—not paraphernalia. Promotion of products by commercializing sex is an old, old game that I find boring. *High Times* will always sell a certain number of copies no matter what it prints. But isn't it about time you paraphernalia advertisers got off your butts and started to act like professionals? *High Times* is degrading your companies and you are insulting yourselves by letting this type of low-class porn do your selling.

—June Fisher,

Dirt Cheap Headshops Bookstore,
Lincoln, Neb.

We've been putting *High Times* out for, what, four, almost five years, right? So nobody can really argue that we're programmatically using sex to sell the magazine. All right, in October we ran a sexy cover. Sex is part of life, and we dig that. Sex is also abused by merchandisers to peddle all manner of crap, and we're sympathetic to that, too. But after once in four, five years, after 40 to 50 very widely read issues, you can't really accuse us of exploiting sex, okay? We think it's possible to be sexy without being pornographic.—Ed.

Love Letters to Monica Choate

I just read "Everybody Must Get Stoned" by 13-year-old Monica Choate [*High Times*, October '78]. Monica seems to be a very good example of why kids shouldn't get stoned. Her daddy needs some help, too! —Karin Doisher, Eagle River, Alaska

I thought "Everybody Must Get Stoned" was the emotional ramblings of a drug-soaked 13-year-old mind. That can be forgiven, however, because one of these days Monica Choate will grow up. What cannot be forgiven was the accompanying photo. While I'm sure it was intended to portray Monica as a swinging free spirit,

we can see basically the same thing in the spring-summer edition of the J.C. Penney catalog.

I'm sure Monica gets off on knowing that thousands of pedophiles have beaten off to her panty-covered crotch, but not me. The picture threw a bucket of ice-water on this girl-lover's lap. Is Monica really the free-thinking, sexually liberated little woman the blurb stated—or is she just another tight-pussied, frightened little tease? Show me more.

—Pete File, Memphis, Tenn.

I'd like to comment on an excellent article called "Everybody Must Get Stoned" by Monica Choate. She deserves a standing ovation from every kid in the world. I'm 15 and have never had any trouble getting hold of cigarettes, which give you lung cancer, or alcohol, which ruins your liver, but if I want to get high, I get in trouble from everyone in the world. Pot is the least dangerous of any type of drug people take, including aspirin.

When are our stuffed-shirt politicians going to grow up? Drug-related deaths could be reduced if they would legalize and control pot, but instead they poison us with paraquat. Even pure Dr. Peter Bourne has shown us he's not such an angel with his little distribution-of-Quaaludes trick. If America is by the people, for the people and of the people, why are heads being screwed?

—E.G., Hartsville, S.C.

Thank NORML for Nebraska Decrim

Why was NORML left out of the story "Nebraska Makes Lucky 11 for Decrim" [*High Times*, "Highwitness News," August '78]? Nebraska's victory is directly attributable to NORML. Don Fiedler, Nebraska NORML coordinator, directed the Midwest Regional NORML Symposium held in Omaha last February. Many people attended, and all went back home not only with a better understanding of the decriminalization issue but also reassured that legal reform is possible. The right of individuals to petition our government for change is secure. The reality of legal reform depends on active communication between the people and their legislators. NORML and Don Fiedler brought the issue, in open forum, to the people of Nebraska. We all share Nebraska's victory.

—Jayne Ekis, Iowa City, Iowa

A Cutting Blow

What the fuck's with all those mannitol ads you've been running? I always thought *High Times* stood for righteousness in dealing, but now you're making it so easy for coke dealers to get mannitol that, shit, some of the coke I've scored lately could've been sprinkled on breakfast cereal—and you would've gotten a



Jack Abraham

better high off the preservatives in the cereal! And screw those procaine ads, too. I want to have coke up my nose, not this diddly-bop candy.

—B. Deneshaw, Canton, N.Y.

In the first place, *High Times* does not carry ads for procaine or any other non-natural ingestible. In the second place, we admit that mannitol is only the least of many evils: but as long as coke is illegal, "cut" is inevitable. We'd rather snort mannitol than any other cocaine cut, including borax, angel dust, lidocaine or procaine. Mannitol is a safe, natural product.—Ed.

One for Our Side

I'm in the U.S. Navy and was busted for possession of marijuana last April by the Naval Investigating Services. My orders were held until I had gone to court, which turned out to be four months later. During this time I worked 20 hours a week behind a desk, usually stoned. While waiting for court I made over \$1,500. I was eventually fined \$200. The way I see it, the navy paid me \$1,300 to sit on base four months and smoke pot.

—Name withheld, Great Lakes, Ill.

I make that much for doing the same thing in a week—Ed.

More Power to You

I am pleased to see your horizons broaden with the August '78 issue's power supplement. In this age of "every man for himself," we dopers can often forget that there is a whole world out there demanding our participation. After all, the actions of others affect us.

As a retailer of *High Times*, I am frustrated by some of my customers' unhappiness with the energy issue. Their insistence that *H.T.* be cover-to-cover, every-square-inch dope news only reinforces the notion that dopers are really spaced-out and spoiled adolescents. That's a myth that bears destroying, not encouragement!

—Steve Schlich, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

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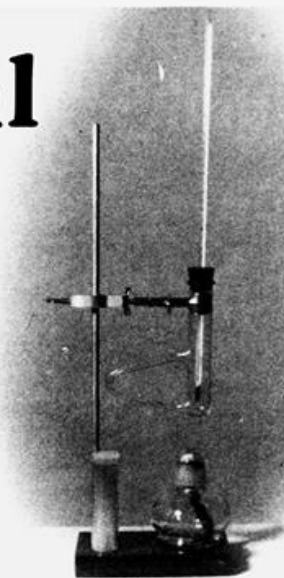
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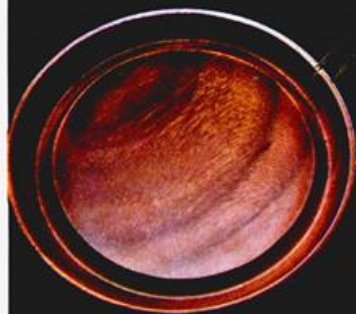
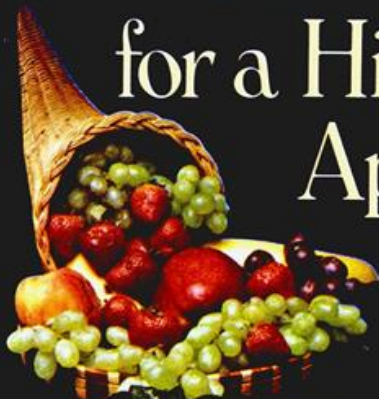
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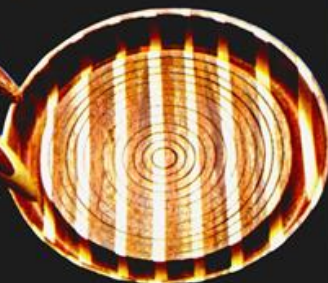
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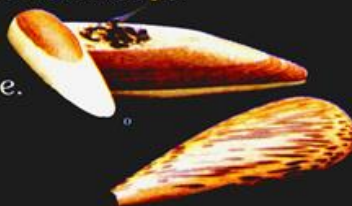


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issue, which, unfortunately, many readers neglected to buy. As a result, a number of editorial, art, production and marketing personnel have been found to be redundant.—Ed.

Phone Phight Continues

That guy who wrote the "Phreaked Out" item [*High Times*, "Letters," September '78] was quick to defend the phone company against the likes of Captain Crunch and the phone phreaks, but he overlooked the following: Every telephone company within Ma Bell has its profits set and guaranteed as a percentage of overhead plus capital improvements. It is therefore



Pete Lippincott

Captain Crunch: Toll-free troll.

to increase its profits that the phone company's overhead stays high and gets higher.

Phone phreaks use very minimal operator assistance and employ "free time" on area code 800 toll-free lines. They utilize the larger potential of the Bell system that the public has paid for over and over again in telephone profits since the 1880s. —Sig Goode, Provincetown, Mass.

Patti's Sis Explains

Being an avid reader, I came across your review of my sister Patti Smith's latest album, *Easter* [*High Times*, "Records," September '78]. It was a good review, but you state that "on *Radio Ethiopia* she got high on 'Quaaludes, Quaaludes, Quaaludes.'" I gather you refer to the song "Ask the Angels." I know Patti's lyrics are



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at times tough to understand, but the words she is singing are "wild, wild, wild," relating to "total abandon." As you can see, it changes things around a bit. Fight the good fight!

—Kimberly Smith Greenberg,
address withheld

Yohimbine O.D., Hold the MAO

As a native of Cameroon I'm glad to read that your roving aphrodisiacs editor, "Gives Good Ed" Dwyer [*High Times*, "I Was A Sex-Crazed Dope Fiend," October '78], got off behind yohimbine, one of my nation's most prized supernatural resources. However, his caution against eating cheese while high on this mystic fuck bark, while prudent, was just a little off the mark: the likely result of mixing cheese with yohimbine isn't an upset stomach but a grave high-blood-pressure



Jack Abraham

Yumpin' yohimbine! Don't mix with swill.

crisis that could bring on a paralytic stroke. As an MAO inhibitor (along with MDA and DMT), yohimbine reacts dangerously with an enzyme called tyrosine, which exists in cheese and also in beer, wine, chocolate and canned figs, all of which should be avoided with any MAO inhibitor. These drugs also react adversely with most other drugs, so they shouldn't be taken as part of a "cocktail"; and anyway, they're all such great trips by themselves, it'd be downright disrespectful to good dope.

—Raymond-Marie Tchidimbo,
U. of Spokane, Wash.

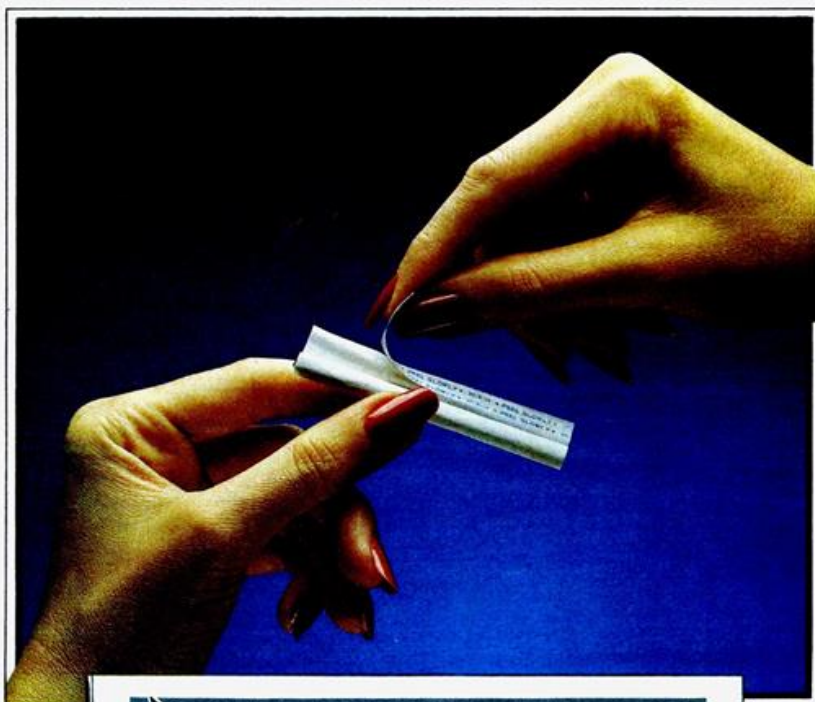
Erratum

The photograph of Albert Hofmann and Gordon Wasson appearing on page 135 of our November issue was incorrectly credited. Our apologies to Jeremy Bigwood, who shot the pic.

So, what do YOU have to say?
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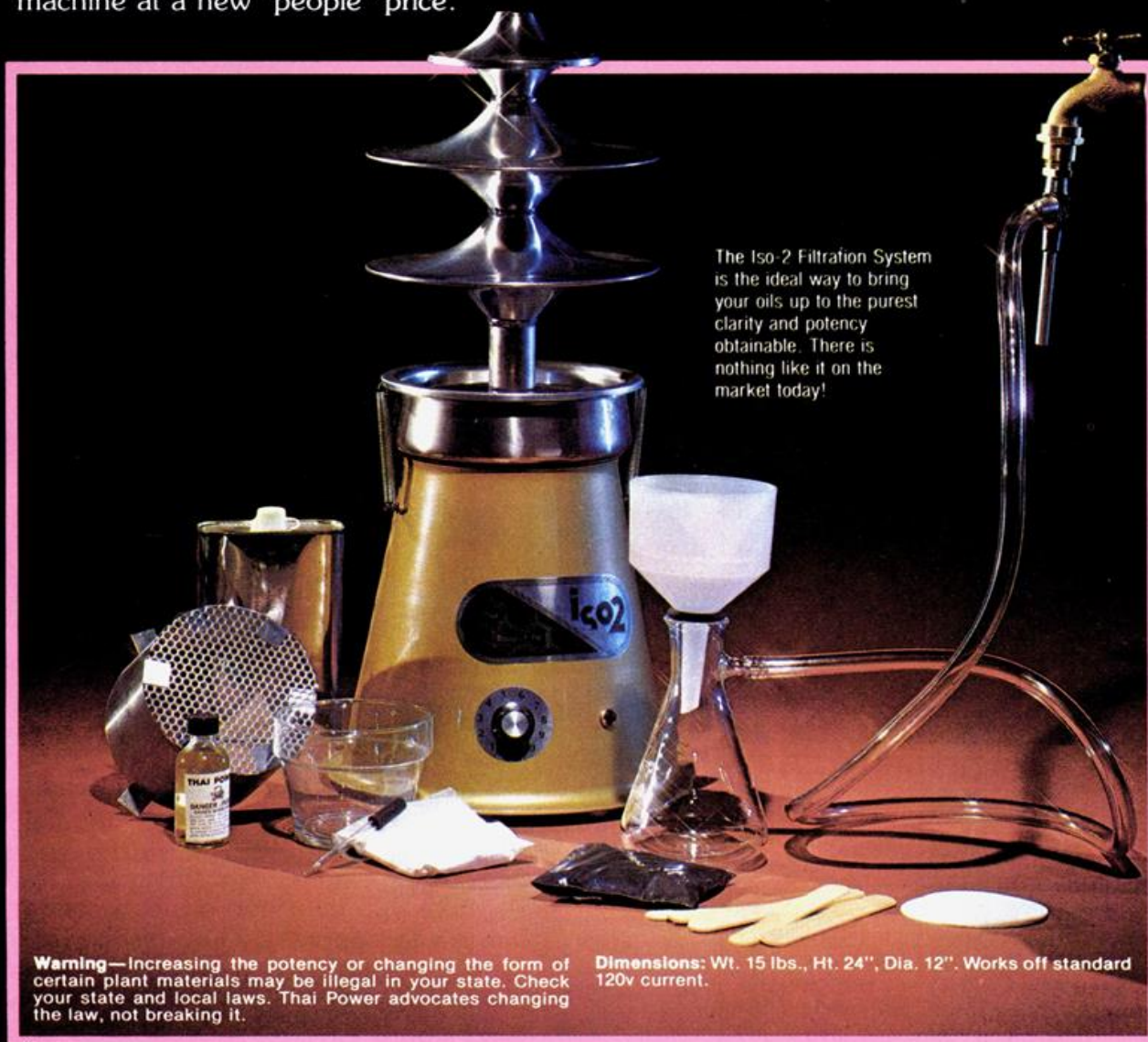
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Morning Glorified

Q: They say you can get high on morning-glory seeds, but any time I've ever tried them—only when I was completely out of dope—I've just gotten sick. Are they sprayed with something to make you sick?

—Ann B., Wiscasset, Me.

A: Some commercial varieties of morning glory are in fact sprayed to discourage folks from eating them, but if you soak them for a half-hour in warm water and strain them through filter paper, that will take care of the noxious chemicals.

But you're still likely to get sick if you eat raw seeds, or if you do get high it will most likely be a nasty experience, thanks to other natural alkaloids besides the lysergic acid amides in them. To extract the best high from morning glory, grind 100 grams of seeds in a blender until you get a fine yellow mash dotted with seed hulls. Soak the mash two days in lighter fluid, and then strain it through a paper coffee filter in a funnel. Dry the strained mash—maybe with a blow-dryer—and soak it in 100 cc wood (methyl) alcohol for two more days. Strain this through another filtered funnel, and save the clear liquid extract. But soak the unfiltered mash residue two more days in wood alcohol, filter it again, and save the extract. Combine the two filtered extracts in a flat glass baking dish, set it in a dark spot, and let it evaporate entirely. A yellow gum will be left coating the dish; you scrape this up, rub flour into it until it's not sticky, and trip out on it. There should be enough for three good long acid-style trips.

"Traveler's Trots" Beaten

Q: I'll be headed for India shortly to finalize an import-export transaction. Previous trips have taught me that self-administering massive doses of penicillin, and even tetracycline, really doesn't seem to ward off the dreaded "Delhi Belly," which involves intense diarrhea and misery. Do you folks know of anything effective?—Missouri Myle, Kansas City, Mo.

A: You ought to score some doxycycline, a little-used antibiotic that has been shown to have special effectiveness against dysentery. Baltimore researchers first tested it out on Peace Corps volunteers in Kenya, and it worked like a charm.

Smugglers and other globe-trotters who then picked up on the drug report that it's very effective against Mexico's "Montezuma's Revenge" and many of the most debilitating stomach maladies of South America, Africa and Asia.

Pot in Pregnancy

Q: I'm two months pregnant with my second baby, and I've found that grass really helps a lot with morning sickness, but now I've heard that it might cause birth defects. It didn't hurt my first kid any, though. What do you know about it?

—Mandy C., Crary Mills, N.Y.

A: All research on grass so far suggests that it just doesn't have any teratogenic (fetus-deforming) properties whatsoever. The trouble is, there hasn't been nearly as much grass-and-pregnancy research done as the subject deserves. If it helps counteract nausea in early term, the benefits for the mother would certainly seem to outweigh whatever little danger it might present to the fetus.

However, birth defects seem to be caused by the combined effect of a lot of different things (and especially by alcohol, which causes more birth defects in this country than any other single substance). Doctors urge that a pregnant woman should be very careful of anything she takes into her body, particularly in the first three months, when the rapidly developing fetus is most susceptible to harm. Since this is also the period when morning sickness typically occurs, pregnant women ought to take all this into consideration.

After the first three months, of course, grass would certainly be a better way of getting high than anything else, except maybe LSD—which was proven in our study to have no teratogenic properties.

Heated Reefer Is Hot Stuff

Q: Will heating low-grade grass at 200–300°F in an oven increase its potency?

—J.G., western Pennsylvania

A: Baking or roasting mediocre grass apparently will greatly enhance its stonifying properties by releasing a lot of turn-on cannabinoids and eliminating some of the high-inhibiting substances. Islamic people traditionally roast their qunnab in ovens at around 200°, until the resin seeps out of it; they allow it to cool and rub it together into a sort of paste, then dry it out and smoke it. The result is a high about halfway between ordinary grass and top-shelf hashish.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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Photo by: Mike Krupatrick

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Vidosex: Home-Blown Movies

by Deborah Friedman

With the advent of cheap home-video recorders and cameras, video is bigger than ever. And at last, instant replay has come out of the living room and into the bedroom.

Video is a powerful prop. It's an electronic fetish. A natural reflection of a culture and time where people need sexual accessories to really feel satisfied, because everything is so ephemeral now. We need to see it, because it's proof that it happened. As an extension of the television age, the replay becomes the major stimulant, instead of the act itself.

Dealers, the vanguard of new investment opportunities and kinkiness, have been putting their cash stash in video systems for quite a while. Maybe as a result, people all over America are videotaping their sex acts. Everyone—not just those with big bucks—is tuning in to the new sex craze!

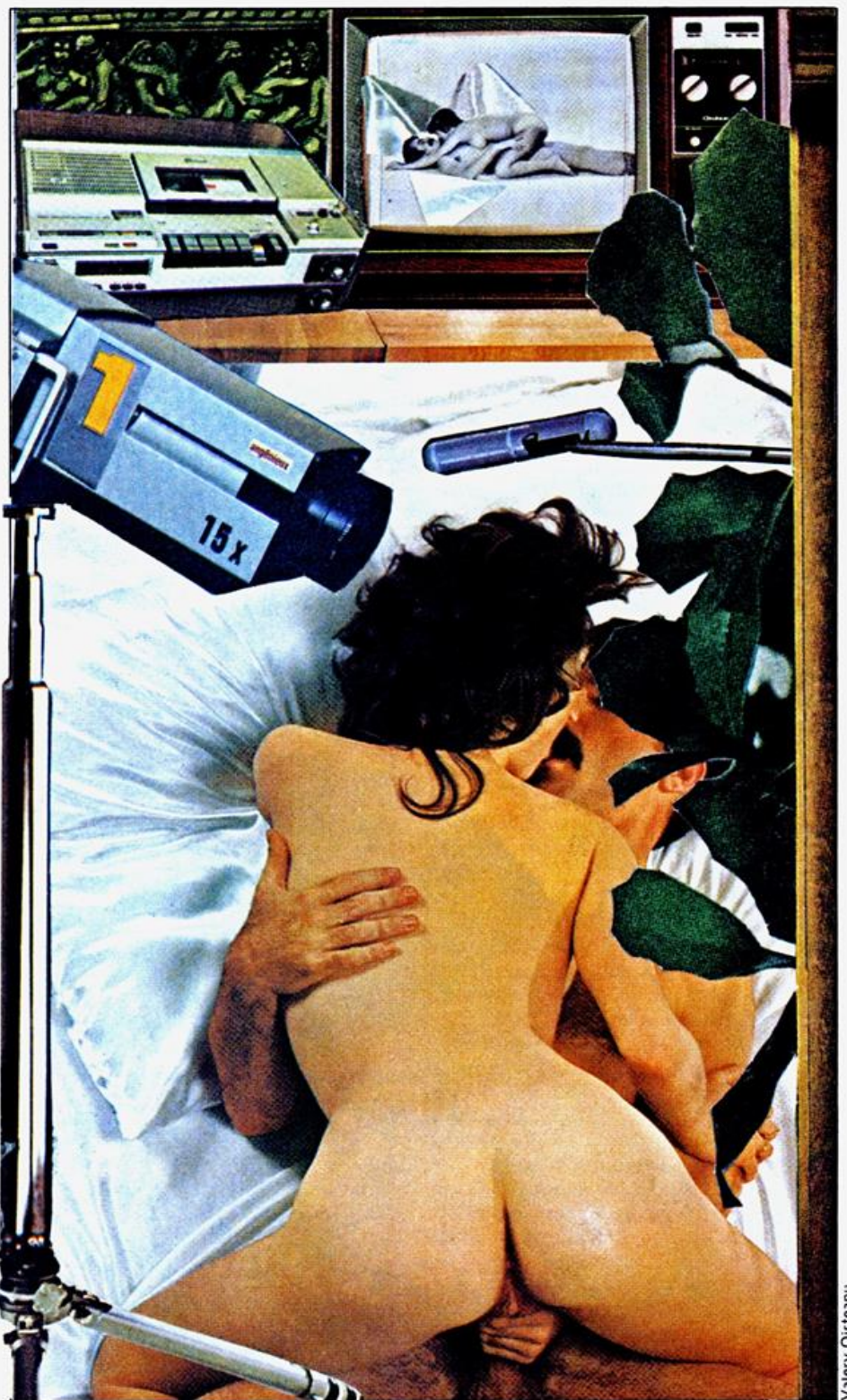
Video entrepreneurs have opened small, private videosexual service companies. These companies have mushroomed all around the USA during the past year. If self-video isn't exciting enough for you, maybe you prefer variations of camera shots and angles or simply desire a professional on the premises; these companies provide upon request a male or female cameraperson to assist. Don't worry, discretion is guaranteed. No duplications. You keep the only copy.

Bob S., a West Coast cameraman working in legit television for many years, got into vidosex one night when he had a lot of remote equipment at home for a production the next day. He tells it like this:

"My girl friend and I were very stoned that night. The equipment was right there. We decided to play around with it. We moved it into the bedroom, set it up, took off our clothes and started fooling around. It was fun! While telling my friends about it afterward, I discovered that a lot of people had been doing it themselves all along and were actually interested in it as a commercial service."

Bob now has his own videosexual service company (called Come Again), and he is working with a few assistants. I asked him why people call him.

"When people invite me, they're inviting more than the camera. They're also inviting a stranger. They're inviting all



Valery Oisteanu

those people who are looking behind the camera, and that is part of the turn-on. Inevitably, I get involved on that simple level. It usually leads to more direct participation." He is the first to admit that spreading the word is no problem. "I don't advertise, but then, I don't have to."

Another dope-dealing vidosex freak, a pioneer, told me why she decided to invest in this sort of operation:

"There was a demand. The first person to turn me on to vidosex was a Wall Street investor. He took me to a hotel that

had recorders and cameras in the rooms. The hotel was on his way home. I knew a hundred others like him. All pragmatic, with no time to waste. So, there was nothing else for me to do. It was all set up. I've always been the connection. I anticipate the times. I see the link between supply and demand. I put them together and make my profit too." Her company is named SINstant Replay.

Is vidosex habit-forming? Will it lead to other things? I sought out the opinions of a few analysts/observers on the scene. On the positive side, vidosex is a reel

way to break down self-consciousness. At first, people are afraid to look at themselves having sex. The lights have to be out. You do it where no one can see you, etc. Terrifically liberating to see yourself actually having sex and not be uptight. You get excited by looking at your own sexual power and pleasure, you turn on to your own stardom. The monitor becomes a third (or fourth) partner in the fun.

There are all kinds of users. The Saturday-night users are basically the suburban couple. They have their complete entertainment unit. Rather than going out at the end of an evening that consists of watching TV and taking Quaaludes, why not turn on the Sony Betamax and camera, get it on and watch yourself.

Videosex could prove to be the death of porn movies. It's on-the-spot moviemaking. Of course, being high adds to the

**Video is an electronic
fetish, an erotic
extension of the TV age
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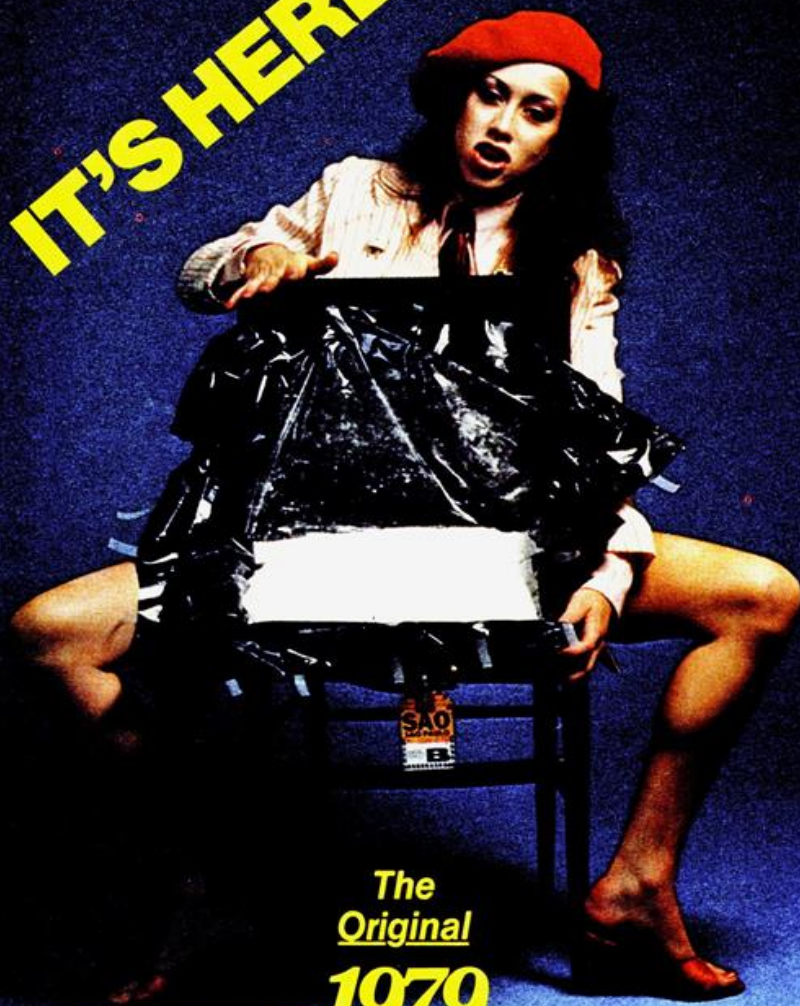
voyeuristic pleasure. You can remove yourself. You're no longer watching yourself but a good porno film of two strangers. This is another part of the turn-on.

A very popular use of videosex is with threesomes. I've seen times when the wife is the cinematographer while her husband and another woman get it on. Then they switch. This is legitimizing the voyeurism. You might feel self-conscious standing there watching your wife and her best friend getting it on, you might not. But when you're behind the camera and you have a monitor, it seems totally legitimate. You can focus, look real close and not feel embarrassed, can get right in there and see whatever you want to see.

I've met some videosex connoisseurs who collect their greatest hits. They're into heavy sex with a lot of different people. Why collect them? I'd think to capture the experience of a night with someone you never really knew. But now you can know them again and again. That is the thrill. Collectors can have a library of their greatest nights, their greatest orgasms, their greatest orgies. And videosex has brightened up the sex lives of couples who were relatively happy but had a sex life almost nil and perfunctory. Now they have been revived. They are getting a new life, a second coming.

So be a star in your own home. Get those important moments on videotape. The possibilities are limitless! Once again people are saying: turn on and tune in. Seeing is believing, isn't it? ■

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The New Secret Weapon: LSD

by Michael Hollingshead

One late morning in July 1962, while I was working as a member of the Harvard Psychedelic Research Project, I found myself standing on a diving board approximately 12 feet over my friend's Cambridge outdoor pool, contemplating my next dive into the water. One hour before I had ingested 250 micrograms of LSD, specifically to test an hypothesis that LSD could be used to enhance athletic awareness and thus performance, especially in those sports that require precision timing, such as skydiving and surfing.

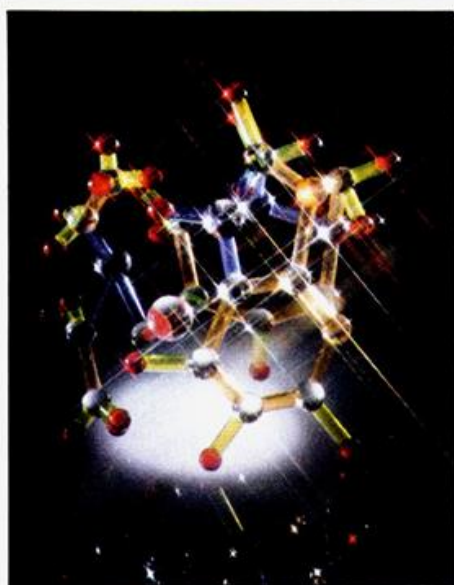
After 20 minutes of watching the glittering sunlight dart through the water miles below in a kaleidoscope of colors, my body seemed to independently spring off the board and perform an incredible, slow-motion somersault and then land perfectly feet first into the pool. During the experience I felt time had somehow slowed and also that I was in perfect control of every nerve and muscle in my body, and I realized the enormous potential for controlled LSD usage in professional sports.

Two years later, in 1964, while I was staying with Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert at Millbrook in Dutchess County, New York, I had an LSD session with Jim Arender, the former world-champion skydiver with over 1,000 free-falls to his credit. During the session we examined film footage of his championship performances that I had projected into a large mirror to give it a three-dimensional effect. He immediately spotted ways in which to improve his technique.

Today, with more people than ever involved in amateur and professional sports, there is a constant search for new training methods. Drug use, or rather drug abuse, particularly steroids and amphetamines, has often been a subject of Olympic controversy, but LSD might be accepted because it does not give any physical advantage to the user; it only affects one's state of mind. Furthermore, once in the body, it is virtually impossible to detect since individual dosages are measured in millionths of a gram, no larger than a speck of dust.

Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD) is a semisynthetic drug derived from ergot, a

LSD would be ideal for our Olympic team because it does not give any physical advantage to the user; and it is virtually impossible to detect in the body.



Steve Cooper

LSD, the molecule of champions.

fungus that grows on rye or wheat. A standard dose is about 100 micrograms for a person of average weight, and the action of the drug lasts from between 8 to 12 hours. During an LSD session most people experience dramatic changes in perception together with a whole range of psychological changes, sometimes pleasant, sometimes unpleasant. There is no evidence that LSD is physiologically dangerous or that it presents a hazard to bodily health. Although each person taking it experiences the drug differently, there are nonetheless certain factors of the experience that are common to all. For instance, one of the most frequently reported experiences is a heightened awareness of one's body, a physical sensation of exquisite lightness and airiness combined with a wonderfully keen perception of time and space. And most users talk of a "sense of timelessness," a feeling that they are outside of or beyond time.

There is in addition some new scientific evidence demonstrating that LSD stimulates the reticular activating system (RAS), a bit of tissue in the midbrain about the size of your little finger. RAS is that part of the brain that controls our ability to think, to learn and to act. Significantly, it also tempers and refines our muscular activity and bodily movement in ways that make it possible for the body to function in harmony with the physical world.

I have done quite a bit of high diving under the influence of LSD. It was my experience that my sense of time had indeed altered, and I found that I could more easily develop dives that necessitated split-second movements. It was not

that time had *actually* slowed down; only my perception of time had changed, and I was able to utilize this change to gain greater control of my movements in the air. I also tested my hypothesis in other athletic areas, in waterskiing, high jumping, surfing and bowling. In each instance I learned something new about my technique that I was able to apply to improve my skill. I have subsequently had confirmation from others, particularly surfers, who say that with LSD they were able to perfect their technique to the degree of being able to surf through the "tunnel" of a breaking wave. Also, a number of skateboarders have reported that their sense of balance, equilibrium and poise is better when they're "stoned."

I was recently discussing LSD and sports with Larry Barnes, a New York publisher, artist and keen Frisbee enthusiast. I asked him what effect he thought LSD had on his game. "Providing that the environment is conducive to having an enjoyable Frisbee toss," said Barnes, "some rather amazing phenomena become readily apparent." He claims the following to be true. "One: there is no question that a more direct link becomes established between thought and bodily action. Two: considerable psycho-kinetic energy manipulates the Frisbee's flight pattern. Three: it is also possible to transfer considerable amounts of 'bio-cosmic' energy from the Frisbee thrower to the Frisbee receiver. And five: if both parties are under the influence of LSD, then bio-cosmic energy passes between them, duplicating the phenomenon of Shiva-Shakti energy exchange, which we have instanced in the East when an experienced guru can manifest this energy to the student by means of tapping him or her on the head with a peacock feather. Or like an experience of Samadhi in Zen." Also of interest, according to Larry Barnes, is that the Frisbee operates on the same principle of motion as flying saucers; the greater the spin, the more stable the flight path.

A well-known coach of a famous Ivy League football team, having heard of my hypothesis, decided to try it out on his squad, having nothing to lose because he hadn't won more than two games in any of the past 12 seasons. Suddenly, however, this losing streak was stopped and his club registered its first unbeaten season ever, crushing its closest opponent by 20 points. He told me that at first he thought of giving LSD to the quarterback, but, in a moment of insight precipitated by the infusion of some exceptionally fine Thai grass, he had the brainwave to give it to the field-goal kicker instead.

The coach's instinct was correct. Under the influence of LSD, the player was able to control the bio-kinetic energy of the ball's trajectory and velocity and managed to kick every field goal for additional points that entire season. Later, the coach confessed that the kicker's most effective plays occurred when he saw "human vibrations shimmering on the field," as he then knew that his control of the ball was absolute, as also was his increased ability to see holes in the opposing line; indeed, on several occasions when he was kicking for the three-point play, he was able to run for a touchdown.

Application of LSD to organized sports requires athletes to undergo some preliminary training with the drug itself, and perhaps for this reason the use of LSD by athletes will continue to be minimal. In my opinion, no athlete should attempt using the drug until he or she has become quite familiar with the ways it can affect both the body and the mind. However, for the seriously interested athlete or coach, I would suggest the following schedule as a practicable means for introducing the drug as an adjunct to sports training.

Seven Steps to Enhanced Athletic Awareness

Session One: Drug-familiarization session held in a warm, supportive setting and conducted by an experienced LSD user. Expectations—increased self-awareness and a sense of where one has to go in the future.

Session Two: A continuing familiarization session, but with time allotted at "peak moments" for simple body-movement exercises.

Session Three: During this session, the athlete should be taken for a long walk, preferably either in the country or along a deserted beach.

Session Four: By now the athlete will have some idea of both the psychological and physiological action of the drug, so that part of this session should be devoted to showing film footage of various sports, including the athlete's own.

Session Five: This session should be held at the sports field or swimming pool or training area, so that the athlete can attempt some preliminary training while under the effect of the drug. It is advisable, however, that nothing too strenuous or ambitious be attempted at this stage. Session Six: At this session, the coach (who would not be taking LSD) would also be present and would provide an analysis of the athlete's progress up to the present and make suggestions about areas of improvement.

Session Seven: This session would be a solo session, that is, the athlete would conduct the session entirely on his or her own initiative. If successful, the athlete would now be able to utilize the drug as desired, each time gaining a greater control over mind and body. ■

GROW YOUR OWN!

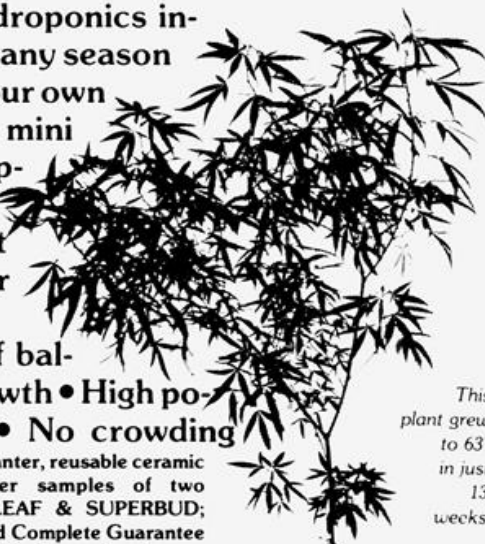
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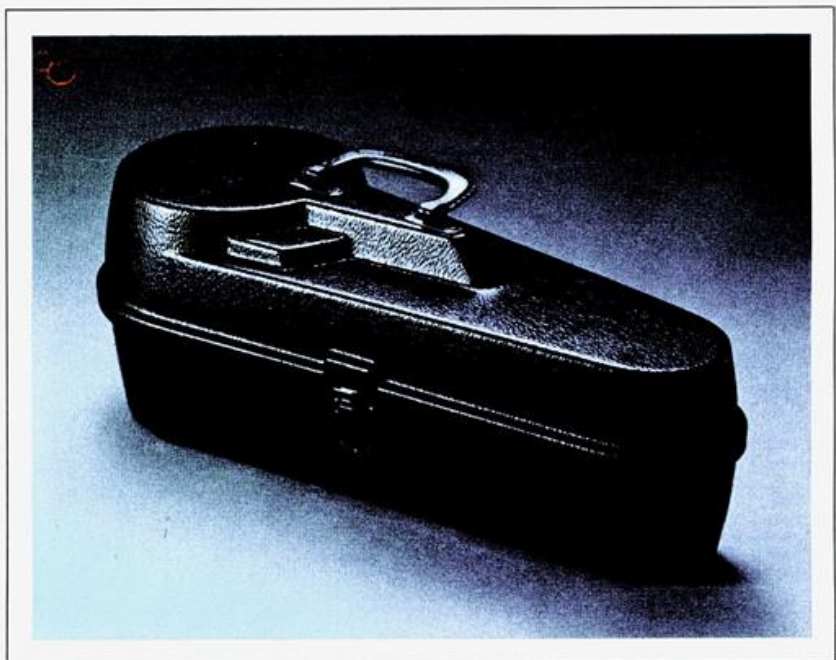
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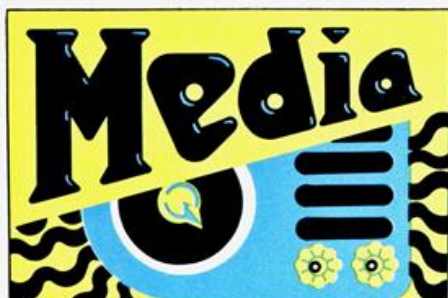
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Beware the Media Industrial Complex

by Deanne Stillman

Anyone who has not been in a sensory-deprivation tank for the past few years has undoubtedly noticed the proliferation of celebrity journalism. I am not speaking here of the journalism of famous writers (whose very typewriter ribbons are supposedly enshrined at Elaine's) but of the celebratory outpourings of rank-and-file scribes who hang out in vogue restaurants only when someone they're interviewing reverses custom and takes them out for drinks.

Their brand of journalism is found in gossip magazines like *People*, *Us* and the imitation to end all imitations, *In The*

Know (which, alas, could not keep up with its predecessors and died). Stories like "Star Gardeners," "Grace Slick's Problem with Alcoholism" and "Sammy Davis Looks at the Mob" are the essence of celebrity magazines. Recently, however, celebrity journalism has crept, like pernicious anemia, into magazines that are supposedly purveyors of news and has siphoned off much of their vitality.

**Newsweek tells its readers
Steve Martin is not the same
offstage as onstage, which in
the world of celebrity-dominated
news is considered news.**

You just can't pick up a periodical anymore without reading what Bruce Springsteen thinks about the Middle East situation, whether or not Linda Ronstadt voted for Proposition 13, what Anwar Sadat thinks about New York City. There are two big problems with this kind of "writing." First of all, it's not news, it's confetti. Second, since it masquerades as news, it serves to divert attention from real news and acts only to promote the status quo—

from Hollywood to Capitol Hill to Cairo. The trivial becomes important, and the important becomes trivial. In the 1950s, Dwight Eisenhower warned of the "military-industrial complex" that threatened to engulf American culture. In the '60s, activists used this phrase to denote the interlocking institutions that dominated the country. Today, celebrity journalism is so intertwined with certain key businesses that we should be on the alert for a media-industrial complex.

Consider the stylistic nature of the celebrity profile. It makes it seem as if the reporter is in on a big secret, has exclusive entrée to a glamorous world, and, well, it's really too bad you can't be there. The interview with the famous person usually takes place in a hotel room, a fact the author feels compelled to relate.

"Recently, in his penthouse suite at the Sherry-Netherland, Willie Nelson leaned back, swigged on his Rolling Rock and said..."

"During the tour, I sat with Mick and Keith in their Holiday Inn room and we rapped about the old days..."

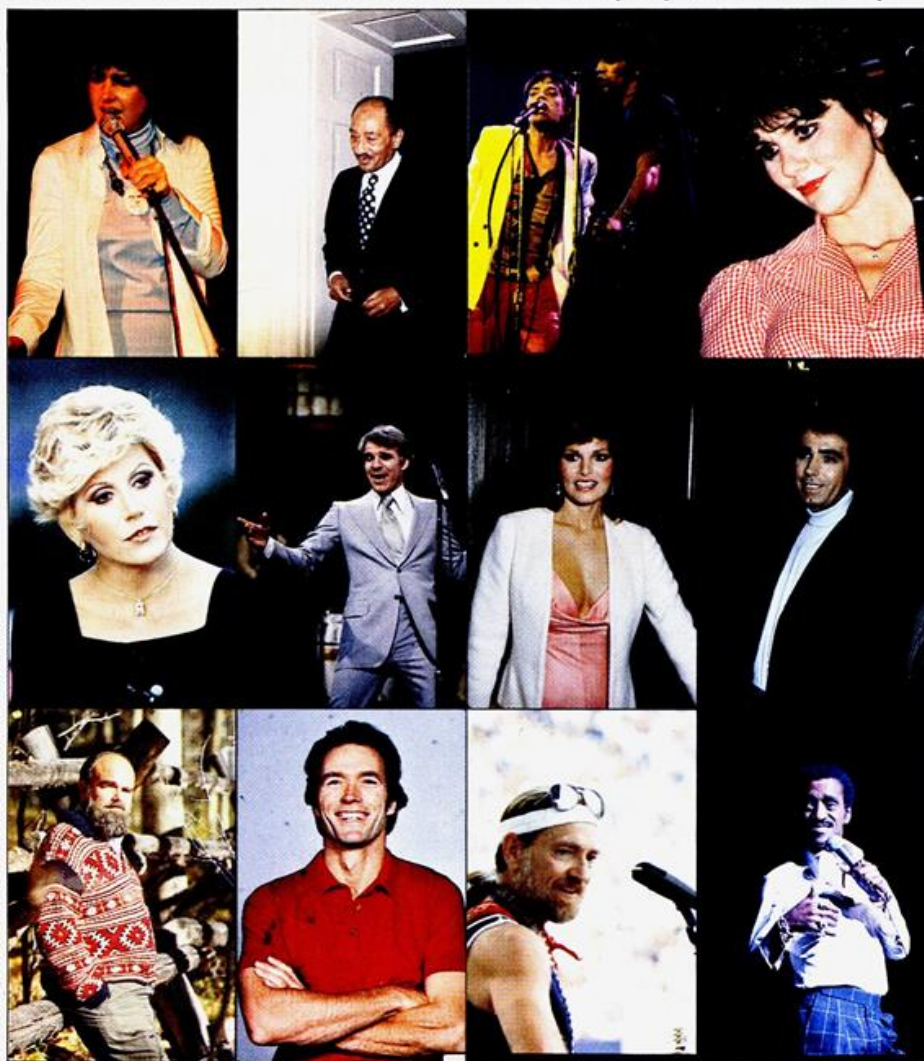
"Charo chain-smoked as she sat in her suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel..."

You've probably read sentences like that too many times. But the truth is, I made them up; you can make them up, too. Make up enough of them and you're on your way to being a celebrity journalist—or at least a stringer for *People* magazine.

Another thing celebrity profiles make a point of reporting is "what Raquel Welch is really like." This is partly to fulfill the readership's perpetual demand to know "what Raquel Welch is really like." But it is also because there exists in this genre an attitude that the star's life must be explained, with a dash of irony and a sprinkling of tragedy, because therein lurks the mysterious reason for the star's success. For example, in a *Newsweek* profile of Steve Martin, his mother confessed to the reporter, "I'm so afraid people will think he's a show-off. He's never been that way in his personal life. I've never even heard him use a four-letter word. He's just real quiet like me."

What this quote tells the reader is that Steve is actually not the same offstage as he is onstage—which, in the world of celebrity-dominated "news," is actually considered news! (If you thought he was the same both onstage and offstage, you should probably take a course in "Perceptions of Reality: What Television Has Done to the Mind.") The quote adds nothing to our understanding of Steve Martin's appeal or how he represents a certain trend in comedy. It really tells us more about his mother, a subject of interest to no one, except possibly Steve Martin's father.

Still, for perceptive celebrity reportage (most likely a contradiction in terms)



Top row, l to r: Lynn Goldsmith, Globe Photos, Lynn Goldsmith, Middle row: Globe Photos, Camera 5, Camera 5, Globe Photos. Bottom row: All Camera 5.

perhaps the new, improved Esquire is unrivaled. There was its profile of "Tomorrow" host Tom Snyder, for instance, in which his ex-wife was awarded one entire column-inch for this insightful description: "The way he used to unwind from all of it was to come home, go directly to the garage and run around for hours playing with his toy trains." How Tom Snyder unwinds after a couple of hours in front of the relentless red light is indeed one of the great mysteries of our time, and many of us are forever indebted to Esquire for clearing the air. Not to be overlooked, however, is the far superior Esquire profile of Clint Eastwood, which revealed that ol' Dirty Harry is well liked by the people who work for his production company—lest you think a) they fear and loathe him, b) they have mixed feelings about him, or c) he's really just like the parts he plays.

Recently there have been several articles about America's supposed swing to the right. If indeed there has been such a swing (and it seems unlikely, considering the fact that the media now views "The New Right" as news, just as "The New Left" was news during the '60s), the proliferation of celebrity journalism could only have obscured it and made it virtually unnoticeable. The same holds true for any other ideas attempting to flourish in the current atmosphere: they are immediately rendered frivolous by the media's preoccupation with the famous, unless a famous person is associated with the idea (in which case the thing becomes just another flash in the pan).

This is what the media-industrial complex has done. The status quo, as always, is supported by the press, in particular the celebrity press, which, of course, has a vested interest in the popularity of, say, John Denver, John Davidson or even John Ehrlichman. Just once I'd like to pick up a magazine and not be assaulted by a piece of ephemera about this month's celebrity guru, last week's star farmer, next week's famous comedian or last year's dead famous comedian.

But until that happens, until celebrity journalists realize that they function as nothing more than an army of Rona Barretts, we can look forward to more of the same. How can we inoculate ourselves against this spreading epidemic of silly reportage? Don't write your congressional representative, don't write letters to editors—you'll only contribute to the problem. Rather, refuse to discuss celebrities whenever the subject comes up. Assume that every celebrity profile you read, even the ones that "expose" the subject, exist only to promote the entertainment industry. Don't patronize restaurants with food named after celebrities. However, if you simply *must* drink in the words of People magazine, perhaps before doing so you should put the magazine inside one of those handy, shelf-size pyramids: at least the copy is guaranteed to get sharper. ■

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(B)



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(C) Now, rotate back down for smoking. An indicator line shows the bowl is in the "ready" position. Strike the lighter, put the mouth piece to your lips.

(D) Now take one or two quick puffs to draw the flame into the "fire hold" to ignite the grass, then lift your finger from the lighter. Inhale and enjoy!

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Welcome Back, LSD

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

What happened to acid? Consumer fraud for one thing. In the early days, certain committed chemists would spend enormous energy and exacting hours carefully concocting connoisseur-quality, chemically pure LSD. In the inspired spirit of the lab they'd drop the desired dosage of colorless liquid onto colorfully dyed tablets and christen the result Purple Haze or Orange Sunshine. All very nice. Trouble was, less scrupulous operators looking to expand their own bank accounts rather than other people's consciousnesses would carelessly combine cheap chemicals like speed and PCP, deposit them on purple or orange tablets and peddle it to eager consumers as Purple Haze and Orange Sunshine.

Unfortunately, the only way to discover that one had been conned by such chemical fraud was to suffer through the consequences in the cerebral cortex. The whole thing gave acid a bad name. Many people who didn't know better thought the bad trip they were suffering was from LSD rather than from such obnoxious adulterants as cheap speed.

How can one describe the bad acid experience? There is a special ache, a kind of heartburn of the soul that no Mother Tums could comfort, a spiritual rancidity, a vibratory viciousness, that is all the more painful when one has been expecting the mellow bliss of the real thing. When you've had good acid, there's nothing worse than bad acid. In fact, even if you haven't had good acid, there's nothing worse than bad acid.

Still, in the past few years acid hasn't disappeared entirely. It would have taken a lot of searching, but some fine chemicals could be found by the conscientious connoisseur. A selected late '70s hit parade of these would have to include:

Windowpane—acid-impregnated film so highly concentrated and powerful that a full dose could be found on a tiny, pinhead-size, black speck and was frequently dropped on the pupil of an eye.

Mr. Natural—sheets of blotter paper covered with tiny figures of the R. Crumb cartoon philosopher that were actually etched in "ink" made out of an LSD solution.

Invert Acid—purportedly, like "invert

The ineffable mellow quality of inner peace and outer perception on a quarter tab of acid is unmatched by any grass.



Jack Abraham

sugar," the mirror image of the molecular structure of the original LSD-25 chemical, and known for its particularly mellow "inward" high.

Red Shield, or *High Times Calendar Acid*—a mild but very pure blotter high that was photographed for the March 1977 page of the magazine's calendar.

Purple Bull's-eye—a fairly widespread and reliable West Coast blotter acid consisting of a purple circle and a dot within, the workhorse acid of the West Coast cult.

The presence of such rare treats has prevented acid from disappearing entirely and in fact may be inspiring a revival of interest in the magic chemical as they become more widely available. With increasing frequency one can hear people saying these days, "Gee, I tripped last weekend for the first time in years, and it was great. I'd forgotten all about how fine it could be." You also hear people exclaiming about the delight of their very first trip. Well then, if such a revival is indeed in progress and we don't want to repeat the disappointments and rip-offs of the past, some advice from the dope connoisseur is in order.

How does one go about tasting acid? Very carefully. I recommend a three-stage process.

Start with no more than a single lick. It's possible to learn quite a bit about the ultimate direction of a tab of acid by dissolving the tiniest smidgen on the tongue and waiting briefly for that initial salivary rush. Crude, speedy acid will often reveal itself in such brief encounters and save on the heartbreak of sore-lis that can follow with any further dosage. However, it is difficult at times for even a veteran acid connoisseur to distinguish between the somewhat "speedy," breath-taking, rushy feeling that certain genuine acids yield and the raw edge of real speed, at least with just one lick.

Which is why, particularly for beginners, or those who haven't touched acid for some time, a second tasting stage is advisable: the quarter-tab quest. Yes, a "quest" rather than a full trip, because one is still exploring the acid rather than the other way around.

The quarter-tab quest will be more than merely a quality-control experiment. It's a good way to get comfortably reacquainted with the chemical. It doesn't require the support services of a "trip guide"; and best of all, it's a way to avoid the pernicious influence of the Mystique of the Big Drop.

You see, aside from all the bad acid around, another key reason many people have abandoned tripping or never dared to try it is the macho mystique of "all or nothing at all" that surrounds the acid tab. Too many people feel the only way to do acid is to do enough to blow their heads off, or do none at all. They thereby ignore many of the subtle intermediate levels of the acid experience and the pleasures they provide. It makes people think of the acid experience only as an acid test, a kind of Russian roulette played with their sanity, always a gamble as to whether they'll come back from their trip or not. You can even hear former veteran acid trippers say they won't touch the stuff because they "can't afford to go through a whole identity crisis again."

My advice to such people is that they use a quarter tab first, to remind themselves that acid is in many ways still a pleasurable and recreational drug, that you can have fun on it. On a quarter tab you can still float around and feel the shimmering oceanic benevolence of the ground of being buoying you up, without going all the way and dissolving yourself in it, living a thousand lifetimes in the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and all that. A quarter tab can remind you that acid is basically a friendly drug.

It is interesting to note that there has been a downward shift in the preferred dosage of even the finest acid in recent years. Connoisseurs and chemists have begun to realize that the "standard" 500-microgram tab of acid is often unnecessarily strong and that most whole tabs these days contain only as much pure acid as the quarter tabs of the late '60s. That is, your standard blotter bull's-eye, such as the High Times Calendar Acid, is not much more than 100 micrograms strong. A quarter tab of that will give the initiate a high of a quantitative intensity not much more than a joint of good Thai grass, although the ineffable mellow quality of inner peace and outer perception is unmatchable by any grass.

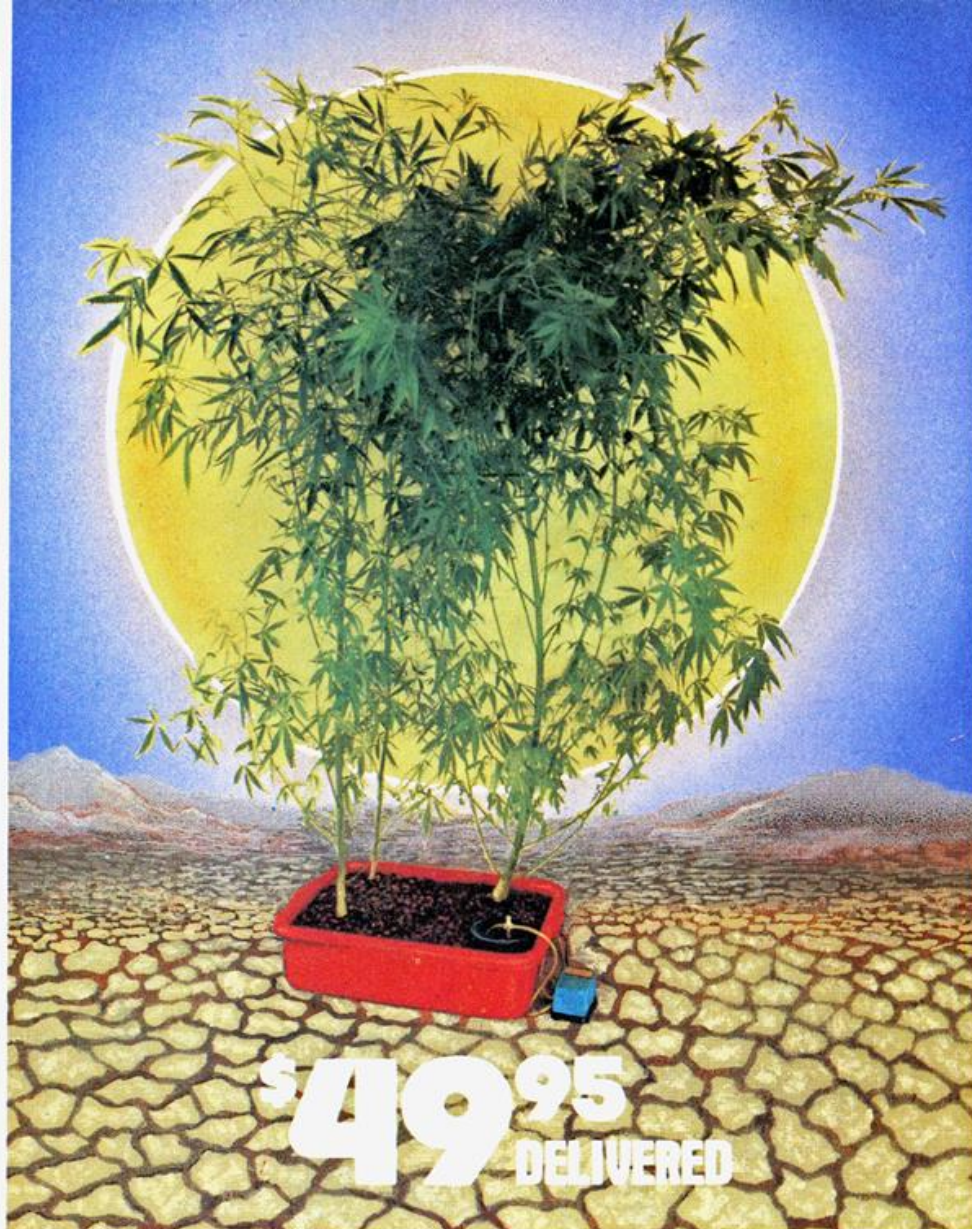
Only after getting reacquainted in this fashion, and thereby thoroughly checking out the purity, should you decide whether once again you want to enter the third stage and go the whole route and take the Acid Test.

Why even consider such a ritual now? Is there something more than nostalgia at stake? I asked a veteran tripper who somehow has maintained access to a steady supply of the finest LSD available why he likes to go all out on acid every once in a while.

"It really gets you back to basics," he said. "The idea of dropping acid always used to be to see yourself with the utmost honesty of vision, to see whether you could really look yourself in the eye and live with what you saw. Now you have a lot of people who tripped in the '60s but who have gone through the '70s without checking themselves out on the deepest level that way. An acid test now will reveal to them whether they've been true to themselves on that basic level, whether after all the confusion and compromises of the '70s they can still face themselves and accept what they've become as they prepare to enter the '80s.

"On another level," he continued, "it's good just to kind of blow out the tubes therapeutically, get back to where you once belonged. These '70s drugs like ludes and coke just make you feel good on the surface and never give you access to that reservoir of inner good feeling and well-being that acid can open up again."

Of course, we all know by now that it's not the cure-all, the saviour of civilization, the pleasure drug of a million orgasms that Dr. Leary (the informer) once boasted of. And in addition to the three-stage testing, the connoisseur recommends some further precautions to be taken before the final lift-off—a sheltered, comfortable setting; a sympathetic friend with time on his or her hands to spend watching over you as your ego dies and is born again; some niacinamide and, yes, even Valium, handy for smoothing the descent; and a whole day without arduous responsibility to ease the return to reality. Happy trails. ☐



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DEA "Witch Hunters" Condemned

Colombia Considers Legitimizing \$3-Billion Smuggling Trade

by Segundo Sombra

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—The combined total of all Colombian smuggling profits now approaches \$3 billion per year, while legal exports out of the country totaled only \$2.3 billion in 1977. These statistics have led some very eminent Colombian figures to suggest that the incredibly profitable dope market might very well be "institutionalized" in the near future, beginning, as in the United States, with the decriminalization of marijuana.

These recommendations have coincided with a virtual cessation of the American-backed "dope war" in La Guajira since the election of President Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, who has openly expressed determination to work with the fluent new "emerging class" in Colombia, mainly retired dope smugglers who have diversified into prosperous legitimate businesses.

For months now, highly placed officials in the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF) have been quietly agitating for an "examination in depth" of the unrealistic Colombian pot laws. ANIF spokesman Jaime Cordoba Zuloaga has bluntly charged the American Carter administration with pursuing a "double morality" of tolerating grass internally while pressuring grass-export countries, through the Drug Enforcement Administration, to wipe it out. ANIF president Ernesto Samper Pizano alleges that the DEA's "North American agents" are like the "witch hunters of the McCarthy era." Says the influential Bogota financier, "The unilateral imposition of the policies of human rights and the repression of the drug traffic has become a new and subtle form of U.S. intervention abroad, particularly in the Latin American countries." ANIF is calling for the legal separation of grass from other categories of dope and for an "agreement" about it between Colombia and the U.S.

Most promising of all, though, the Bogota daily

El Tiempo—equivalent in establishment respect to America's New York Times—recently editorialized about the dope trade: "Every day it becomes more difficult and less convincing to talk of this phenomenon as a 'clandestine' or 'illegal' force. The formidable power of this business has been able to penetrate, corrupt and subvert the whole internal structure of the state." Even if the U.S. were to send in "hundreds of secret agents" to carry out its "proposed bombing with defoliants," El Tiempo seriously wonders "what real interests exists in putting an end—if it were possible—to an activity that means multi-million revenues of foreign currency here, providing a stimulus to different areas of the economy."

Respected Colombian political writer Enrique Santos Calderon predicts that the progressive institutionalization of the contraband industry will also be conducive to the quelling of "La Violencia"—the sordid Colombian tradition of continual violence in political and private life, mainly caused by the country's chronically shaky

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economy. While the first generation of dope traders were necessarily violent—they were opposed by DEA-guided "dope war" paramilitary campaigns—Santos Calderon predicts that "the next will be part of all the social clubs, their sons will study in foreign countries, and the money will go to Switzerland. They will become an integral and respectable part of society."

The winding down of the much touted "dope war" is evident from simple statistics. At the height of the American-inspired hostilities in 1975, 1,898 people were busted for dope in Colombia, including 373 foreigners; whereas only 409 have been busted so far this year, including 13 foreigners, four of whom flew out of the Rio Hacha jail in the break of the century last spring.

Narcs Drive Many Florida Smugglers to Georgia

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA—The virtual militarization of the southern Florida coastline by the federal government has caused dope smugglers to divert the current Colombian grass harvest to the Georgia coast. In response, hard-pressed Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents are seeking to create a civilian "intelligence network."

Regular briefings are held by the feds for fishermen, marina operators and local folks interested in becoming snitches. They're told to keep a special lookout for nighttime concentrations of trucks near shores and riverbanks; rented vans and out-of-state license plates are also considered to be promising indications of smuggler activity.

However, Georgia's 600 miles of wonderfully irregular coastline have already been thoroughly reconnoitered, authorities privately fear, by top-notch professional smugglers. In nearly every respect, the area is even more ideal than southern Florida for contraband traffic: The island-clustered estuaries of the Savannah, Ogeechee, Altamaha and St. Marys rivers provide splendid



Tons of Guajira gold are moving in through Georgia's jigsaw puzzle of tidal islands.

as 50 miles inland at high tide.

Moreover, Georgia's long established shrimping industry provides a natural cover for pot smuggling. Georgia's 534 registered shrimping vessels pass in and out of the coastal rivers at all hours of the day and night; they typically off-load at private docks far inland, onto rented trucks and vans with out-of-state plates. All this amounts to a major headache for understaffed Georgia federal narcs.

To compound the matter, because of the current depression in the shrimping business, deeply indebted shrimper skippers are notoriously susceptible to "rental" sums offered by smugglers—up to \$150,000 per craft per voyage.

Officials say they expect to bust an unprecedented amount of dope off Georgia this year in any case. The superiority of Georgia over Florida as a smuggler coast is bound to attract numerous amateurs to the area, accounting for regular 10-20 ton falls, while the pros run the bulk of the '79 harvest through undetected.

Glynn County PD

NORML Plans International Unity

by A. Craig Copetas

UNITED NATIONS—The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is spearheading an intense drive to unite the world's pot-reform groups into one cohesive unit capable of lobbying for needed cannabis reform at the United Nations.

Although still in its infant stages, the International Cannabis Alliance for Reform (ICAR) will soon set up shop along with other international lobbying groups. ICAR will join the U.N.'s Alliance of Nongovernmental Organizations in an attempt to convince the world's legislators to drop the U.N. Single Convention Treaty of 1961, which outlaws the sale and possession of marijuana.

NORML's Pennsylvania director, Reverend Bill Dean, will coordinate ICAR activities from Philadelphia until funds are available for a full-time U.N. office. Dean hopes to unite marijuana reform groups in Canada, Britain, Germany, Holland and Australia.

"ICAR will attempt to do more than just lobby for marijuana reform," said Dean after his first meeting here with other Nongovernment Organization members such as Amnesty International, the International Association of Police Chiefs, the Salvation Army and INTERPOL. "We will deal with the plight of international pot prisoners, try to limit the scope of the DEA around the world and provide nations with research on marijuana."

"I don't think ICAR will have any problems showing that DEA's worldwide scope has been extended too far. There is a growing international resentment towards the DEA. Countries who cater to DEA are now faced with police forces whose attitudes reflect DEA thinking."

Dean names the U.N.'s powerful World Health Organization as ICAR's initial target for reform. If the all-important WHO can be convinced to change its position concerning marijuana, says Dean, then the rest of the Single Convention signatories will follow suit.

Dean, who has acted as NORML's Pennsylvania coordinator for the past five years, has already traveled to England to drum up support for the international group and has so far met with no

opposition from the number of diverse groups working for marijuana legalization and cultivation around the world.

ICAR has already applied for U.N. observer status with the Crime Prevention and Criminal Justice Alliance of Nongovernmental Organizations and hopes to begin full lobbying sometime this year. Any group or individual interested in joining ICAR, write Rev. Bill Dean c/o NORML 3601 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

Single Convention Treaty: Last Obstacle to Global Legalization

Often cited as the sole obstacle in the way of global marijuana cultivation and distribution, the United Nations Single Convention Treaty on Narcotics of 1961 is a 17-page document shrouded with mysterious legal and political innuendo. The brainchild of the late Harry J. Anslinger, head of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the Single Convention on Narcotics laid the foundation for today's domestic marijuana laws and paved the way for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration to intervene into the politics of every marijuana or coca producing country in the Third World.

The treaty was initiated in 1958 when the U.S.-controlled Economic and Social Council of the U.N. decided that one comprehensive treaty on drugs should replace existing multilateral agreements. The U.S., knowing that it would be easier to involve itself in the politics of other countries if there were one treaty concerning itself with one emotional issue, put heavy pressure on other nations to adhere to the document. A total of 73 nations signed the treaty between January 24 and March 25 of 1961.

The U.S. went to great lengths to insure that

"manufacture of drugs" included "all processes by which drugs may be obtained and includes refining as well as the transformation of drugs into other drugs," thus giving narcotics agents carte blanche into overseeing the production of virtually all pharmaceutical drugs produced throughout the world.

Member nations were allowed to hoard "special stocks," treasure troves of drugs used for special government purposes or to meet "exceptional circumstances." And exceptional circumstances could be defined by the government holding the drugs.

The World Health Organization was authorized to administer the treaty, including the authority to delete a drug from the illegal schedule. An 11-member commission was also constituted to consider all matters pertaining to the aims of the convention. The treaty states that these people were to "command general confidence, competence, impartiality and disinterestedness" in the consumption or manufacture of drugs. This board meets every year in Switzerland and includes parties well connected to the use and manufacture of drugs.

U.S. Wanted to Paraquat Colombia in '77

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Carter administration lied when it said the U.S. had never pressured the Colombia government to spray grass with paraquat, according to a State Department memo recently obtained by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. NORML has released the memo, signed by State Department

officer Cesar Bernal, showing that the U.S. strongly urged Colombian officials to spray the Guajiran dope fields with "gramaxone"—a European designation for paraquat—in July 1977. This occurred several months after NORML and Senator Charles Percy had advised the government 'quat-tainted Mexican was being sold in the U.S.



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DEA narcs raided a speed lab operating out of a mobile home in Cave Creek, Arizona—they grabbed five pounds of methamphetamine, a large amount of precursor chemicals and a number of impressive guns.

Fred Keaton / Arizona Republic

DEA Statistics Place Pot as #3 Business in U.S.

WASHINGTON—The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) estimates that marijuana has become the third biggest business in the U.S., trailing behind only General Motors and the Exxon Corporation in annual dollar volume. The DEA made the claim in its Summary of Achievements, the annual bust report for the first half of 1978.

DEA estimates that American pot smokers currently spend about \$48 billion a year to import, distribute and purchase marijuana. The House Select Committee on Narcotics, a group that would like to see the DEA get more money (the current DEA budget is \$280 million a year), further estimated that the U.S. exports more annual cash for marijuana than for Toyota cars,

Japanese television sets and imported footwear combined.

Although overall drug-related arrests were down over the first half of 1977, marijuana seizures jumped nearly 50 percent over 1977 figures. Some 5,293 DEA-initiated and DEA-task-force-assisted arrests were made in the U.S. and abroad during the first half of 1978. DEA-assisted foreign arrests were made primarily in Colombia and Bolivia, where new jails are being built to hold the glut of low-level dealers attempting to move small quantities of marijuana and cocaine northward. Remember DEA figures only represent busts in which the DEA played a major role and do not include busts made by Customs, the Coast Guard or state and local narcotics agents.

There was 451 pounds of cocaine busted in the U.S. during that time. Foreign coke seizures were at an all-time high of 2,110 pounds.

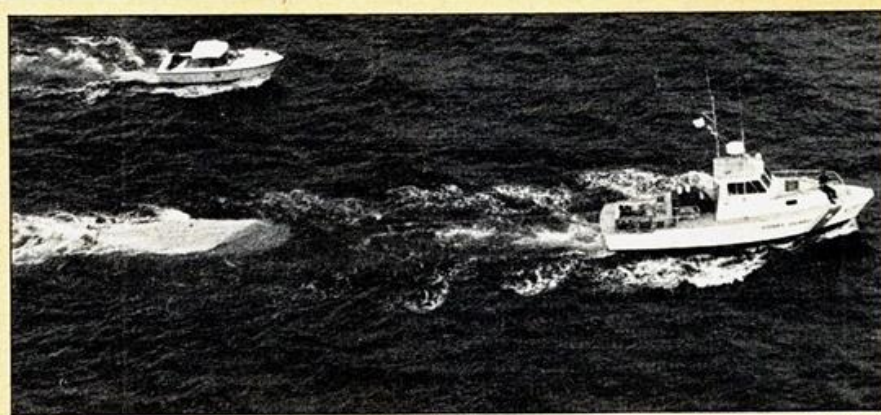
Global DEA pot caches netted 1,317,246 pounds through June 1978. Yet federal stateside busts comprised a bare 539,000 pounds, small when one considers that some 28 tons of marijuana is consumed in the U.S. daily.

There was 876 pounds of hashish, always a favorite, busted entering the U.S., while 63,320 pounds was popped overseas.

Although these figures may seem astronomical, no new overall seizure records were set during 1978. The single largest DEA bust of 1978 occurred in Colombia, where 1,148,000 pounds of marijuana was confiscated in one fell swoop.

U.S. Fosters Coca Growth, Bolivia Charges

CALI, COLOMBIA—At the first Latin American Congress of Mass Communication for Crime Detection here, Bolivian delegate Victor Duran Vargas accused U.S. citizens of pushing coca production in Bolivia. An attorney for the Ministries of Justice and the Interior in Bolivia, Duran Vargas charged that North Americans exploit the ignorance and poverty of Bolivian Indian peasants to encourage them to overproduce coca, and later finance the processing of cocaine in secret laboratories. Duran noted that, according to certain "specialized publications," coke consumption "reaches impressive levels in the U.S.," with over five million regular users there. He admitted that several Bolivian governments have sought to solve this problem without significant results.



A capsized pot boat is towed to the Mayport, Florida, dock by the Coast Guard cutter Point Roberts. The boat was found 17 miles offshore, floating amid some 100 bales of grass, with nobody aboard to take the rap.

Mike Roberts / Jacksonville Journal

Colombian Dope Figure Assassinated

BOGOTA—Former Colombian Interior Minister Rafael Pardo Buelvas, responsible for overseeing internal security and alleged to be involved in the export of multiton shiploads of marijuana, was assassinated in his bathroom.

Two men dressed in soldiers' uniforms called at Pardo's home in the north of the city, told a maid that they had to talk to the ex-minister about security matters of great urgency, walked into the bathroom and pumped five rounds into Pardo, who was shaving at the time.

A Colombian guerrilla group known as M-19 claimed responsibility for slaying the 50-year-old Pardo. As Interior minister in the Lopez Michelsen administration, Pardo was responsible for security during the nationwide strike to protest the rise in the cost of living.

Sources here indicated that Pardo, a close friend of former president Lopez Michelsen, helped in the export of marijuana by flexing his administrative authority in the rugged northern areas where most of the country's marijuana is grown.

Retiree's Vigilante Scheme Doused by Fla. Narcs

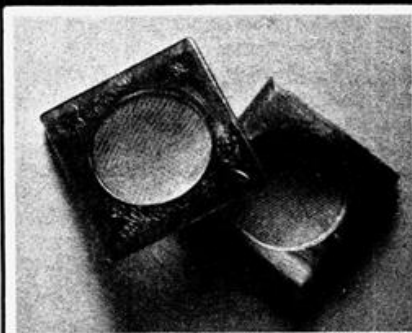
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—The local DEA has turned down the proposal of a former U.S. Customs agent that would have created a private squad of senior-citizen smuggler spotters to sniff out drug traffic along the Florida mainland. Robert M. Weeks proposed enlisting a small army of retirees, who hang out at the shore a lot, to call in any suspicious maritime activity they observe to a central "combat information center" to alert authorities. "We're the biggest [narcotics] import state in the country," Weeks points out indignantly. The DEA and Florida fuzz are ineffective at stemming the dope trade, he claims, only because "they're too lazy."

Official reaction to Weeks's proposal has been lukewarm at best. The regional DEA head, Bob

Grinley, rejected Weeks's plan, pointing out that persons who go out of their way to observe smuggling operations might very likely be murdered by the smugglers. In any case, Grinley says, "Most smugglers don't use a place the average citizen is going to be. Also, the average citizen isn't too concerned about marijuana smuggling." Most big smuggling busts, says Grinley, grow out of tips from undercover DEA narcs in South America, rather than from civilian spottings.

Robert Weeks has reacted to this official wet blanketing with a perceptible soberness, curtailing his civic-center speeches and letter writing to state officials. "If I get the feeling everyone in the state's watching me," he says cryptically, "I'll quiet down."

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Big Island Pot Raid Grounded When Narc Copter Explodes

HILO, HAWAII—The seasonal state and federal marijuana-eradication campaign, dubbed "Operation Green Harvest" this year, was severely hampered when Honolulu narcs blew up their sole helicopter during a raid on the rural Ainaloa subdivision near here. Although authorities tried to keep a tight new lid on the whole project, the accounts of numerous eyewitnesses forced a detailed admission of the copter misadventure.

The state narcs were using their Hughes 290-C combat copter to transport loads of hand-harvested Puna butter out of the inaccessible mountain pasture, it seems, when on descent a magazine of ammunition on the craft's underside unaccountably caught fire. The two agents aboard managed to pile out seconds before the entire copter exploded; the resulting 200-acre grass fire raged for eight hours before a rainstorm quenched it.

After that, by all accounts, Operation Green Harvest pretty much fizzled out. The biggest single bust was six tons, seized by the Coast Guard on a 60-foot sloop off Kona. Six men aboard were briefly detained and released. Other than that seizure, and an unspecified tonnage of Kona gold and Puna butter that was randomly hand harvested by the 100 agents involved, Operation Green Harvest barely made a dent in the grass trade.

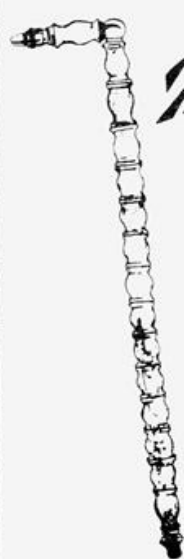


Uprooted Kona pot plant.



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Houston cop hauls off part of 20-acre bust.



UPI



Old Fort Dispatch

North Carolina narcs found this plant growing out of a gravestone.

Alaba



Dumpster lets loose with a ton of pot.



Local catches a smoke before the haul is torched.



Operation Green Harvest comes to an end.

Green Harvest: Photos by Jim Landrum



Sand Mountain Reporter



Fort Worth Star Telegram

ma narc skips off with two of some 3,000 homegrown plants.

Fort Worth cop examines one of 268 plants popped at a local greenhouse.



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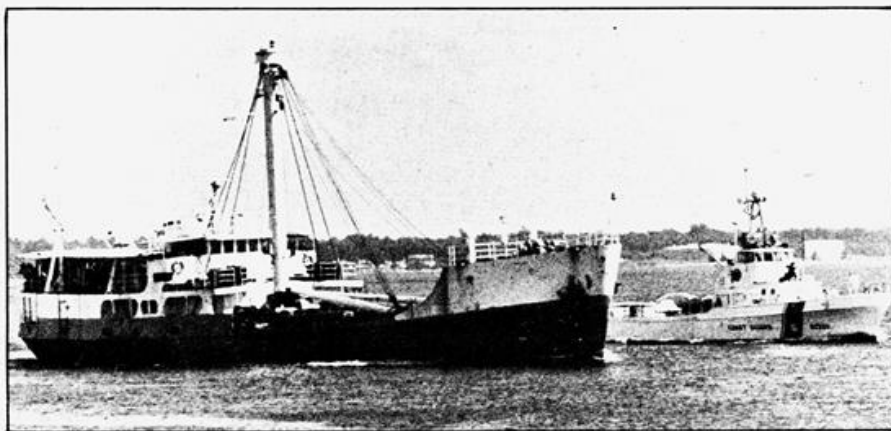
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Two shrimpers full of DEA narcs nearly sank forever in Davy Jones's locker pursuing the Heidi's 100-plus tons of dope. Finally, real mariners on the CGC Sagebrush were called in to nail her.

The biggest "mother ship" grass bust to date—over 112 tons of primo Colombian fume aboard the World War II-vintage freighter *Heidi* 160 miles off Florida—came down last fall after a half-dozen DEA undercover narcs nearly drowned themselves attempting to set up a multiton bust buy. DEA narcs had been deeply involved with the operation since its original instigation two months earlier, when two 25-year-old Florida men had allegedly put up \$100,000 and negotiated with dope growers in Colombia to off-load a prearranged quantity of the *Heidi's* cargo.

The original DEA scheme was to closely monitor the *Heidi's* off-loading, then follow the dope through its landing in Florida and its subsequent parcelling out to wholesale dealers and distribu-

tors. The narcs chartered three vessels—two shrimp boats and a yacht—to move the grass from the *Heidi*, but their expedition was plagued with disasters from the start. Three hours out, one of the shrimpers developed engine trouble and had to return to port. The remaining shrimper's keel seam then cracked, flooding the amateur narco crew with four feet of water and endangering the boilers, which could have blown in a second. The shrimper's skipper, a professional captain, turned on the bilge pumps and commanded everyone aboard to man the buckets and bail for their lives. At that time of the evening, cresting and bottoming in ten-foot swells, it was impossible to radio the Coast Guard for assistance.

The exhausted cops were saved about five hours later, however, when a routine overflight by a Coast Guard patrol plane noted the craft's difficulty and a new pump was dropped on the shrimper's deck by a helicopter. The yacht eventually attempted to tow the shrimper but they could only make two knots headway. So after 48 hours, twelve hours late for the *Heidi* rendezvous, the feds scrapped the project and called in the Coast Guard. The cutter *Sagebrush* located the *Heidi* with the help of a Customs plane and next day boarded her and busted her 23 Colombian crew members. The rusty *Heidi* was impounded by Customs at the Talleyrand docks.

On the same day as the historic *Heidi* seizure, the Coast Guard cutter *Dauntless* nailed 20 tons of grass aboard the Venezuelan-registered *Rio Chico*, 350 miles off Lake Worth. Though the Coast

Guard is supposedly prohibited from boarding foreign vessels in international waters, they busted the anchored *Rio Chico* under the Prohibition-era Hovering Vessels Act. The ship had been anchored for several days near *Muntanilla Light*, a bright beacon set on a Caribbean reef that has been the site of numerous "mother ship" smuggling rendezvous. Justifying the busts of her eight Colombian crew members, Coast Guard lieutenant John DeLong explained, "We walk a thin line between wanting to stop the drug traffic and harassing the owners of ships who may get their boats inspected in every port they enter."

● Twenty tons of smoke in 40-pound plastic-wrapped bales was nailed aboard the shrimper *Tomahawk* near a canal-side home in Tybee Island, Florida, by county and DEA fuzz. Later, five more pounds and two revolvers were found in the house, and seven people were busted. Cons from the Chatham County Jail helped police unload the *Tomahawk*.

● Two fisherman reported seeing several burlap-covered grass bales floating in the ocean near a bridge channel in Cedar Key, Florida, leading the Coast Guard to discovery of the deserted pleasure craft *Way Out* on Wreck Bar amid some 209 other floating bales. Since the *Way Out* was already overloaded with 300 bales aboard, guardsmen suggested that smugglers aboard a sister craft had ditched the floating bales when the *Way Out* went ashore and then fled with both crews aboard.

● David Allen Bodin, 31, says he may appeal his conviction for possession of 2,350 marijuana plants that cops found growing on his property near Lord Ellis Summit, Oregon. Bodin was fined \$1,000 in Humboldt County Superior Court after police spotted the dope plants from a surveillance aircraft. Bodin contends he never tended the crop.

● After brief negotiations 90 miles off the southern Florida shore, two men in a cabin cruiser bought three big bales of grass from a 71-foot "mother ship" lading 20 tons of it. The mother ship, however, turned out to be a utility craft from the Coast Guard cutter *Steadfast*, and the two would-be dealers wound up in the slammer.

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Twenty tons of assembly-line-chopped and -bundled dope, each bale stamped with a Guajiran trademark, was off-loaded from the little *Tomahawk* shrimper at Tybee Island, Georgia. Customs and Chatham County fuzz did the evil deed.



Pilot Ditches 200 Pounds of Pure Blow Off Jamaica

Although suffering from multiple injuries, a Colombian pilot managed to escape from a Kingston, Jamaica, hospital after sea ditching a plane that police say was carrying 200 pounds of pure snort. The plane, a twin-engine Cessna of American registry, went down in the water off Morant Cays for undisclosed reasons. Two passengers aboard were killed in the crash, but the pilot was rescued by a passing fisherman, who took him to Isaac Barrant Hospital in St. Thomas. When police subsequently salvaged the toot and two .45s from the floating wreck, they busted the pilot in his hospital bed and transferred him to a Kingston police ward. Days later, on the eve of his scheduled appearance in court, he disappeared from under the nose of a district constable and is believed to be back in Colombia.

● A couple from Flushing, Queens, New York, was busted on a Miami street corner in possession of nine pounds of toot.

● Nosy employees at the Ireland Inn in Fort Lauderdale are credited with breaking up one of the biggest coke syndicates in southern Florida. Seven pounds of snow, ten men and over a million in cash went down. It began with an anonymous tip to the inn's owner-manager that several men who would be arriving on a certain day would bear watching. So the Ireland staff went on snow alert and noted numerous peculiar happenings. "There were more Cadillacs around here than I've ever



The teenage son of a Sun Oil heir repels photographers while being nailed after cops broke up a high-school "coke war" in Merion Park, Pennsylvania, that had broken out into shootings and bombings.

seen before," observed a parking-lot attendant. The men who were checking in, it seems, preferred to print rather than sign their obvious pseudonyms, and several arrivals didn't bother to check in at all. One man was seen toting a huge satchel through the lobby. "It was so heavy, he

limped along like he was carrying a load of bricks," said a bellhop.

Finally, when one man paid cash for 80 extended long-distance phone calls from an enormous bankroll in his front pocket, the desk clerk quietly called the fuzz. Twenty officers from the Organized Crime Bureau and Tactical Impact Squad raided the place at midnight, seizing seven pounds of pure flake "fresh from the factory," along with two pounds of Colombian gold and exactly \$1,149,436 in cash. "This probably represented a month's take to them," speculated a cop.

Hit Parade

Cutting losses seems to be this season's main concern among wholesale dope importers. A whole lot of stray grass bales seem to be washing up on the southern Florida sand, to be harvested soggly by whomever is around—the preassigned dealers, or maybe the tipped-off fuzz. This is probably the most secure means of intracoastal shipment, but it sure makes for a salty spliff.

- 60,000 lbs, nailed 70 miles S.E. of Miami aboard fisher *Ma Bell* by Coast Guard, 5 busted.
- 30,000 lbs, aboard 70-foot *Raisa Yorka*, docked at Riverside Boat Service in Miami, 5 busted by Miami and Customs fuzz.
- 20,000 lbs, aboard 160-foot mother ship *Arida*, nailed by Coast Guard cutter *Sagebrush* 350 miles S.E. of Miami, 15 crew members busted.
- 18,000 lbs, on Chincoteague Island, Virginia, intracoastal waters, in cinder-block outhouse, 9 busted by DEA and local fuzz.
- 15,000 lbs, aboard 55-foot *Lucky Lady II*, overloaded and aground in Fort Pierce Inlet, Florida, nailed by county fuzz, 4 crew members escaped.

- 6,000 lbs, imported fume nailed during unloading in Fort Lauderdale garage by Broward County narcs, 2 men busted.
- 2,100 lbs, aboard shrimp docking at Edgemont Key, Florida, 10 busted by Pinellas County sheriffs.
- 1,550 lbs, busted by Cuban Coast Guard off Camaguey Province aboard Honduran vessel *Lucero*, 8 Colombians nailed.
- 1,000 lbs, aboard a two-engine Piper Piedmont in a field near Quitman, Georgia, 2 chased by bloodhounds and busted by county fuzz.
- 800 lbs, nailed by Broward County, Florida, SWAT team in Miami apartment, 4 busted.

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Boo Bust Hits Killer Cutter Crew



USCG Dauntless swabs harvest tons of dope monthly—and some smoke it, too.

The Coast Guard cutter *Dauntless*, one of the most exemplary dope-boat busters on the Spanish Main, was herself the object of a grass raid recently. Specifically, "several ounces of marijuana" were discovered in the crew quarters of the 210-foot dreadnought as she lay at the Little Creek Amphibious Base in Virginia during training maneuvers. Three crew members were demoted and fined as a result, and the *Dauntless's* executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Howard Newhoff, admitted, "It's all pretty embarrassing." The skipper added, "What makes it worse is our position in the Coast Guard."

● Both patients and staff at St. Francis Hospital in Peoria, Illinois, were shocked at the arrest of a 19-year-old Filipino busboy for impersonating a physician there and at the nearby Methodist

Medical Center. The youth had regularly examined patients and talked shop with interns at both institutions, wearing a white smock and stethoscope and even a stolen summoning beeper. "This is a very large institution," noted a St. Francis doctor. "If somebody comes in the front door and pulls a white jacket out of his pocket and puts it on, you probably wouldn't be able to tell he didn't belong."

● In Saint Paul, Minnesota, City Council member Ron Maddox asked for a total ban on rock concerts after he allegedly witnessed widespread marijuana smoking during a Rolling Stones concert at St. Paul's Civic Center Auditorium.

Maddox claims he saw "10 or 12 persons taking their marijuana, putting it on the floor in piles and lighting up their pipes right in front of the

television cameras."

Maddox said, "There could have been 5,000 drug-abuse arrests."

● A team of researchers from the University of Southern California recently completed a major study in which they followed hundreds of people around all day, recording their lies, excuses, alibis, exaggerations and apologies.

The team discovered that the average adult lies about 200 times a day. Women were said to lie more often than men; they were more convincing with their fibs and were better at detecting falsehoods made by others.

But the worst of all were teenagers, who reportedly told about 20 lies an hour.

● When she died last year at age 69, Lillian Kopp of Chicago insisted that she be buried in Paw Print Gardens Cemetery there, next to her pet German shepherd Rinty, who had died in 1972. According to Kopp's 31-year-old daughter Barbara, a kennel manager, the entire Kopp family—72-year-old father Henry, 45-year-old brother Ron and herself—all intend to be buried alongside their three surviving German shepherds: 10-year-old Cindy, 7-year-old Dutchy and 5-year-old Jamie. "It makes sense," says Barbara, "to be all together, not buried in separate cemeteries, and to be together in death with our loved ones—and that includes our German shepherds."

Paw Print Cemetery's owner, Patricia Blosser, is founder of the National Association of Pet Cemeteries. The late Ms. Kopp is her first human client.

● Marijuana seems to be firmly established as a "permanent recreational drug" in America, according to University of Wisconsin research. Their survey shows that 56 percent of all high-school seniors have tried grass at least once, 10 percent are daily smokers, and almost none believes that grass smoking is physically harmful. Since the use of all other "psychedelics" has either leveled off or diminished among students in recent years, it looks as though pot is definitely here to stay.

● Naomi Anderson of Morgantown, North Carolina, was driving about town with her pet python, "Mr. Slippy," who likes to ride with a few inches of his tail waving out of the window. Stopped at the intersection of Jackson and Atlantic, Anderson was asked by a motorist who pulled up alongside if he could touch Mr. Slippy's tail. "I said he could," charges Anderson, "whereupon he grabbed Mr. Slippy's tail and bit off an inch of it, spat it out, laughed and drove away."

The snake-biting culprit, one Mr. Surling, was fined \$500 in local court. "I am a jazz drummer," Surling explained. "I must be free."

● Champion gate crasher Pinky Ginsberg, 74—who has attended, for free, virtually every presidential nomination, title boxing match and World Series game in the twentieth century—advises modern youngsters not to try following in his elusive footsteps. "I don't advise anybody to start gate crashing," warns Ginsberg. "Right now, with the fires, the bombings, the assassinations and kidnappings, it's a very, very hard career." For the stout of heart, though, Pinky offers a solid tip: "Once you're inside, look for the press box, where they got the chicken and beer."

● For the fifth year in a row, Quebec provincial police spent weeks last fall combing Portneuf County for wild marijuana. In 1973, it seems, some philanthropic "Johnny Reeferseed" carefully planted dope all over the area. Cops have tried to hand harvest the plants before they go to seed every September but still reported finding over 5,000 plants last fall in 16 different patches.



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Illinois Okays Medical Dope Use

Illinois has become the fourth state to legalize marijuana for medical purposes. Calling the action "a step forward in the practice of medicine," Governor James Thompson signed the bill into law on September 9, 1978.

The legislation authorizes the possession, production, manufacture and delivery of cannabis when "requested by a physician licensed to practice medicine." The physician must certify that the use of marijuana is "medically necessary." The Illinois bill differs substantially from the legislation passed in New Mexico, Florida and Louisiana. Those three states have established elaborate programs of control and review, which call for contracting with the federal government for supplies of marijuana. This factor has delayed the start of state programs, and, as we go to press, no one is receiving marijuana yet for medical purposes.

The Illinois bill is considerably more straightforward in its approach. The legislation simply recognizes the physician's right to prescribe marijuana for victims of cancer, glaucoma or "such other procedure certified to be medically necessary." The matter of supply will be left to the Illinois Dangerous Drugs Commission and the Department of Law Enforcement.

Governor Thompson estimated that between 6,000 and 11,000 people in Illinois with uncontrollable glaucoma may be eligible to receive marijuana. Cancer chemotherapy statistics were unavailable. According to the National Cancer Institute, however, Illinois can expect approximately 38,000 cases of new cancer during 1978. ● In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, an 80-year-old glaucoma victim is suing the state government to permit him legal access to marijuana. Henry Meyerson, who is totally deaf, charges that his failing vision is his "sole source of communication" with the world. When he tried some illegal



Illinois Yippies organized a small siege of the state capitol at Springfield this fall to protest the state's pot laws. The cops took a dim view of the call for dope liberation and arrested almost 40 of the 200 smoke-in heroes.

weed not long ago, says Meyerson, it reduced his glaucoma symptoms more effectively than any conventional medication he's used.

● The Canadian Bar Association recently passed a resolution recommending the decriminalization of marijuana for personal adult use. The resolution, proposed by Ted Seifred of Vancouver, would allow adults to grow or possess pot for their own use and to transfer small amounts to other adults.

Under the resolution, marijuana and other cannabis derivatives would be removed from the Narcotics Control Act. Seifred noted that the Canadian Bar Association is the last major body of lawyers or doctors in North America that had not yet recommended decriminalization.

● Dr. Robert DuPont, head of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, speculates that the four-year Mexican parquat program will eventually bring about the complete decriminalization of grass in the USA. With many of the country's tokers distrustful of imported dope, DuPont suggests home cultivation is growing by leaps and bounds. While the busting of out-of-town grass movers is quite acceptable to many Americans, DuPont feels that the prosecution of local folks for growing weed would have much less popular support. DuPont also estimates that the export of grass from Hawaii now outstrips sugarcane in revenue.

Teachers Union Calls for Decrim

The second largest union in the United States has just come out in favor of the decriminalization of marijuana. At its annual convention in Dallas, the National Education Association (NEA) passed a resolution stating that "private possession and use

of small quantities of marijuana should not carry criminal penalties." The success of the resolution, sponsored by Steven Lopes of Massachusetts, adds 1.8 million professional educators to the ranks of the decrim army.



N.Y.'s finest pose with suitcases of dope seized in raid on a candy store on Manhattan's Upper West Side.

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Canadians Bust Linda Blair for Two-Joint Stash

Canadian narcs are vigorously pressing their headline-grabbing project of busting American celebrities for small amounts of grass, with *Exorcist* teen starlet *Linda Blair* the latest casualty. Customs narcs at Calgary International Airport nailed the 19-year-old celeb there with an estimated two joints on her person.



Linda Blair: stamped by Calgary narcs.

● Champion golfer *Masahiro Kuramoto*, 23, is up on major smuggling charges in Tokyo for carrying ten grams—about a third of an ounce—of American grass into Japan. Rock guitarist *Seishi Koike*, 29, a friend of Kuramoto's, blew the whistle on the golfer after police busted Koike and his girl friend.

● *Joe Barile*, drummer for the Ventures ("Walk Don't Run," "Wipeout") was jailed by narcs in Osaka, Japan, in alleged possession of 9 cc of liquid coke. Barile, 32, has been the Ventures' drummer since 1973.

● Pop singer *Gordon Lightfoot* was found innocent of drunk-driving charges in Toronto, Canada, in a precedent-setting decision. The trial judge ruled that the "breathalyzer" test that had indicated that Lightfoot was intoxicated when police stopped him was medically invalid and would not automatically prove by itself whether a person was drunk or sober. The Ontario prosecutor's office

afterward admitted that its entire vehicular drunk-screening program "is shot."

● *Reuben Merida*, 30, a four-year veteran of the Miami Police Department's crack narco unit, was busted in possession of a bale of grass weighing 48.8 pounds, less than nine months after his retirement from the force. Merida was observed carrying the bale out of a Fontainebleau Park apartment building by a former buddy cop from the Special Investigations Section, who happened to be lounging off-duty by the pool there. Three others with Merida were busted on the same charge.



NYC fuzz struck terror in Queens heads last handful of spare j's confiscated, and a neighbor-

fall with street-corner busts. Result: a hood riot.

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HERBS & HIGHS

COOKING WITH MARIJUANA? Learn the art that makes eating pot as enjoyable as the effects. Six proven recipes. \$3. MAG-WIRE, Box 61H, Neligh, Nev. 68756.

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"LEGALIZE MARIJUANA" T- shirts. Beautiful leaf design on yellow background. Give size. \$7 to PROGRESSIVE ENTERPRISES, POB 5068, Jamestown, La. 71045.

PIPES FROM ENGLAND. INDI- vidually carved and marked pipes direct from maker. Traditional materials. Send \$1 (refundable) for illustrated catalogue. THOMAS WHITTLE, 9B Ullswater Cres., Weymouth, Dorset, England.

OHAUS TRIPLE-BEAM BAL- ance only \$75, postage paid. Pipes and bongos at rock-bottom prices. Details \$1, refundable first order. PRIZE POSSESSIONS, Post Box 62, Warren, Mich. 48090.

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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	oz	2-3
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	100-175
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	oz	5-8
Opium	knockout	kilo	50-80
		oz	150-250
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	average	oz	30-35
Superior domestic	top quality, but scarce	lb	400-460
Thai sticks	excellent	one	45-55
Nepalese hash	slabs	oz	575-700
Lebanese hash	taste treat	lb	15-18
Domestic hash	truly inferior	lb	200-300
LSD	microdot, tile	hit	2000-3000
		lb	2300-2900
		lb	15-20
		lb	1400-1800
		hit	3-4

BRAZIL

Green grass	domestic	oz	10-15
Brown grass	stash, seedy	kilo	200-250
Manja Rosa	domestic, fair to good, mucho	oz	20-25
Black Power	3-toke trippy	oz	400-450
Bonsai hemp	high	lb	15-20
Cocaine	ultra-energetic	kilo	75-100
Metham-phetamine	high	1/4 kilo	950
Mescaline	peculiar stony buzz	gm	500
Magic mushrooms	from weak local to top Peruvian	oz	30-80
Mandrax	Argentinian; scrupulous	oz	400-800
	good domestic	100	80
	synthetic	100gm	800
	fabulous	100gm	100
	steady supply	hit	2-3
		100	100-200

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Commercial	glut	lb	100-125
Colombian		oz	30-45
Connoisseur	increasing flow	lb	350-450
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	oz	40-60
Thai sticks	up	lb	450-550
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	one	180-200
MDA	lovers' delight	oz	2000-3100
Metham-phetamine	crystal, good	oz	20-25
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	lb	160-200
LSD	blotter, microdot, caveat emptor	hit	1200-1800
Cocaine	short and sweet	oz	2-4
		oz	500-800
		lb	4500-7000
		oz	35-50
		hit	450-600
		100	100-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown	lb	55-75
Colombian hash	improving, still ho-hum	oz	2-4
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	lb	30-40
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	10-30
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	lb	750-1250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
		oz	200-500
		lb	3000-5000

DENMARK

Domestic grass	record crop	oz	10-15
Moroccan hash	good kif mix, erratic supply	gm	3-4.50
Afghani hash	primo	kilo	2000-3000
		gm	3.50-6
		kilo	3000-3500

Pakistani hash	plentiful, improving	gm	2.50-5
Nepalese hash	fresh supply	kilo	2200-3500
Cocaine	increasing quantity, variable quality	gm	3.50-6
LSD	microdot	kilo	3000-4000
Opium	mostly in-crowd, not commercial	gm	100-150
PCP	local chemists	oz	2000-2500
Magic mushrooms	very popular	hit	2.50-3.50
		gm	10-12
		hit	2-3
		gm	6
		oz	100

HOLLAND

Moroccan hash	medium quality	gm	2.50
Lebanese red	medium to good	kilo	1250
Afghani hash	fine quality	gm	2
Pakistani hash	always available	kilo	1000
Nepalese hash	limited stash	gm	4
Domestic grass	very bad	kilo	3250
Colombian grass	hard to find	gm	2.50
Cocaine	decent rock	kilo	1500
		lb	3
		gm	2000
		oz	free
		oz	50-80
		lb	450-650
		gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2100

MEXICO

Torreón violet	breathtaking	oz	8-12
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	lb	30-75
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	4-6
Puebla	good	lb	50-90
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown to pure white	lb	20-50
Opium	not much	oz	3-6
		lb	20-70
		oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
		lb	30-50
		oz	300-400

PANAMA

Green shake	good quality	oz	2-5
Green tops	stoney as hell	lb	25-50
Red buds	sticky with resin, primo	oz	5-10
Cocaine	good, some beat in cities	lb	45-80
Magic mushrooms	in cow pastures everywhere	lb	5-10
		gm	65-100
		oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
		oz	1

PERU

Gold buds	jungle grass	oz	10
Brown buds	mountain grass	lb	70-75
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	4-5
Coca leaves	dry	lb	55
Coca paste	for smoking	kilo	2-3
Cocaine	90% pure, the world's best	gm	35
Quaaludes	locally produced, not very good	kilo	1.15
		gm	150-2
		kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

Spanish griffe	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
Hash oil	Moroccan dark	kilo	1000-1200
LSD	good blotter	oz	50-60
Cocaine	good to excellent	gm	1500-1700
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	hit	1200-1500
		100	200-300
		gm	80-120
		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous

Top-grade Mexican	tasty colas	oz	25-50
Quality Jamaican	good brown	lb	125-275
Commercial Colombian	mucho	oz	30-40
Connoisseur Colombian	likewise	lb	125-300
Seedless Colombian	top stuff, scarce	oz	25-40
Crystal methedrine	ace	lb	200-375
California red hair	tasty, potent, plentiful	oz	40-50
California sinsemilla	delish	lb	250-450
Jamaican sinsemilla	spicy new breed	oz	500-675
Hawaiian Puna buds	astronomical	lb	40-75
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	oz	50-125
Lebanese hash	dirty blond, sleepy	lb	450-1000
Black Afghani hash	overpriced, fair	oz	75-100
Nepalese hash	pressed balls, knockout	lb	500-1000
Paki hash	just decent, no buy	oz	100-150
Thai sticks	the bigger, the better	lb	1000-1200
Hawaiian	rare	one	1500-1800
Hash oils	potent Afghani to honey	oz	100-1500
PCP	powder, the pits	gm	60-75
LSD	blotter, microdot, others	hit	2-3
Mescaline	clear caps, good	oz	25-45
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen, dried	lb	100-250
Peyote	fresh, available	lb	30
Quaaludes, 714s	rare, many "boots"	one	150
Cocaine	various qualities	oz	3-5
MDA	scarce	gm	300-500
Black Beauties	beware of fakes	oz	60-120
Tuinals	scarce of late	gm	1000-2000
Valium	usually free in small amounts	hit	35-60
		100	2-3

Alaska

Domestic	market down	oz	25-40
Regular Mexican	thin supply	lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1500-1750
		lb	50-100
		oz	500-700

Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	110-160
Maui	delicious, tourist prices	lb	950-1600
Kauai	stoney, overpriced	oz	100-150
Puna buds	sweet, red	lb	100-130
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	800-1200
		lb	110-160
		oz	950-1600
		oz	20-40

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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- #369702-Silver Axe Pendant-\$34.95 Magnificently designed, high-polished axe and cutter at one end, and a hand-sculptured spoon at the other end on an 18-inch sterling rope chain.
- #369300-1-Gram Vial Pendant-\$59.95 A fashion creation of mirror-finish silver that's perfect for carrying anything from perfume to body oils to incense and "any other precious substance." Complete with 18-inch sterling rope chain; built-in silver spoon; precision threaded; air-tight, water-tight and moisture proof; lined with tempered glass for extra strength.

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| #369101 | 2 Gram Vial(s) w/Funnel \$79.90 | #369900 | Silver Straw Pendant(s) \$19.95 |
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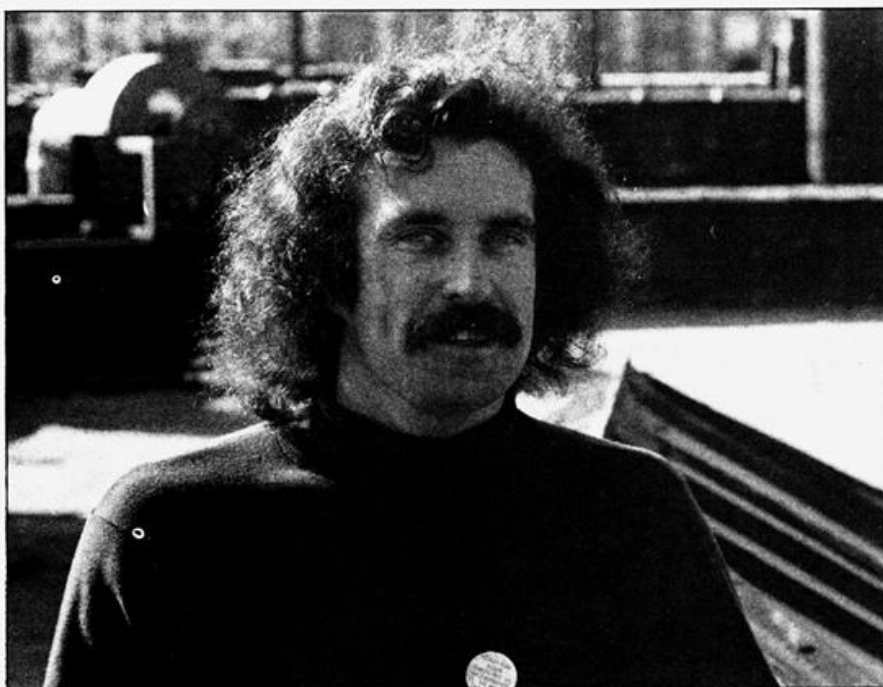
© 1978 E-Z PRODUCTS



Mackenzie Phillips, the nymphet actress who was charged last fall with disorderly conduct after she was found lying in a West Hollywood street in possession of coke, had the charge dropped recently after completing a drug rehabilitation program.



The next Monty Python film, *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, is a Biblical epic currently being filmed on location in Tunisia, with partial financing by ex-Beatle George Harrison.



The phone company has master phone phreak and tech hero **Captain Crunch's** number: 60-90 days in the Northampton County jail in Easton, Pennsylvania. The pharaoh of phone phreakdom, a loose-knit organization of tech heads who try to rip off the phone company with sophisticated home-concocted electronic devices, got busted in nearby Stroudsburg last year by Ma Bell's security squad for operating a computer "capable of theft of telecommunications service." Philly lawyer George Goldstein says that the Crunch will be back in service soon.

Pete Lippincott



Sollers and Roskin, inset Retina

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World's Most Unusual Photograph: (left to right) Rick Derringer, Edgar Winter, Andy Warhol, Ted Nugent and Truman Capote backstage after Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' recent gig at New York's Palladium. 📷

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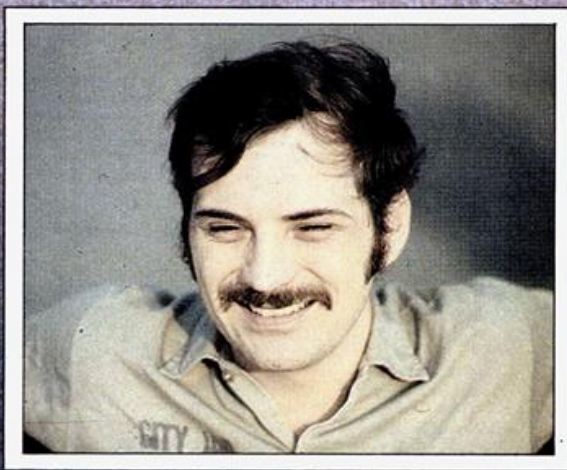
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Interview

Robert Eby

Marijuana smuggler, daredevil pilot and now the subject of the smash hit movie *The Smugglers*, this veteran pot flier tells how the Red Barons of Reefer bring in tons every day

by A. Craig Copetas



Robert Eby was a charter member of the elite band of pilots who bring Colombia's marijuana to the United States. He was one of the first pot smugglers to turn to large cargo planes, and he grew rich bringing in the pot. Then, in 1974, Eby performed a feat of flying that would earn his name a place in the annals of aviation legend.

On August 4, 1974, Eby "allegedly" landed a DC-4 four-engine cargo plane stuffed with 3,600 pounds of prime Colombian buds on less than 1,000 feet of mud runway tilting sharply down a mountain in Polk County, Georgia. The Polk County Pot Plane had accomplished the aeronautical equivalent of the climbing of Mount Everest.

When the identity of the Polk County Pot Plane pilot became known, Eby was approached by one of the most outrageous characters in the New South: Big Jim West. The meeting led to the making of *The Smugglers*—a two-hour action epic based on the exploits of pot pilot Eby and filmed by Big Jim West that has been hailed by major-league smugglers, dealers and even cops as the most authentic film about smuggling dope that has ever been made.

Meanwhile, Eby, having beaten his bust, continued bringing home the goods. Then, in July 1978, he appeared before a congressional-subcommittee hearing on Coast Guard funding. Surrounded by federal guards, he announced that the reefer-smuggling pilots of America could not be stopped. Trembling with emotion, Eby tore off the black hood worn to protect his identity from television cameras and declared that he was a marijuana smuggler and proud of his profession.

Today, *The Smugglers* is making Eby's name a household word. Here are the romance, the adventure and the successes of America's jet-age dope smugglers. Here too are the death-defying risks they face every day and the prices they pay for failure. Robert Eby lived it all—and yet today he rots in prison. But Robert Eby is not a broken man, nor has he stopped thinking about ingenious ways to make marijuana move.

High Times sent A. Craig Copetas, the reporter who broke the paraquat-scandal story, to interview Eby. "Meeting Robert Eby was a tremendous experience," recalls Copetas. "He was not only a master smuggler but also a committed outlaw artist, like Bob Dylan, who says that to live outside the law you must be honest."

High Times: Where did you learn to fly?

Eby: Both privately and in the navy, where I towed targets and hauled Bob Hope USO shows around Southeast Asia.

High Times: You've flown just about every type plane imaginable. Is there anything that you can't fly?

Eby: I can fly anything that's been built. Not only does a pot pilot have to fly

anything, he has to be able to repair broken aircraft. That's the real trick to being successful in this business.

High Times: When did you make your first pot run from Colombia?

Eby: In 1974, I hauled three tons of primo Colombian gold buds north on a battered DC-3. I was living on my boat in the Bahamas at the time. Some people who knew I was a pilot approached me. It seemed to be a great adventure, so I said, Why not.

High Times: How many pot runs have you made during your career?

"I was pursued by a Mig over Cuba that opened fire on me, but he was too fast for my DC-4 and I ducked into the clouds."

Eby: I sometimes lose track, you know. But I've made at least 30 grass trips and well over 100 odd runs. Orchids, farm equipment, machinery. Pot has sometimes been mixed in with those.

High Times: Have you ever been shot at during a run?

Eby: Oh yes. I once landed on an outback Colombian runway where the DEA and DAS had set up an encampment. They didn't know I was coming and I didn't know they were there. When we flew over, the engines woke everybody down there up. As we landed they started shooting, and I turned tail and went up over them. Scared the shit out of everybody. As the aircraft began to ascend, we were met by a couple of Colombian prop fighter planes, old army air-corps stuff. They plugged the plane with a few holes, but I managed to throw them in the clouds.

High Times: Marijuana Air Force pilots usually fly over Cuba. Has Fidel ever sent up some Migs to take a shot or two?

Eby: I've only once been pursued by a Mig over Cuba. He came to my wing and motioned me to land. But I was too slow, and he pulled out ahead. I turned and ran. The guy opened fire, but he was too fast for a DC-4, so I ducked into the clouds and lost him.

High Times: From a pilot's standpoint, how busy are the air lanes over the Colombian growing fields?

Eby: The pot lanes are busier than the commercial routes over Palm Beach airport. I've seen MAF planes lined up for hours waiting to land. The situation is really getting dangerous. There have probably been midair collisions. I've approached people down there to set up some sort of air-traffic and ground-control center. Right now it's in the planning stage, but it will happen.

High Times: What other countries have you flown the weed out of?

Eby: Venezuela, Panama, Guatemala,

Honduras. You name a country, and I've probably ferried weed out of it.

High Times: What are these makeshift landing strips like?

Eby: Dug out by hand and very rough, narrow and usually short. The equipment you use has a great deal to play in the landing. I prefer a four-engine aircraft. That way if you have a maintenance problem, you can always fly back on two engines, providing you have a light gross cargo.

High Times: What's your favorite plane to fly pot in?

Eby: The DC-4. It has a wide speed variation between 105 and 200 knots.

High Times: How does your equipment fare against DEA equipment?

Eby: Ours is a hell of a lot better than theirs. The only trump they have over us is better intelligence. You'll notice the DEA isn't asking Congress for money to buy equipment but to buy more undercover information.

High Times: How do you choose a domestic airfield?

Eby: Find one that has a lot of activity, a busy cargo operation and lots of movement. It's easier to blend into something like that than to stand out in some out-of-the-way place, usually. A lot depends on the vibes of the run.

High Times: Have you ever made any parachute pot drops?

Eby: I attempted one but didn't like the procedure. The problem with parapots is logistics. If you scatter over an area, the pot is more difficult to find. Flying low to make the drop also puts you in a situation of missing the target.

High Times: Did you ever quality check the loads?

Eby: I always depended on other people for that. I always carried primo loads. Wouldn't carry any bad marijuana.

High Times: What were the largest and smallest loads you ever brought in?

Eby: I've ferried between 1,200 pounds and six tons. All of it was primo. In fact, this last load when I was busted had absolutely no seeds. The Indians had hand picked all the seeds and kept them for their new crop. The stuff was bubbling gold. Too bad it got busted along with us.

High Times: That is a shame.

Eby: As our equipment improves, there will be fewer busts. As the trend toward old airline DC-8s and Boeing 707s continues, more of that good marijuana will be getting through.

High Times: You're renowned for being able to fly at incredibly low altitudes.

Eby: That does seem to stick with me, doesn't it? I've flown a DC-4 at treetop level, sometimes lower than you can fly a Cessna 150.

High Times: What are some of your personal tricks to outfox the DEA?

Eby: Good ground security is the key. The pilot should be in charge of this aspect. Use whatever facilities are available. Instead of getting old-beatup trucks to pick

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up the pot, call North American Van Lines and have them come get it for you, hire Brinks Security to watch the plane. As crazy as it sounds, it never fails. Try to blend in with the scenery. Find out what type of items are brought in to the airport you've chosen. If you know a lot of car-parts traffic comes into the airport on a Thursday, package your pot in car-parts containers.

High Times: Have you ever landed and found another pot-smuggling operation in progress?

Eby: We landed down south one night and began off-loading. Suddenly another DC-4 landed, taxied to the other end of the field and began off-loading their own pot cargo. It was amazing. Everyone did their own job, no hassles. Security was very loose that night.

High Times: What's the atmosphere like onboard a plane stuffed with marijuana?

Eby: It's an unbelievable high. Your heart is pumping pure adrenaline, and with the sweet smell of THC throughout the aircraft it is very easy to be overcome. I sometimes bring oxygen and try to leave the window open. But you end up getting high anyway.

High Times: What's the best way for marijuana importers to combat the DEA?

Eby: Get to know them inside out. Intelligence is the whole name of the game. Smugglers must learn how to operate according to the DEA rules of the game. For instance, if you're setting up a deal and the guy you're talking to lights up a joint, you know he's a DEA agent. If he asks too many questions, he's an agent. Every busted smuggler I know started out a deal smoking and having a good time.

High Times: Know your enemy.

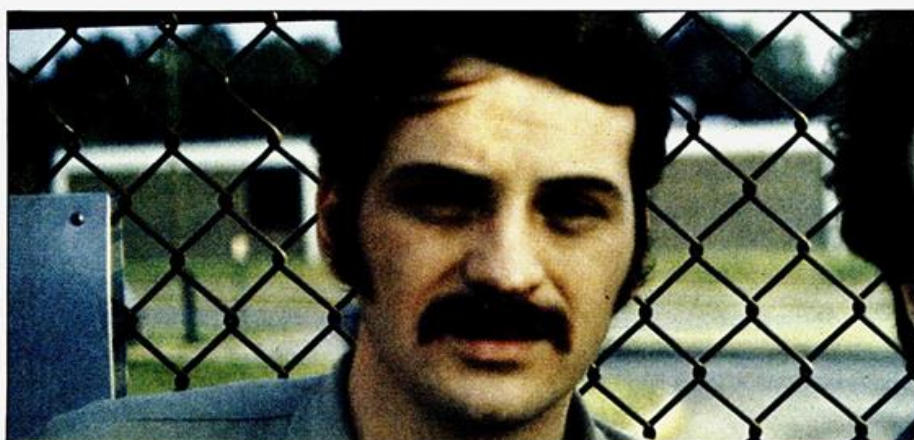
Eby: On the money. I don't smoke with anyone I'm going to work with. That's a must for any successful deal, as strange as it may sound. Do exactly what DEA does. Get to know the agents covering you. If you know where they are, odds are they don't know where you are. Go buy them a drink. Follow the leader. Dress like them, act like them, smell like them. Get as cozy as you can with them. If the people you're working with think you're an agent, all the better.

High Times: What would you do with your plane after off-loading it?

Eby: I'd usually make two or three fast runs south and then ditch the plane in the water, pull out a little Zodiac as it sank, and head for shore. The smell of pot is so thick after just one run that the plane can't be used for anything else.

High Times: Your insignia was a red, white and blue plane. What other personal touches did you incorporate into your aircraft?

Eby: I don't know if this is crazy, but I had serious conversations with the aircraft. I had to talk to it. And an airplane the size of a DC-4 has a lot of character. Its tremendous character can be felt. Each engine talks to you. After a while the



A. Craig Copetas

"The pot lanes over Colombia are busier than the commercial lanes over Palm Beach."

plane starts talking back to you. When that happens, you know everything is just going to turn out fine.

High Times: Many people consider marijuana smuggling to be a glamour business and MAF pilots to be glamour boys. Do you think that's accurate?

Eby: It's true. If you look at anybody in the business and where they spend their time, you'll see it's a glamour business. People live while they have a chance to live, since their business operates on the edge of death.

High Times: Do you foresee a situation where MAF pilots will run fighter-plane cover to pot transports?

Eby: The better MAF pilots become, the less need will exist for fighter cover. I've found a couple of Customs aircraft and Colombian fighters flying around me. All I did is take that big plane, usually a DC-7, and get up right behind them and clip-clop across one of the propellers. If the pursuing plane doesn't move out quick, it's the end for him. I don't see dogfight situations emerging in the near future. The days of gangsters and guns seem to be over.

High Times: Did you ever run a decoy when entering the U.S.?

Eby: Piggybacks every now and then. One big thing is to load up and then change planes on the way back, say in the Grand Bahamas.

High Times: What's the best training for someone who wants to get into the business?

Eby: Go out and buy a World War II military-surplus aircraft, and remember that you better be able to fix that thing when it gets down to Colombia and something breaks. I'd recommend an old T-28 or a Beaver. Learn to fly the heavy

equipment. A military background like I had helps. Hell, I thank the U.S. Navy for 99 percent of what I know about flying pot planes. But if a potential pot pilot starts off in a Cessna 150, he's not going to know one end of the aircraft from another.

High Times: Is military flight training a necessity?

Eby: No. I think I could do a better job teaching than they can. In fact, I'm thinking about opening up my own flight school.

High Times: You'll have students lined up 20 miles in either direction. How do smugglers feel about marijuana legalization groups such as NORML?

Eby: To a certain extent I feel groups like the Yippies are holding back legalization because of their scruffy protests. They give marijuana a bad name. I think NORML has the right approach. People in business suits lighting up a joint goes a hell of a lot further than smoke-ins where nobody picks up the trash after it's over.

High Times: Wouldn't legalization hurt your business?

Eby: I could always go back to smuggling orchids. There will still be smugglers after legalization. The individual wants quality grass, and the big companies just could not produce it. The corporations would have to bring in better marijuana, and that's an impossibility. The smoker is always going to want the best stuff, and the best stuff comes from the small peasant farmer who goes out every morning and pays attention to the crop.

High Times: Plant by plant.

Eby: Exactly. And the Indians who really pay attention to their crops are not connected to the big plantation owner or the guy who's hauling up 40 tons at a time. I'm talking about smuggling in no more than five or six tons of primo weed.

High Times: What would you say to Reynolds Tobacco if they offered you \$75,000 a year to be their marijuana consultant?

Eby: I'd flatly refuse. There would be no excitement in it.

High Times: How would other colleagues of yours react to the offer?

Eby: I don't think they would go for it. I believe in the high-quality sacrament.

(continued on page 47)

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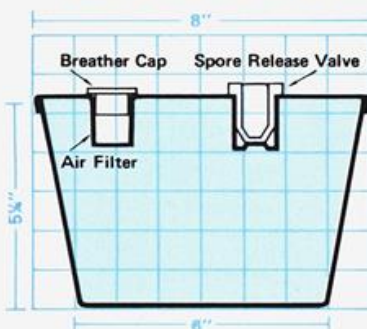
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That's the most important thing. And there are numerous people out there who know what I'm talking about.

High Times: You've really become something of a folk hero, especially after the Polk County pot-plane incident on Trig Mountain in Georgia.

Eby: I can't walk through an airport anymore without someone coming over to me and pointing. I'm famous at airports.

High Times: How is your life different from the average pot smoker?

Eby: Right now I'm a political prisoner of pot. I'm fighting the most antiquated pot law in the United States. But that's one of those extremes in this business. And being in jail is part of the business. You've got to accept that in order to be in this business. I just hope and pray that not many people see this side, because it is rough, a lot rougher than anyone could ever imagine.

High Times: What do you want to tell the smokers?

Eby: One main message. Boycott all informers. Boycott anyone who is talking too much. That is the only way people get busted. Smokers must stick together, maintain a sense of trust and integrity. If we don't stick together on the outside, then we'll all be together on the inside.

High Times: If the social consciousness of smugglers is so strong, how come they really haven't helped NORML out with more cash?

Eby: I think it's sad that smugglers have not given NORML more money. But there are a lot of people that don't like NORML and even *High Times*. They feel you're both working for the government. These people are looking at things the wrong way. I feel that these people shouldn't be in the business. Most people involved in a deal are making at the most \$15 per pound smuggled. Imagine if just \$1 of that, per pound, were donated to NORML.

High Times: How do you respond to the touchy issue of smugglers selling bad marijuana at a cheap price to young kids, or the assertion that smugglers are members of organized Mafia syndicates?

Eby: People who were in the business need to come forward and portray themselves. People who deal in dirt aren't in the business that 99 percent of the smugglers are in. What bends me out of shape is when DEA says I'm a member of organized crime. They've said I'm the brains behind a 100-million-dollar operation, even though I can't get enough money together to pay for my damn lawyer. People have to come out and say, I smuggled marijuana and I was never a member of organized crime. Judges like to believe the organized-crime theory, and if the government can convince them of it, their case is ready-made. Until then, smugglers will continue to get nailed and nailed and nailed.

High Times: What's the bottom-line reality of the smuggling business?

Eby: The vast majority of American grass

smugglers are in the business to bring back a good high. Money is a secondary issue. The righteous smuggler is into turning people on to a good high, to bring back that high that's going to make everybody happy. And that's good karma from the time the seed is planted in the ground to when the last joint gets rolled up.

High Times: Why don't you ever carry cocaine?

Eby: The three times I've been busted, somebody had a vial of coke on them that I didn't know about. I've become more

"Don't get beat-up trucks to pick up the pot; have North American Van Lines get it. Hire Brinks to watch the plane."

violent against smuggling cocaine, because it brings about bad karma. Carry cocaine with the pot and something is bound to go wrong.

High Times: How does one solve the marijuana-cocaine marriage?

Eby: The only medical problem with cocaine is bad karma, and the whole smuggling trip is karma. If you're not carrying cocaine, you can do the wildest shit and nothing goes wrong. Without coke you can walk under people's noses and get away with it. On a business level it's also wise not to smuggle cocaine, as DEA is more intent on busting coke than pot.

High Times: Do you feel that the DEA busts people because it's their job?

Eby: No. DEA agents have a certain characteristic. They are informers. There are some good cops, but there are no good DEA agents. I never had any problems with Customs agents, because they're not shooting from that frame. You can get Customs agents to sit down and get high with you, have a good time. But it is impossible to get a DEA agent to have a good time. They are the real drug crazies.

High Times: What were some of your more interesting in-flight smuggling tales?

Eby: I had a guy on his knees praying out loud on the way back from Colombia. The fellow turned so white and petrified, I thought he was dead. When he thought we were heading for a mountain, he passed right out. People come up to me on the street and ask to go along for the ride. It's amazing how many people want to just come along for the excitement.

I've had guys onboard so scared that their girl friends would do anything they could to calm them down. There is something about an old creaky aircraft that scares a lot of people. The most passengers I ever carried onboard a pot run was 20. Everybody was so high from the smell

of the fresh pot that a full-scale orgy broke out on top of the bales 15,000 feet above the Gulf. Everyone screaming and partying like some sort of crazy religious ritual.

High Times: What are some of the problems with carrying passengers on a pot run?

Eby: I don't like anybody smoking onboard; the smell of the pot is enough anyway. I was piloting a DC-4 to Colombia and some guy lit up. I couldn't go back and punch him in the nose, so I rolled the plane. The guy was glued to the ceiling, but he put the joint out.

High Times: Did you ever take speed to stay awake on the run?

Eby: Never. It would get you all screwed up. You have to have a great amount of awareness in that cockpit.

High Times: What about coffee?

Eby: I never did, because you can't get up and go to the bathroom.

High Times: What does a MAF pilot do when he has to go to the bathroom during a run?

Eby: Good question. I was heading south on a DC-4 once and had to take a bad piss. I put the auto pilot on and headed back to the toilet. But the toilets are some 87 seats back. Well, when a 200-pound person walks back that far on a plane, the trim is bound to change despite auto pilot. So we really have to learn how to go quickly and run back up to the cockpit before the plane crashes into something. It's one of those problems unique to the business.

High Times: What's the best pot plane available?

Eby: The Globemaster. She can carry 50,000 pounds. You can pack two trailer trucks inside that baby and take off. Another good craft is the C-119 Flying Boxcar. I've talked to pilots who pack a Winnebago full of pot inside her, fly two or three feet off an interstate and drop off the Winnebago, release a drag chute and drive off into the dawn. The surprising thing is the number of people who have volunteered to drive the Winnebago.

High Times: How do you go about choosing ground people here in the U.S.?

Eby: If I have a choice, I usually choose North American Van Lines to come out and off-load the plane for me. I also hire a security firm to guard the plane. The pot is packaged to avoid detection—like marked "radioactive." The only worry is the overbearing smell.

High Times: How many hours have you spent in the air?

Eby: Well over 5,200, with nearly 800 of them as a MAF pilot.

High Times: When did you first decide you were going to become a MAF pilot?

Eby: It was a strange decision. I'm a registered Republican, I voted for Nixon, and I didn't smoke pot until 1975. When I left the navy, I became a marine draftsman and worked with people in their 60s. And because I was a widower everybody thought I was well beyond my late 20s. I was smuggling other things when a friend

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“I have one main message. Boycott all informers.”

of mine introduced me to marijuana. It seemed a natural and honest thing to smuggle.

High Times: What changes do you forecast in marijuana smuggling?

Eby: The biggest problem in the future is the bloody foreigners pushing us Americans out of the smuggling business. The foreigners bring up large amounts of bilge-rot pot and dump it off the coast along with who knows what else. The Americans, however, always buy a good grade of weed. The people who bring up 100 tons don't care what they're hauling. Pot needs to reenter the free-enterprise system void of foreign competition that only hurts the business.

High Times: That's Republican laissez-faire if I ever heard it. What about the theory that the larger the load, the poorer the quality, and the smaller the load, the better the quality?

Eby: I'd go along with that concept. After you break 10,000 pounds, the quality starts to slip. I feel that 6,000 pounds is a good cutoff point, unless you're dealing with something real special. The economics are also better for the smaller load. You usually make better money on flying top grade in a smaller amount than cheap shit in multiton lots.

High Times: How much did you pay for top-grade pot in Colombia?

Eby: About \$110 a pound.

High Times: What was that wholesaled at in the U.S.?

Eby: Around \$200 a pound.

High Times: That doesn't seem like much of a markup for all that's involved.

Eby: That's another great misunderstanding. The government is always looking for somebody who is getting all the bloody money. And there ain't nobody getting all the bloody money. The cash is spread out to everybody involved. When I drive that plane back, there is no way I'm going to sell that stuff for \$500 a pound.

High Times: How much do you usually make?

Eby: About \$10 a pound as far as I'm concerned. And I've been burned on bad deals. But the stuff is now wholesaling at nearly \$80 above that markup. The money never leaves the American economy, and absolutely nobody is turning into an overstuffed fat cat off running marijuana. There is no Mr. Big. If you take 6,000 pounds, there's probably 600 people involved in it by the time it gets down to the street.

High Times: Do MAF pilots ever gather to chew the fat?

Eby: I've known of some of the others like Houltin and Burnstine, but I'd keep away from them. You can't bring all that heat into one box. The more we stay spread apart, the more people DEA will need to cover us all, and the more we will know

where they all are.

High Times: What's the strangest dope folk tale you've ever heard?

Eby: Every run I've made is a tale in its own right. You could do a TV series like "Black Sheep Squadron" with all I've been through.

My most frightening experience was the time I ran out of gas over Puerto Rico with a few tons onboard. No flight plan, a cranky old DC-4 and me scared shitless. I radioed San Juan tower and told them I was coming in. I set that aircraft down just in time. Fire trucks, ambulances and police were all over the place. I was so happy to have made it down that I went crazy. Started patting everybody on the back, generally freaking out over my good fortune.

Well, the authorities didn't even look in the plane. They became just as excited as I was that I was still alive. An irate FAA official sauntered out to the plane and said, Get this hunk out of here first thing in the morning. So I went to bed, woke up, gassed the DC-4 up and headed to the States. Pot compliments of the FAA.

High Times: How were the loads brought to the airstrips in Colombia?

Eby: The strips were usually pounded out by the Indians for us. Some were full of craters and holes you could get killed in. The pot is brought out on mules and on the backs of Indians. As the industry gets bigger, more mechanized material will be used. A lot of these strips now have their own trucking systems to ferry pot from field to plane—price included, of course.

High Times: How close to the field do you like to be to the land the plane?

Eby: I like to get right into the backyard. Stay away from the Guajira Peninsula.

High Times: What's the shortest strip you've ever landed on?

Eby: I landed a DC-3 on a 300-foot strip. Most pilots land on a nickel, but MAF pilots must land on a dime. You've got to be able to land a DC-3 like a helicopter. And most people will tell you that can't be done.

High Times: How much does a well-equipped MAF plane cost?

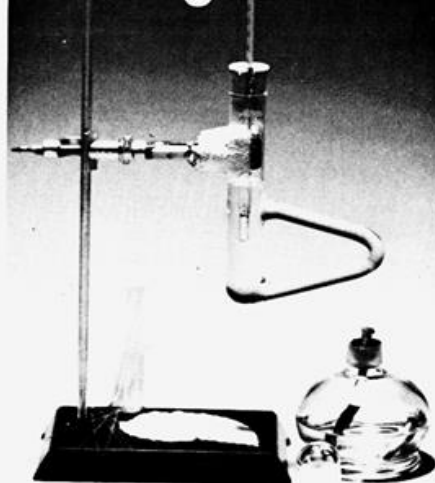
Eby: \$50,000. The secret is not so much the plane you're going to use for the load but the plane you're going to use for research. The whole trick to being a MAF pilot is technique. Figure out where your penetration points will be, what radar needs jamming and, most importantly, what your options will be.

High Times: What happens when you land for the load?

Eby: The Indian boys are out there pumping gas into the plane, ripping open quart cans of heavyweight oil for the engines. A kind of controlled panic until takeoff, then sighs of relief.

(continued on page 51)

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High Times: Is it essential that you as the pilot remain in control of the whole operation?

Eby: Yes. The basic thing is to keep everybody slowed down, no cocaine, and not to look like you're off- or on-loading marijuana. This is everyday cargo. Keep your people acting normal. And always go slow; take a ten-minute break halfway through the procedure.

High Times: What's the best plane for a multiton pickup in Colombia?

Eby: A DC-4, a C-119 or a DC-6; I like the power of a DC-6.

High Times: What about philosophical advice?

Eby: If you're going to run cocaine, then buy an airplane that does cocaine. That's a lighter, faster plane. Keep away from firearms, chain saws and other destructive karma that would ruin Colombian growers and yourself.

High Times: What do you bring down to Colombia with you?

Eby: I've brought farm animals for the Indians, dune buggies for the local officials, washers, dryers, electric ranges. All the stuff you can win on a game show.

High Times: Is selling marijuana the same as selling pork bellies?

Eby: The business has been somewhat commercialized, but it is essential not to get greedy, because it comes back on you. When you get greedy, you're asking for trouble from the smokers and the DEA.

High Times: Is there honor among dealers?

Eby: I've been lucky to see quite a bit of honor, a lot of trust.

High Times: If you arrived to discover your load had been sprayed with parquat, would you still bring it back in?

Eby: It wouldn't be worth the effort.

High Times: With all your experience, how did you manage to get busted?

Eby: Good question. It was a fluke. I landed at an airport where a ground-school class was in progress. Our ground people were not aware of this. Then the plane got stuck in the mud; the forklifts fritzed out. It was a calamity of errors. Another time in Florida the guys didn't have enough trucks to off-load with. Mismanagement. The way to success in the business is: find a good pilot, a good ground man in Colombia and the U.S., and use good equipment.

High Times: Are you a professional marijuana pilot?

Eby: Yes, a professional contract pilot for marijuana.

High Times: A Customs agent once told MAF pilot Marty Houltin that he would make one of three mistakes. He would get lazy, greedy or begin fighting with his partners. How do you react to that?

Eby: I'll do no more than three loads for one group, then go work for somebody else. I enjoy my work, so I will never get lazy. And I'm not a greedy man.

(continued on page 53)

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High Times: Who was the highest government official you were ever aware of being paid off in Colombia and in the U.S.?

Eby: We've paid off Colombian generals and regional governors. There are DEA agents being paid off, and we have had access to DEA internal memos and phone conversations, but I really don't think we should go into that.

High Times: How do you feel about those smugglers who are bringing in bad pot?

Eby: I'd prefer it be stopped. Because these people who are bringing in the shit are the ones who are selling it to 12 year olds. If you bring in quality, then there is no way a 12 year old can get hold of it. When you start talking pot at \$350 a pound, then you're talking shit, and that's the stuff that's ending up in the schools.

High Times: What was the easiest country to work out of?

Eby: Colombia's the easiest, but Jamaica is more fun.

High Times: Why's that?

Eby: Jamaica is a challenge. You must pick your airstrips very carefully. You're either landing on a road or a plowed-down sugarcane field. It's wild landing a DC-4 in a cane field.

High Times: How many runs did you make to Jamaica?

Eby: Seven. And each one was more fun than the others. Jamaica is probably the toughest country to work out of. The government officials were difficult to bribe, and dealing with the Rastas was a unique experience. The Rastas would stand out in the fields holding flaming torches and I'd have to maneuver the DC-4 between them.

High Times: Do the oceangoing marijuana convoys cut into the aircraft smuggling?

Eby: Strange as it may seem, everybody seems to know when the convoys are arriving. It always seems to lower the wholesale price. Again, that doesn't figure in the quality.

High Times: What's been the greatest technical advance in the marijuana smuggling business?

Eby: The fuzzibuster. Modify that box just a little bit and you can tell whenever radar is coming at you.

High Times: How has the quality changed since you've been in the business?

Eby: I've seen more good quality grown here in the U.S. Especially Hawaii. I've been thinking of starting an airlift in from there. Cut down on the price a bit.

High Times: What's the ultimate smuggling maneuver?

Eby: The Thailand gig. Put a van and one 800,000-pound tanker truck into a Globemaster. The Globemaster has a 7,500-mile range, and below the deck floor there's plumbing where you can just pump the fuel from the tank truck into the fuel system. Nonstop Thai sticks.

High Times: What would you have done if you hadn't gotten into the MAF?

Eby: Gotten fat and lazy. ☐



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The · Myth



• of • the • Mafia

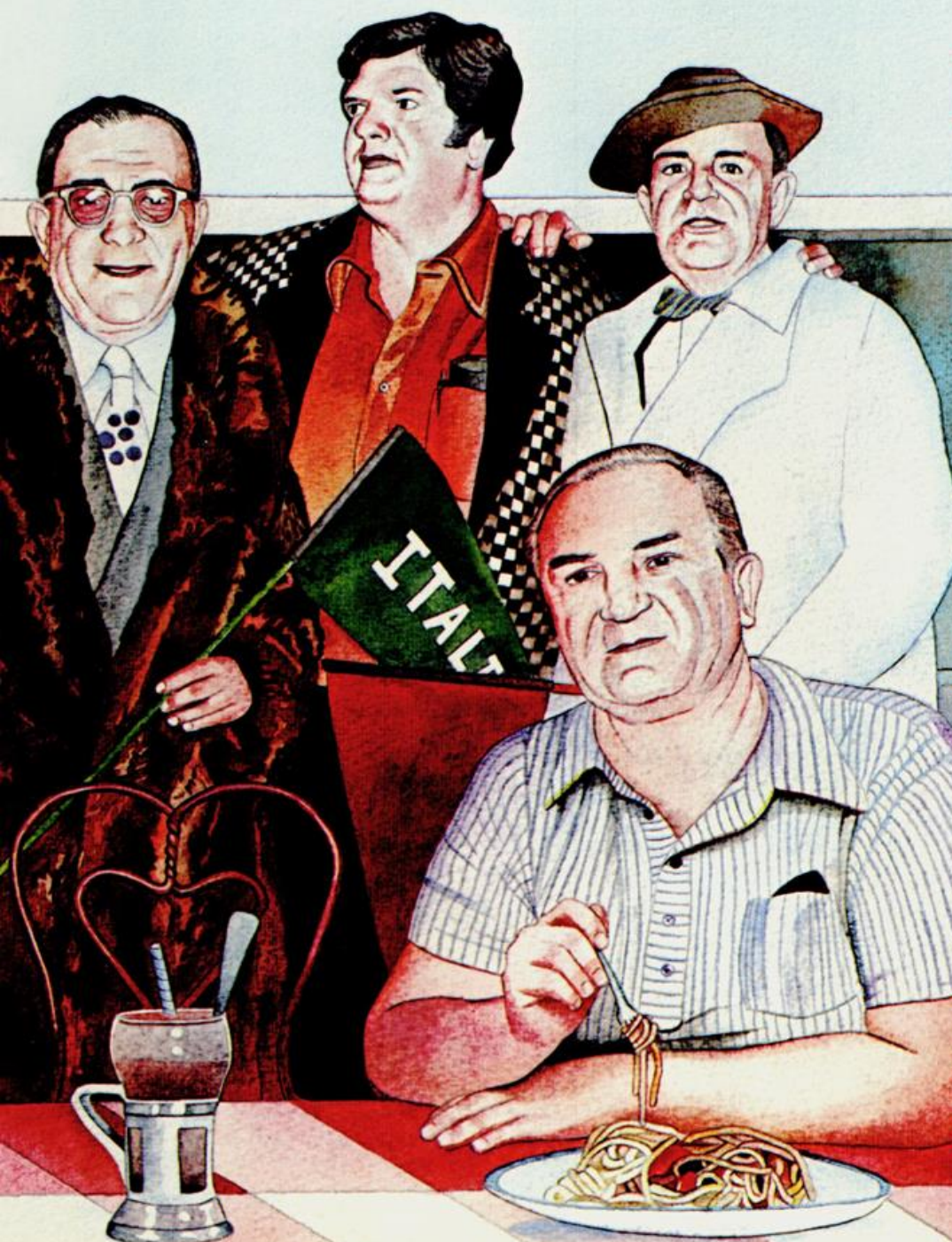
There's no such thing.
It's just a story
the cops made up.
Understand?

I have spent most my life in the underworld. My father was a professional criminal. His cover was loan-sharking, but he was a thief. He did eight years in special solitary detention in Dannemora, a New York State maximum-security prison for incorrigibles. This was for leading a band of men armed with machine guns in a frontal-assault factory payroll robbery. He was not "Bugsy" Siegel. Bugsy was a gambler. My father was a pirate. He was feared by people like Luciano. No one did his dirty work. He did it himself. He put me and my brother through college with a mask and a gun.

We had lots of straight friends and relatives but lots of knockaround people as well. If the police had arrested everyone at my Bar Mitzvah, it would have looked like a summit meeting of the Mob. But those guys weren't all in business together. No one was in charge. They were individuals. They worked together when necessary in short-term projects such as sticking up a jewelry store or fencing stolen merchandise. A big loan shark would have maybe one strong guy working with him, his brother-in-law.

In the late '60s, I lived in the dope-dealing scene. I saw tons of weed being sold and distributed. I met pimps and cocaine dealers and vice cops and whores, many different kinds of thieves and hustlers. Not one ever turned out to be connected with organized crime, although many said they were. In fact, crime was about the most disorganized business I have ever come in contact with in my life. It was kind of jerky and stupid and pathetic. Sure there were murders. We are violent people, Americans, and we live in rotting concrete trash dumps where the only law is the blistering stench of industrial ovens screaming for more blood sacrifices. It is not kill or be killed but kill and be killed. Crime is dangerous. So is fucking your best friend's wife in Texas.

Yet nowadays people who dismiss the SLA as a CIA front still believe in the myth of the Mafia, a feudal conspiracy



Katrina Taylor

by Jules Siegel

whose existence has never been pinned down despite investigators spending billions of dollars. Anyone is allowed to say anything about anyone with an Italian name who has been convicted of any crime or is related to a convicted or suspected criminal or knows one. Joseph McCarthy would have loved it. No one seems to scrutinize the sources. The stories are great copy. That's all that counts. The success of *The Godfather* is more eloquent than the few voices of dissent, which have been snowed under by a propaganda blizzard second only to World War II. We now know about all there is to know about the Mafia, asserts Wilfrid Sheed, "except whether it actually exists."

One expert says it doesn't. His credentials are exquisitely imposing. Dwight Smith is director of institutional research at the State University of New York at Albany and visiting associate professor of police science at the John Jay College of Criminal Science in New York City. As a consultant to the New York State Identification and Intelligence System, Smith helped create a computerized information bank of arrest records, aliases, fingerprints and other conventional criminal data. So successful was this project that he was asked to do one especially on the Mafia.

Computers are dumber than cops, and Smith soon found that he was unable to overcome the machine's inability to appreciate subtle theory. A computer program is composed of many small facts arranged so that you can locate them rapidly. The Mafia, it seemed, was not such a fact or set of facts. After much research, Dwight Smith decided that the Mafia was a myth invented and disseminated by the police in order to explain their failure to control crime. He has elaborated this theory in *The Mafia Mystique*, published by Basic Books, a respected academic house.

When Smith tried to create a computer program to identify Mafia members, he was faced with the problem that the total number of people involved was so small. "You start with a subgroup called 'criminals,'" he says. "That immediately reduces the size of the class drastically. Then you cut it down further by selecting only criminals with Italian names and Sicilian ancestry. Add to this the customary structure of Sicilian families. Of course the criminals are going to be related to each other. Of course they are going to have 'straight' relatives as well. How could it be any other way? It's a mix. It's what's going on in any ethnic group, only more so. Some people are criminals. Some people are straight. But it's totally idiotic to attempt to demonstrate from this model that these few Sicilian families are absolute masters of a vast domain called Organized Crime. All the available evidence, in fact, strongly suggests that this view is false, that the very notion of

organized crime itself is, in fact, a myth invented by the government to explain its inability to control crime."

Crime writer Thomas Plate reviewed *The Mafia Mystique* for the New York Times and confessed that Smith's research had led him to consider dropping the word Mafia entirely. Still, the sheer weight of published material about the Mafia creates an illusion of reality almost too vivid to deny. Smith counts 150 books derived from *The Godfather* alone. His book examines that record all the way back to the earliest literary references to the Sicilian word *mafia*, which is apparently Arabic and means "refuge." In one of the earliest

**Our economic order
breeds crime. Fighting
crime is a business.
The Mafia myth is
useful, keeping lots
of people employed on
both sides of the line.**

novels on the subject, *Corleone*, by Francis Marion Crawford, a Sicilian girl tells her Roman hero:

The Mafia is not a band nor anything of that sort. It is the resistance which the whole Sicilian people opposes to all kinds of government and authority. It is, how shall I say? A sentiment, a feeling, a sort of wild love of our country, that is a secret and will do anything. With us everybody knows what it is, and evil comes to everyone who opposes it—generally death.

It sounds like any resistance group in occupied territory. Gardened and fertilized by official sources, this state of mind was interpreted as a secret society in the Italian literary media as a convenient explanation for all illegal activity and a facile rationalization for extreme government action punishing protest. With Sicilian immigration to the United States the concept was picked up by police and journalists here. The lower-case "mafia" has become the Mafia, without any equivalent change in the observed facts. It is as if the notion of brotherhood were expanded into the Brotherhood, an organization of secret loyalty not merely militant but military.

In fact, the police did try to prove that some Brotherhood of Eternal Love headed up by Timothy Leary conspired to manufacture and sell thousands of pounds of LSD. The case foundered in court. The Mafia likewise is big in the media but not in court, where the strict rules of evidence apply. Italian criminals—or, more properly, criminals with

Italian names—have been tried and convicted for various acts. Sometimes they are related by marriage or friendship and attend the same social events. Nothing more has been revealed by the facts. A general conspiracy called the Mafia has not been demonstrated. To the contrary, in the cases of San Francisco ex-mayor Joseph Alioto and Frank Sinatra, where membership in the Mafia was at issue, the courts in the United States and England have awarded substantial libel judgments against the media.

In what is possibly the most famous Mafia conspiracy case, the prosecution of 63 men with Italian names arrested by a New York State police sergeant while attending a get-together at the home of Joseph Barbera in Apalachin, New York, the judge refused to allow the word "mafia" to be used in court. The jury found the defendants guilty of conspiracy to obstruct justice for refusing to tell anyone why they were there. The U.S. Second District Court of Appeals unanimously reversed the conviction, commenting that "...a prosecution framed on such a doubtful basis should never have been allowed to proceed so far."

Two of the defendants were residents of Apalachin and old friends of Barbera's. The others did have criminal records. Among them was Vito Genovese. The meeting took place not long after the murder of Albert Anastasia, and it is not totally unreasonable to suppose that it may have had something to do with settling differences among criminals without resort to violence. Supposition is very far from proof, however. It is equally plausible that they were there to cheer up Joseph Barbera, an old, sick friend. It was my Bar Mitzvah. One of the men arrested was delivering an order of fish from a local merchant.

The notion of conspiracy is not comfortable to American minds. It took an enormous propaganda blitz to convince the public that there actually were illegal conspiracies at work in Watergate. The Godfather myth seems to be a lot more popular, even though the evidence for its existence comes from considerably less reliable sources. The bulk of the Mafia myth comes to the public in the following ways:

—from the police in the form of mere assertion;

—from the police in the form of wiretap transcripts that do reveal much talk of illegal activities but in no case even so much as the criminal's own belief in the Mafia nor even much to indicate great financial success. As Murray Kempton put it in a Playboy article based on wiretap transcripts, the Godfather business—all those books and movies—is in a lot better shape than the Mafia business. The FBI has admitted that the transcripts are routinely doctored and have "no evidentiary value."

—from the police through the mouths of

low-level paid informers such as Valachi, whose accounts are so peculiar in content and unsupported by other evidence as to leave even the most willing believer doubtful of their value. The government now not only pays informers but sets them up with new lives and identities. This is more effective than torture in getting people to talk, but is the information any more reliable?

—in books such as *Honor Thy Father* by Gay Talese, in which the sources, though undoubtedly authentic, had a big enough piece of the action to motivate them to tell as great a story as possible. According to the transcripts of a hearing held in Federal Bankruptcy Court in San Jose, California, Salvatore V. Bonanno's attempt to be declared legally bankrupt was frustrated by government objections revealing his children were beneficiaries of a trust set up from the proceeds of the 1971 best-seller about his father.

—in works of fantasy and imagination expanding on all these sources by writers such as Mario Puzo, who never met a member of the Mafia in real life but knew the value of a good story. Puzo and I once worked for the same pulp magazine. His desk was directly behind mine. So I know quite a bit about his writing techniques. Mario invented phantom divisions, which he placed and moved so realistically that readers claiming to have fought in these very battles would write in applauding. He was a master of historical forgery.

Someone once said, "A lie is as good as the truth if you can get someone to believe it." When people find out that I know Mario Puzo they usually ask me, "Is *The Godfather* true?" The answer, which they never accept is: "Maybe 3 percent." I know the sources he used. One book on the Mafia in Sicily, *The Honored Society* by Norman Lewis, is very strong. I gave Mario that book, and I think he will agree that it was one of the primary inspirations for the novel. The main figure in Puzo's novel, Don Vito Corleone, comes almost directly out of *The Honored Society*, but he is transplanted from Sicily to America.

I know that Mario consulted the Valachi testimony and the minutes of the Congressional committees investigating organized crime. And I have heard that some of the anecdotes in this book, notably the incident of the baby thrown into the furnace, were told to him by his mother. Also, Mario Puzo was for a long time a compulsive gambler. It seems likely that he must have picked up important insights that way.

But I think that 97 percent of *The Godfather* is the product of one of our time's great imaginations. It is fiction, the masterwork of a master storyteller. Despite this, mass opinion about the nature of organized crime is being shaped more by Mario Puzo's fantasies than by any influence more closely connected with reality. Mario found that it was much better to make up history than to record it.

History is boring. It doesn't make sense. *The Godfather* makes sense—so much so that we really want it to be true.

I have a friend everyone "knows" is in the Mafia. Let's call him Guy Colombo. His real last name is the same as that of a well-known Mafia boss.

At one time he managed a bar in Spanish Harlem. It was his father's bar. But it was in someone else's name. There was so much action going on in there all the time that all he could do was try to maintain decorum.

The people in the neighborhood respected Guy because he had established his character dramatically the first week on the job. He had parked his new Cor-

Fact is, much of the funds appropriated for fighting organized crime in America has gone for political surveillance of leftists and union activists.

vette across the street, where he could watch it through the saloon window. One of the local tough guys walked over to the car and idly scratched his initials into the paint with a key. Guy took a baseball bat out from under the bar, ran the laughing hoodlum down and broke both his legs. Guy is sometimes not really very sure of himself, a little dazzled by the demands his work makes on his sense of reason. He prepared himself for his first visit with the police by discussing the size of the bribe with his father. "When the lieutenant comes in, you give him \$10," he was told. That hardly seemed enough for a lieutenant.

"I gave him \$25," he reported, "and he nearly kissed my hand. Just from the look in his eye, I knew that it was too much. Think of that. The price of a New York police lieutenant is only \$10."

Guy was very much interested in prices. Many bargains were offered to him at the bar. He was unable to resist them. A KLH-11 portable stereo, retail value \$200, bar price \$12.50. A \$400 color television might be \$50. His apartment was filled with television sets, one in every room, even the bathroom.

"I'm hooked," he complained. "I'm worse than the junkies. I can't turn anything down. I make \$400 a week. Some weeks I don't bring a nickel home. I spend it all on junk."

Here is a young man who has a name we keep reading in the newspaper identified again and again as an American Mafia "family." He is paid \$400 a week for

running a bar whose ownership is uncertain. He is a receiver of stolen goods. He bribes police officers. He has already much of the manner and force we have been taught to believe are the identifying characteristics of the man of respect, the Mafioso.

I had my friend Mario Puzo send Guy an autographed copy of *The Godfather*. He loved the book. After he finished it, he said to me, "What I want to know now is where do I go to join up?"

Does that seem as strange to you as it does to me? If there really is a Mafia, it is surprising that Guy Colombo doesn't know how to find it. Maybe it doesn't exist at all. Maybe it is one of those curious inventions of history. Maybe the Mafia is merely good copy. But let us suppose for a moment that there really is a Mafia, that Mario has somehow hit on something. How big a business is this really? Compare Murray Kempton's Playboy article with a recent Time magazine cover story (May 16, 1977).

Kempton examines the extensive (1,888 pages) transcript of tape recorded by the FBI detailing the business activities of died-in-the-wool Mafiosi such as Angelo "Ray" DeCarlo of Mountainside, New Jersey. DeCarlo's business is street gambling—dice games and such—and loan-sharking, and it brings him much sorrow and frustration. His expenses keep rising: he's paying "ice" to platoons of cops, and every time he turns around a new law officer is asking for his share. His gambling operations as often as not lose money. His loan-shark customers frequently can't pay up and try to cancel their debts by squealing to the police. Finally, he gets 20 years for trying to beat up a guy who can't come up with the payoff on a loan.

Time magazine, on the other hand, presents the Mafia as America's most efficient moneymaking organization, a hit-happy band of killers who milk profits from pornography, bootleg cigarettes and coffee, gambling, loan-sharking, narcotics, hijacking, extortion and labor racketeering to the tune of \$48 billion a year in gross revenues, \$25 billion net. This, Time points out, compares to sales of \$51.6 billion and a net of \$2.6 billion in 1976 for Exxon, America's largest corporation. There is a tiny flaw here. It is called displacement of capital, the bulge in the python as the pig is digested. Money shows. What does the Mafia do with all this money? Remember that Exxon is dealing in a basically simple commodity, oil. Yet to make that \$2.6 billion profit it has to own and operate its own fleets, security services, land and air transportation facilities, gigantic refineries and manufacturing plants so vast that their toxic by-products and wastes poison hundreds of thousands of square miles. Its filling stations and signs and advertising and filthy empties blight every scene. It owns or controls not just banks but vast

banking systems such as Chase Manhattan. And it does this as much as possible by electronic notation rather than cash.

Time admits that the Mafia is "a remarkably small organization," with perhaps 5,000 "made men," all of Italian origin. And they are doing as much business as Exxon out of saloons, pizza parlors and garbage trucks—all in cash? Really. How quaint. The largest organized crime operation in the world today is said to be the Guajira Peninsula Colombian marijuana trade, which apparently functions with the connivance of the Colombian government and may possibly do as much as \$2 billion a year. One of its single biggest problems has been dealing with the sheer bulk of the bales of dollars—counting it, storing it, exchanging it. The banks can't handle any more cash.

The fact is that crime just isn't that big a business. You may need less capital to get started, but it's harder to do things illegally. You don't have the government working for you the way Exxon does. It's working against you. And the government is very well organized indeed. The best organized and most profitable form of crime is supposedly illegal gambling. Yet legal gambling itself is not a very big business. The gross for the Nevada casinos is less than half the Exxon net. Lotteries run by 13 states together grossed only \$1.1 billion in 1976. And that's with all the benefits of advertising and mass merchandising.

Illegal gambling can't be bigger than that. It's got to be smaller. Manufacturing cars is always going to be a bigger business than stealing them. As Thomas Plate points out, most criminals only want to get a stake so they can get into something legitimate. Frank Costello made his millions in legal trucking businesses. It's not greasy hoods taking over legitimate business. It's classic American upward mobility. Crime is the employer of last resort. It is society's worst shit work: sucking off the rich and swindling the poor.

Consider Time's figure of the Mafia's \$4-billion net on drugs alone. Any dope smuggler will tell you that even the most sophisticated and successful operations involve hundreds of thousands of dollars, not millions. Very few rings last very long. In the first place, it is a commodities market with all of the dangers of supply and demand plus those additional problems created by being illegal, not the least of which is the cost for protection. No large illegal operation of any kind operates for very long without coming to the attention of the police, who, often as not, demand their cut. You work in small groups to decrease visibility.

The really big smuggling operations are run by the police or the military, often to produce foreign exchange for secret semiofficial activities. In Mexico, until a few years ago, it was said that the biggest dope dealer was the head of the Federal

Narcotics Bureau. The CIA ran tons of heroin during the Vietnam War. Israeli intelligence agents are widely reported to be active in the drug trade at times.

The total sum of the action in drugs is very large, but the pieces are quite small. It is the opposite of centralized government—not the mirror image. A while back, *Newsday*, a big Long Island, New York, daily, sent a team of crack investigative reporters looking for Mr. Big in the heroin

The total U.S. police budget is about \$75 billion. Suppose there is a Mafia, couldn't we buy it off for a lot less? Do we really need tanks and flamethrowers to combat bookmaking?

trade, expense no object. More than \$100,000 and one Pulitzer Prize later it came out this way: There is no Mr. Big. It is an entrepreneurial business that makes Seventh Avenue look like AT&T, lots of little guys hustling lots of little loads.

Contrast the government's response to white-collar crime. In 1973, Public Citizen, a Ralph Nader group, estimated the level of white-collar crime at \$40 billion a year. However, the group noted, "there has yet to appear an official analysis of the corporate crimes, consumer frauds, and official corruption that are devastating this country's economy and bringing its political institutions to the brink of ruin." The Justice Department promised in response to organize a task force to deal with white-collar crime, which, it admitted, was increasing "at a staggering rate." There is still no analysis, and white-collar crime is bigger than ever. But it doesn't sell books.

Dwight Smith, historian Daniel Bell, author Ferdinand Lundberg (*The Rich and the Super Rich*), J. Edgar Hoover and a number of very tough prosecutors (including Burton Turkus, prosecutor of Murder, Inc.) have all refused to buy the myth of the Mafia. Yet it persists and flourishes. Why?

Fighting crime is a business. It has to justify its cost to its clients. Our economic order breeds crime. People have to steal to eat. They kill during unpredictable tantrums of passion and anxiety. You can't

stop that with police. The all-purpose American enemy used to be communism. By the late '50s, that was a tired bogeyman. Given the economic needs for a truce with Russia and China, it had to be de-emphasized. When Bobby Kennedy kept insisting that the Mafia was taking over labor unions, possibly making them more effective, Hoover began to take a vague interest in the subject.

The real blitz began in the early '60s with a series of high-level conferences at Oyster Bay, New York, at which Nelson Rockefeller's propagandists laid out the new line. The new enemy was now organized crime, a vast domain with many races and many languages ruled by an elite Sicilian cadre. What this really meant was the labor movement. And, in fact, much of the funds appropriated for fighting organized crime has gone for political surveillance of leftists and union activists.

Jimmy Hoffa was the perfect target. It would have been better if he had been Italian, though the inference was that he was their agent. It was enough that he was successful, success being a sure official "proof" that there was this superorganization, an unspeakable fraternity of evil, its slimy tentacles sucking at everyone everywhere. No underpaid and antiquated village constabulary could handle it. We needed a modern force of scientific peace officers armed with the best stuff that money could buy. And it was bought. The total police budget for the United States, according to Thomas Plate's book, *Crime Pays!*, is about \$75 billion a year. That is quite a figure. It arouses certain inevitable questions. Are we getting our money's worth? Do we need tanks and flamethrowers to combat bookmaking? Suppose there is a Mafia. Couldn't we buy it off for a lot less? If so, should we do it?

Perhaps we shouldn't. There is a certain irreducible reality to every myth, even if that irreducible reality is a lie. The myth of the Mafia is useful. It seems to keep many people employed on both sides of the line, even if it is only in hustling each other, as in the case of the CIA's alleged attempts to get Castro assassinated. No one has yet shown how a bunch of discredited bookies, pimps and thugs could succeed where the entire might of the American establishment with all its vassals and serfs had failed.

If you remember the story, Giancana, a Chicago thug working with a pimpy hood named Rosselli, was supposed to get organized-crime elements in Cuba to poison Castro so that organized crime could run open gambling in Havana again. These two guys were supposedly heavy gangsters, yet most of their convictions were for things like fixing card games. At one point Giancana had the CIA bug his girl friend's room to see if she was cheating on him. This was in Las Vegas. Surely a big-deal Mafioso would have been able to

(continued on page 89)

COCAINE KARMA

**The ABZ's of cocaine connoisseurship.
Spend 10 minutes reading this article—and you'll
know more about coke than Mick Jagger**

The testimony of those who know is clear—things go better with coke. The Incas revered it as nature's finest product. Sigmund Freud put his career on the line to defend it. And Dr. Ronald Siegel, a world-class psychopharmacologist, calls it the closest thing to the ideal social drug yet discovered. Cocaine

by Richard Ashley



provides euphoria, energy and endurance with minimal negative side effects. Unless, of course, it is abused.

But, however determined the indulger, getting too much of a good thing isn't easy these days. The coke of legend is harder to find than a good-tasting tomato. Like the air we breathe, the product grows more contaminated each year. What the typical head fondly believes to be the real thing seldom contains more than 25 to 40 percent cocaine. The remaining weight is made up with a host of adulterants, none of which are good for you and some of which are very dangerous. The resulting combination doesn't taste like the real thing and doesn't look like the real thing. Unwhacked (unadulterated) coke has a distinctively homogeneous appearance.

Not that it is always the same appearance. Cocaine is far more varied a product than you might suspect. While rock and flake are the basic forms and white the basic color, differences in the source material (coca) and refining methods lead to variations on the theme.

The purpose of refining is to liberate cocaine from the 20 or so other alkaloids of the coca leaf. Depending on how far the refining process is carried, rock or flake is the final result. Cocaine crystals tend to collect and form rocks as they precipitate from solution. To obtain flake, the rocks are crushed and the final cleaning procedure repeated until the coke is pure enough to remain in individual crystals. Pharmaceutical cocaine—flake that is 99 to 100 percent pure—is made by repeating this last step until virtually all the other coca alkaloids have been eliminated.

While the standards set by the U.S. Pharmacopoeia determine the kind of cocaine manufactured by the legal laboratories, what the illicit kitchens turn out is generally determined by the source material available to them. If it is Huanico (Bolivian) coca, the cocaine content of the rock first obtained may be as high as 85 to 90 percent; if Truxillo (Peruvian) coca, as low as 70 percent. The former is an eminently saleable commercial product, the latter needs further processing to increase the cocaine content. Rock cocaine is therefore almost always Bolivian and flake almost always Peruvian.

Genuine rock is hard and when sliced with a razor reveals a layered crystalline structure. While even very good Bolivian rock may be white, the highest quality has yellow tints and sometimes a fairly strong yellowish tint throughout. Similarly, the best Peruvian flake tends to be faintly pink rather than white. The effects of the basic Bolivian and Peruvian varieties can also be distinguished. The characteristic euphoria of cocaine is usually more apparent with Peruvian, while the body energy released by cocaine is more notable with Bolivian. Thus, Bolivian coke is often called "heavy" and Peruvian "light."

These are rough descriptions. Like grass, no two illicit cokes either look

exactly the same or give precisely the same high. The cocaine content varies, the mix of the remaining associated alkaloids isn't the same, different solvents are used by different kitchens, and the chefs who do the cooking range from crude short-order types to sensitive masters.

As they say in Colombia, "The chef is everything." Their differing skills affect both the appearance and the head of the cocaine they produce. But the exact extent of their influence isn't always ascer-

The characteristic euphoria of cocaine is more apparent with Peruvian; the body-energy-release thrill is more notable with Bolivian.

tainable. Obviously the hash slingers of the big commercial kitchens don't prepare the yellow rock or the pink flake, much less the silvery butterfly wings and iridescent mother-of-pearl featured by the great chefs. But there is no objective data on how, say, a chef's ability to alter the percentage and ratios of the noncocaine alkaloids remaining in the illicit product affect the high. And unless a great chef publishes his or her observations on the subject, we are not likely to learn how the different solvents—petroleum ether, benzene, alcohol, to name a few—affect appearance.

By the time even the best cocaine reaches the user, however, such questions have usually become academic. Adulteration is now such an established procedure that some cocaine is whacked even before it crosses the border. And all but a very tiny percentage of what is left untouched by the exporters is stepped on as soon as the importers get their hands on it. At both levels, cutting has been developed into a fine art. A few years back the professionals were limited to dissolving the cocaine and adulterants into solution and reconstituting the mixture as rock. The fraud could easily be detected with a razor blade and a knowledgeable eye. The word got around and "repro" became a dirty word in the coke world. Now the pros are so good that they make phony mother-of-pearl and butterfly wings.

A booming seller's market, ignorance and greed best explain the shoddy state of the market. Since 1972, the affluent classes have taken to coke as they did to grass a few years earlier. In the process, they have made cocaine a growth issue unmatched since the heyday of Xerox. An ounce of uncut cocaine going for \$800 or so in 1972 now costs \$2,200–2,500—and the chances of finding it are slim. Merchants, whether used-car salesmen or coke dealers, rarely resist the temptation to profit from the ignorance of their customers. Because the average coke buyer is as likely to be familiar with Sanskrit as with the appearance, taste and effects of uncut coke, the big rip-off is bound to be the prevailing order of business.

The boom market attracted large numbers of hustlers eager to take advantage of the new initiates. By the time something reputed to be cocaine reaches the consumer, it has passed through so many hands that only the superstar rich can afford it if it remains unwhacked. Profits must be extracted at each level of passage, and a gram of pure coke can only go so far. To keep the profits rolling, the product must be stretched unmercifully—and accepted by customers who don't know any better.

The substances most commonly used to adulterate cocaine are mannitol (aka menita, maunite), lactose, dextrose, inositol, procaine, lidocaine, quinine and amphetamine. (Metamphetamine, methedrine, once a ubiquitous cut, is now too expensive to be popular.) Mannitol is a laxative, lactose and dextrose are milk sugars, and inositol is a vitamin B compound. All seem fairly harmless, but since none dissolve in water with the rapidity of cocaine they tend to clog and irritate the nose. And because none of the adulterants were designed for absorption through the mucous membranes, there is no clinical data on whether long-term ingestion can lead to problems more serious than nasal irritation.

The local anesthetics procaine and lidocaine can definitely lead to far more serious problems. Allergic reactions are not unusual, and deaths have occurred after intravenous injection. Ditto quinine, a cut seen with increasing frequency these days. Researchers discovered some time ago that many of the ODs erroneously attributed to heroin were in fact due to allergic reactions to the quinine with which it had been whacked. No fatal reactions have been reported with snorted quinine, but it's hardly worth risking the chance of making history. The regular, nonfatal side effects of quinine hardly recommend it either. Users report ringing in the ears, blurred vision and breathing problems after a few days of snorting quinine-cut cocaine.

All of which makes it worthwhile to know how your cocaine has been cut. To this end, a number of kitchen tests have received widespread publicity: the burn,

alcohol, cobaltous-thiocyanate, melting-point and Clorox tests. The melting-point test (every substance has a specific melting point) can determine everything you need to know about the composition of a given sample. But it requires a first-rate lab technique as well as extensive knowledge about the vagaries of testing composite substances, neither of which the average head is likely to have. Each of the other tests is useful in determining if something other than cocaine is in your sample, but none can guarantee a positive identification of quinine, and only one, the clorox test, can positively identify the local anesthetics. (Drop a well-chopped sample of your buy into a tall glass of Clorox. Any part of it that immediately drops to the bottom and turns red or orange is a local anesthetic.)

If you really want to be sure of what you are snorting besides cocaine, the best thing to do is to send a sample (a couple of small lines) to PharmChem or some other lab offering anonymous testing of street drugs. Naturally it's discouraging to sit on your stash while waiting a week or ten days for the results, yet nowhere near so discouraging as an allergic reaction to quinine, procaine or some other dangerous adulterant.

Some people argue that cocaine cut with relatively harmless materials is safer to use than pure cocaine. This is a myth based on either (a) the belief that cocaine is a highly toxic, physiologically addictive drug, or (b) the notion that the effects of pure cocaine are too powerful for most people to handle. Neither claim has any basis in fact. Except in very large doses, cocaine is rapidly detoxified by the liver; and it is a mild euphoric stimulant, not a powerful one.

It has also been said that pure cocaine severely damages the sensitive nasal membranes and hence must be diluted for safe and pleasurable snorting. This is an unfounded rumor. Uncut cocaine is very quickly absorbed by the moist, warm nasal membranes. The tiny blood cells become saturated, then pass the cocaine into the bloodstream and on to the brain. You get high. Nose problems only occur with overindulgence and bad hygiene. Cocaine is a vasoconstrictor—when its effects wear off, the mucous membranes demand the blood that heavy snorting has denied them. Congestion, sneezing and head-cold symptoms follow. It is then tempting to snort to relieve the discomfort. This leads to a vicious cycle of chronic inflammation, temporary relief and increased nose problems. If not broken, lesions and ulceration of the mucous lining result.

With the current price of coke, few users need worry overmuch about this. The best advice is to lay off the coke when the congestion starts. To avoid most of the troubles to which the coke snorter's nose is liable, all users should douche with a

lukewarm salt-water solution (a teaspoon of salt to a glass of water) after an evening of pleasure. Besides flushing away undissolved adulterants, douching soothes membranes that have been repeatedly excited by cocaine.

Another common belief serving as a rationale for cutting coke is that the cuts inhibit cocaine's well-known habit of disappearing when exposed to moisture. True, if the coke is sufficiently smothered in adulterants, there is bound to be some

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inhibitory action. But considering the ease with which coke can be protected from dampness, cutting is rather too high a price to pay. In moderate climates all that is required to retain potency and weight is a well-sealed glass container. In very humid climates like southern Florida—where a gram left out overnight is reduced to a thin paste by morning—storage in a container containing calcium chloride or some other material that attracts and absorbs water faster than cocaine does is advisable.

Damp coke should be dried before storing or snorting. Spread it thinly on a clean glass surface a few inches under a 60-watt bulb. Within 15 minutes even very damp coke will be crunchy dry. If the coke begins turning pale brown, the heat source is too close. Under no circumstance attempt drying it in the oven. An unusable mess is the result.

Of all the rationales for mutilating nature's finest, the argument claiming altruism is the hardest to swallow. This holds that given a market situation in which demand exceeds supply, adulteration is the only equitable way of ensuring that every consumer gets a taste. Though filled with holes, it is a respectable enough argument if the adulterators snorted the same stuff they sold. I've never met a whacking dealer who did. In real life it is just another coke dealer's fantasy, greed masquerading as benevolence. The motive for cutting is to increase profits, not to share the wealth. Uncut 90-percent coke

can be sold for \$125 a gram. The same stuff cut to 60 percent fetches \$100. Assuming the dealer paid \$2,400 an ounce, doing business at the original stand can net \$900 per. At the cutrate emporium the dealer can pocket \$1,300, less the cost of some supermarket lactose and a few minutes labor. Plus, there is the cost of building bad karma on two fronts—by enriching oneself at the expense of others and by polluting a natural resource. In short, by playing the same game as the giant industrial spoilers.

Retribution comes slowly to legitimate business, but karmic returns are tallied very speedily in the coke world. The dealers who cut most heavily are usually the ones who go out of business most quickly. Their supplier, for example, decides to increase profits by stepping on everything before it goes out the door. Instead of refusing the stuff, these dealers accept it. Their customers have become accustomed to low quality, and the dealers know they can move it. But to keep up profits they have to add the same percentage of cut to the new shipment as they did to the old uncut one. Customers get less for their money. Then the supplier gets greedier and the dealers have to whack even more. So it goes, until the stuff is hard to move and until it is so bad that the only person willing to buy it is the man. At which point another set of once reliable dealers go down the tubes.

Of course, the average head isn't concerned about the fate of dealers locked into a vicious system. Nor do these heads appear much concerned about what gets put into their bodies. Getting high is what matters, and apparently anything that does the trick is acceptable. As the popularity of PCP attests, discriminating taste is not a prevalent characteristic among drug users. But if how high it gets you is the ultimate test of a drug's market value, no substitute for pure cocaine should be accepted. For just as two joints of commercial weed will never get you as high as one joint of something superb, the high potential of a 30-percent-pure gram is not even close to that of one-third gram of 90 percent pure.

A typical \$80 gram of 30 percent pure is no economic bargain either. Not when a 90 percent goes for \$120-125. The buyer of the adulterated gram is paying, as a little arithmetic makes plain, twice as much money for the same amount of cocaine.

Can anything be done to end this sorry cycle of bad cocaine, bad bargains and bad karma? Legalization would do it, but that step is hardly imminent. A consumer boycott, a refusal to buy adulterated crap, would stop it too. Not that this is a likely prospect either, but it would work. Dealers, after all, are merchants, and if their customers won't buy inferior goods, they'll soon make sure that something better is available.

(Continued on next page)

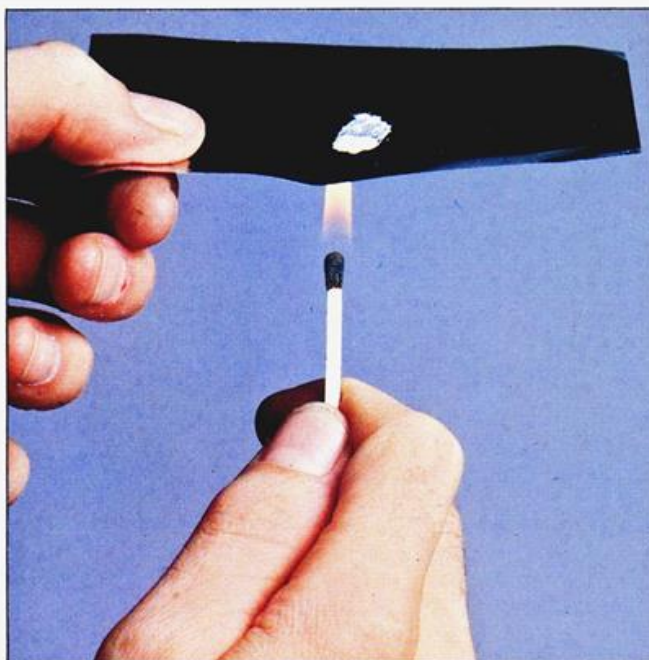
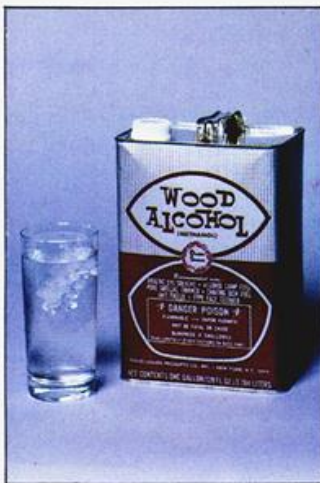
COKE OR CUT?

Six Tests that Tell



Methanol Test:

Cocaine, procaine, lidocaine and the amphetamines are all soluble in methanol (wood alcohol); quinine and inositol are not; lactose, dextrose and mannitol are only partially soluble. Any part of a sample that doesn't completely dissolve when placed in methanol is definitely not one of the soluble substances. It may be one or more of the insoluble ones or one or more of the partially soluble ones. Which one(s) cannot be determined by this test.



Burn Test:

Place a small amount of the sample on a piece of aluminum foil and hold a lighted match about one-half inch beneath it. Pharmaceutical cocaine burns clear, leaving no residue. Illicit cocaine, which still retains small amounts of other coca alkaloids, burns clear but leaves

a reddish brown stain on the foil and a bit of residue. Lactose and dextrose blacken the burn. Quinine and most of the other common cuts behave too much like cocaine to be identifiable. Procaine, however, produces thick white fumes, and methedrine sizzles and pops as it burns.



Clorox Test:

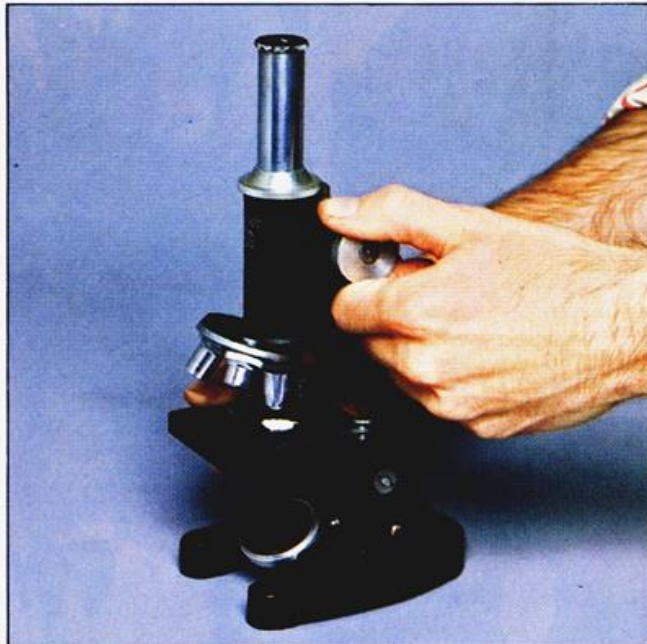
Gently drop a well-chopped sample into a tall glass filled with Clorox. Cocaine sits on the surface for a few seconds then slowly sinks, leaving a milky trail. The amphetamines behave similarly, and both dissolve completely. Mannitol, lactose and dextrose quickly sink to the bottom and remain there—lactose and dextrose in tiny grains, mannitol in a dustlike layer. The most easily identified reaction is that of pro-

caine and lidocaine. They sink directly to the bottom and turn bright red or orange. There is considerable dispute about the reaction of quinine. Some claim that like many other substances quinine bursts across the surface and that what distinguishes it from these others is the way it regroups into a red dot. But few people, including researchers at testing labs, have seen or been able to duplicate this reaction.

Visual Inspection:

Cocaine crystals have their own distinctive appearance, as does each of the adulterants. Uncut cocaine thus has a homogeneous look, which an adulterated product lacks. But since the art of reconstituting cocaine and adulterants together has been so highly developed,

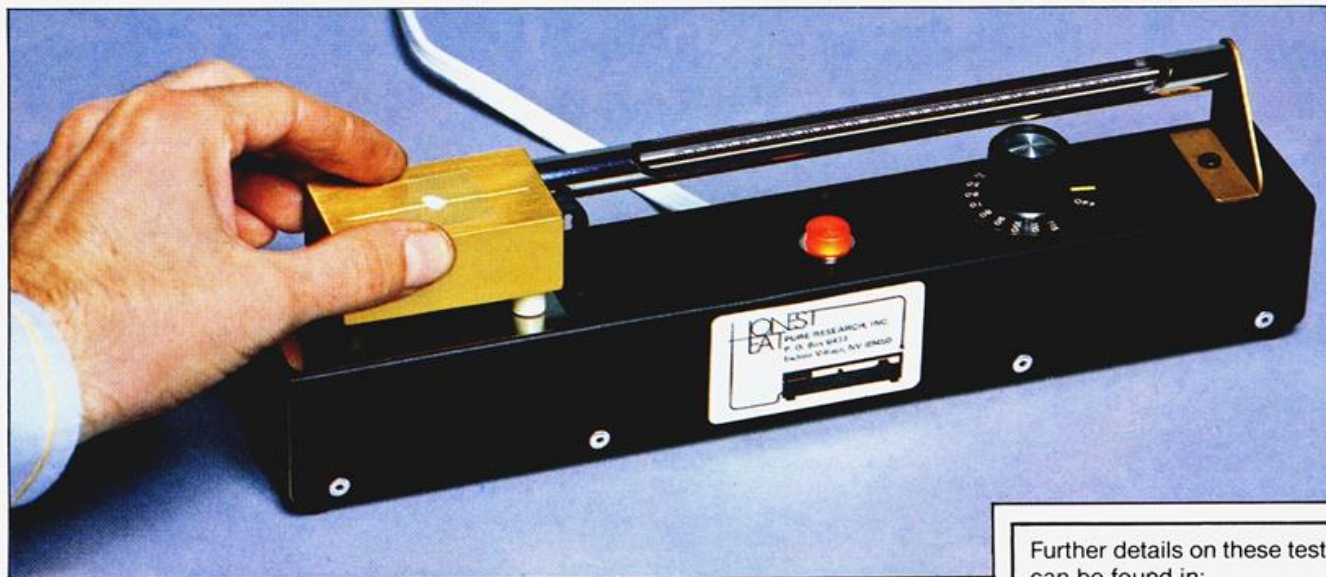
eyeball examination isn't all that conclusive, except where the adulterants differ radically in appearance from cocaine. Close examination with a good microscope can render positive identifications, but this requires extensive familiarity with the crystalline structure of cocaine and the various cuts.

**Laboratory Analysis:**

The most certain way to know what you are snorting is to have it tested by trained professionals using foolproof techniques. You don't have to know a chemist; all you need is \$5, a little patience and the following:

Wrap the equivalent of one dose in tissue paper or some other suitable material. Place it in an envelope together with \$5 in cash or money

order, information about the alleged content and a five-digit identification number of your own choosing (*not* numbers like 12345, 66666, etc.). Mark the envelope "HAND CANCEL" and mail it to: PharmChem, 1844 Bay Road, Palo Alto, Ca. 94303. To obtain test results, telephone the lab at (415) 941-6458 a week after mailing and give your identification number.

**Melting-Point Test:**

Every substance has its specific melting point or range. (Cocaine's is 192–197°C, mannitol's is 165–167°C, procaine's is 153–156°C, lidocaine's is 76–79°C, and so on.) With the proper equipment and procedure—test kits and operating instructions are available, as adver-

tised in this magazine, for approximately \$200—one might observe lidocaine or some other cut with a greatly lower melting point than cocaine melting out before the whole sample melted. But most of the cuts merely cause deviations of the cocaine melting point, making any positive identifications

unlikely. To further complicate matters, the ratios of associated alkaloids in illicit cocaine differ from batch to batch, and each affects the melting point of the whole sample. To be of any real use, then, the melting-point test requires a great deal of knowledge and an exacting technique.

Further details on these tests can be found in:

Adam Gottlieb, *The Pleasures of Cocaine and The Cocaine Tester's Handbook* (High Times Press/Golden State Publishing).

David Lee, *The Cocaine Consumer's Handbook* (And/Or Press).

Richard Ashley, *Cocaine: Its History, Uses, and Effects* (Warner Paperback). ■



New Orleans

Here in the northernmost banana republic, where the pay phone still costs a nickel thanks to the goodness of the last benevolent dictator, Huey P. Long, the Kingfish, time crawls on all fours.

The patron saint of New Orleans is Saint Expeditus, whose name you will implore when the swamp gas and humidity get so thick that matches refuse to strike and magnolia trees appear to be melting. Here in the Crescent City, so called because the Mississippi River forms a perfect arc around New Orleans, time is measured in terms of celebrations, the weeks or months from one pleasure-seeking event to the next—the Cajun Andouille Fest, the St. Bernard Gumbo Eatin' Contest, the Opelousas Yambalee, Breaux Bridge Crawfish Contest Festival, the Blessing of the Fleet, the Shrimp and Petroleum Festival, the Madewood Plantation Arts Celebration, any excuse for a party, to say nothing of the all-time blow-out, Mardi Gras, known to every tourist and easy rider from Coast to Continent.

But the Jazz and Heritage Festival, a

youthful contender, represents a spirit closer to the true heart of the Crescent City than does Mardi Gras with its bacchanalian madness and feudal passion plays. The Jazz Fest audience is almost 90 percent from Louisiana, while Mardi Gras draws them in from all over the planet.

The vibration picks up right after the streets are cleaned of the February Mardi Gras rubble; though the Fest is two months away, the town begins to bubble. Seasoned Festival-goers start dreaming of vats of boiling crawfish, Zatarain's Crab Boil, the hypnotic odors of jambalaya, filé gumbo and that ol' New Orleans standard, red beans and rice. (Louis Armstrong used to sign his letters "Red beans and ricely yours...")

The Jazz Festival, which is held at the New Orleans Fairgrounds, is itself a gumbo, a veritable okra, garlic and tabasco stew of America's root music, its offshoots, disciples, imitators, practitioners, children and stepchildren, as well as the out-of-town greats who come not only to strut their stuff but to pay homage to the city of their musical forefathers and fore-

grandfathers. Spread out over ten acres in the center of a deserted racetrack, the Jazz Festival is held on two successive weekends in April, with evening concerts held aboard the *S.S. Admiral*, an extra-large Mississippi riverboat brought down especially from St. Louis for the event.

The daytime festival, with three big-top circus tents, four stages, five gazebos and 100 crafts and food booths, has something for everyone. The aural menu consists of the best of the blues, ragtime, R&B, gospel, Dixieland, Cajun, country, traditional jazz, progressive jazz, European jazz, Caribbean obeah music and a few musical categories too esoteric to allow mention of their names in print. With its 3,000 performers, 200,000 uncongested festival-goers, and Lord alone knows how many helpings of crawfish pie, the Jazz Festival signals the rebirth of New Orleans as the nation's true musical mecca, home of the boogie-woogie, the mysterious hoodoo which jes' grew 'n' grew.

"This is the best place to start the Jazz Festival, in the gospel tent. That's what sets me right," says my friend Z., a



Jazz Festival

Choo-choo gumbo ya-ya!

by Steve Diamond

Photos by Michael P. Smith

member of the fabled Mardi Gras Krewe of Alligator, Order of Poppa Gator da Fo'teenth, a carpenter by trade and a prime New Orleans music aficionado by avocation. His advice is on the mark: doing the gospel tent first is the perfect invocation.

It's high noon on an April Friday and up on the stage under this big-top tent the Alcee Fortier High School Choir is just winding up "You'll Never Walk Alone," an ancient spiritual. But these 36 kids from Fortier (pronounced Foe-chez) have added a few Motown licks. Even from the back of the tent where Z. and I are standing you can spot the potential Arethas, the future Ray Charleses, giving it all they've got. The song ends with a young male soloist flying off on a gone falsetto, his eyes turned up toward the top of the tent, a torrent of sweat pouring down one side of his face and onto the white velveteen collar over his navy-blue gospel robes, a look you often see sweeping over the faces of older musicians like Muddy Waters, B.B. King, James Carroll Booker, Allen Toussaint, men whose early

training had come in similar gospel choirs of their childhoods. "It's the trunk of the New Awlins music tree," Z. remarks, cutting in on my thoughts. "But it's not d' roots. D' roots you gonna find with the Indians, the black Mardi Gras tribes like Wild Tchoupitoulas, Golden Eagles, Wild Magnolias. But I always do the gospel tent first, out of respect, I guess, and for just d' right inspiration."

Brothers and sisters, it gives me great pleasure to present the Mt. Zion Harmonizers." Sherman Washington, director of the gospel section of the mammoth festival, introduces his own group, five middle-aged black men in checked sport coats and matching ties who have been together in one form or another for close to 30 years. With two guitars, drums and an audience of about 300 enthusiastic hand-clappers, the Zion Harmonizers swing into "Jesus—Without Him I Would Fade," a spiritual they have undoubtedly been doing for those 30 years note for note; and in the rocking, hand-clapping rhythm is revealed one of

the foundations of modern rock music.

If you want to hear the King of Acadian (hence 'Cajun) Zydeco music, it's Clifton Chenier and his Red Hot Louisiana Band, with brother Cleveland on the metallic washboard keeping a clickety, railroad beat to Clifton's inspired accordion. This is hard, kick-your-heels music whose recipe is held secret in the bayous and country towns of Opelousas, Mamou, Thibodeaux, Eunice or Bois Sec, where fiddlers and accordionists and washboard geniuses gather to frame time at bean-shucking or *boudin* sausage-making parties. It is a sound shot with the accumulated effects of years of red-pepper tabasco, the primary stimulant indigenous to the Cajun areas of Louisiana. Chenier's vocals, equally hot and indigenous, are a mix of French, English and Creole lingo, letting you know the many layers of Louisiana's jambalaya history. It is the kind of place where every fifth person might be named Boudreaux, Fontenot or Robichaux, though the language has removed itself from France, and the music even more so.

In the Jazz Fest's rhythm-and-blues department the range of masters is endless. Ernie K-Doe ("Mother-in-Law"), Lee Dorsey ("Workin' in a Coal Mine"), Earl King ("Make a Better World"), Irma Thomas, Allen Toussaint ("Southern Nights"), James Booker and Professor Longhair, to cite just a few. In fact the biggest problem at the Festival is narrowing down your choices, since it's hard to be in two places

This festival is a gumbo, a veritable okra, garlic and tabasco stew of America's roots music, its offshoots, imitators and children.

at the same time, though certain Krewe of Alligator cognoscenti claimed to have mastered that trick.

Traditional jazz and Dixieland, long associated with Bourbon Street and New Orleans, is well represented by such luminaries as Eubie Blake, Kid Thomas and his Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Wallace Davenport and his All Star New Orleans Jazz or Emmanuel "Manny" Sayles, jazz banjo player with the Storyville Ramblers, a group whose very name defines the purity of their style. Storyville, New Orleans' legendary red-light district, ostensible birthplace of ragtime piano, the stomp and the boogie-woogie, inspiration for Louis Malle's film *Pretty Baby*, the place where Louis Armstrong among others split his first lip playing the bar while upstairs the johns humped the hookers in time to the music.

Part of the Crescent City's tradition is found in its funeral marching bands, like Herman Sherman's Young Tuxedo or the Olympia Brass Band, musicians in black suits and white caps whose path you might cross down on Harmony Street or uptown on Felicite, returning from a funeral and playing up a storm. At the Jazz Fest, as on the streets, the funeral marching band will be followed by its "second line," the mourners turned celebrants, the street kids and bystanders who fall in behind the band and start parading along with them.

Progressive jazz, formerly called "modern," is a field covered by a host of well-knowns, starting with Count Basie himself, Dave Brubeck and family, McCoy Tyner, the New York Jazz Repertory Company, Grover Washington Jr., Hubert Laws, James Black Ensemble, Alvin Batiste and Earl Turbinton, most of whom play the evening concerts held at the New Orleans Municipal Auditorium and aboard the S.S. Admiral.

To the side of the S.S. Admiral, a vibrant half-moon shines down over the port city, the gas lamps of the French Quarter flicker, a warm Levantine breeze blows in off the Gulf of





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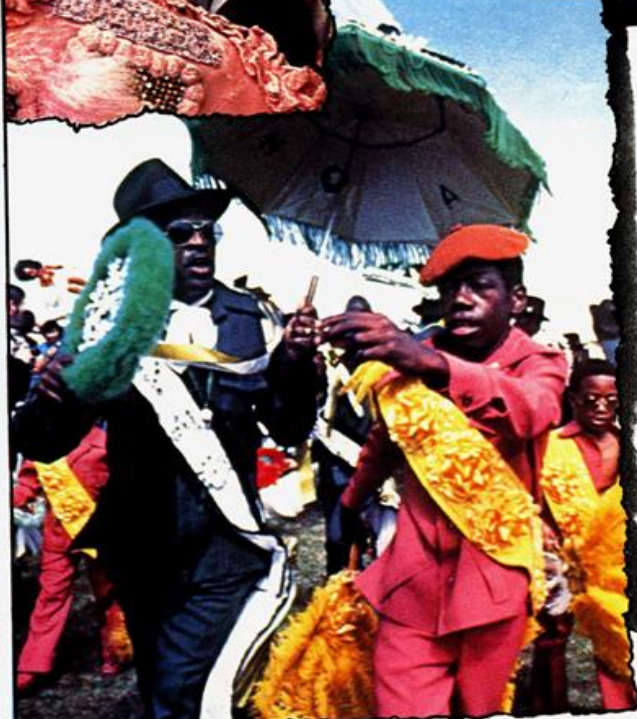
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Mexico, and 3,000 swooning people of all ages, shapes, sizes and colors float down the Mississippi River to the sounds of the Dixi-Kups, to the express-train drive of the Neville Brothers and to Allen Toussaint, 36-year-old inheritor of the piano mantle of New Orleans, composer, arranger, founder of Seasaint Studios, author of the recently popular "Southern Nights" and a hundred other New Orleans

Clifton Chenier's recipe is held secret in the bayous and country towns of Opelousas, Mamou, Thibodeaux or Eunice.

AM-oriented hits done by other artists.

You can feel the mythic time right at the gangplank, with the Dixi-Kups, three young black women in white silk—who as teenagers back in 1964 made their mark with "Goin' to the Chapel of Love" and "Iko-Iko"—doing their rock 'n' roll classics and sending the excited audience back to the first time that sound came out of the car radio or the neighborhood juke joint. A large glass ball rotates from the center of the ceiling, splaying light beams on the dancing crowd below as the S.S. Admiral's foghorn gives one long blast and the ship edges away from the pier.

Later, on the open-air top deck of the Admiral, the powerful beat of the Neville Brothers' "Hey-Pak-E-Way," a Mardi Gras Indian street song, vibrates in time with the hum of the big steamer's engines. With 3,000 people in various stages of finery and funkiness, dancing with ecstatic, joyous motions, what remains is the smell of that thick mojo sex energy, the "abandoned spooning," and the feeling of wanting the boat ride to never end.

Dr. John and Professor Longhair were eatin' dinner one night in San Francisco, and Dr. John said, 'Fess, they oughta have a Mardi Gras parade in yo' honor.' Reverend Elwood P. Snellings, Esq., 31, is recounting a tale to the crowd in front of Tipitina's, a year-old nightclub whose legend has spread rapidly through the R&B towns of the New South.

"Dr. John said the Professor Longhair float should have many little pianos on it, with Fats Domino, James Booker, Huey P. Smith, Toussaint, Dr. John himself and the other New Orleans piano players of the last 20 years. Then have Fess at the top, at a giant Wurlitzer, paradin' down St. Charles Avenue, so there would be no question about who's been influencin' who."

It is Sunday night, with the Jazz Festival several hours over and the Fairgrounds growing cool, but at Tipitina's, aka "Professor Longhair's Piano and Juice Bar," the die-hard music addicts are queueing up

for one last taste, the nightcap to be downed on this year's Jazz Fest; it is to be a free concert featuring Fess, a visiting guitarist named Sunnyland Slim from Mississippi and, if rumor is right, the Golden Eagles, a black Mardi Gras Indian tribe.

"We call this the 'Fess Jazztival,'" Snellings is saying outside the joint, "in honor of the Professor and his contributions." Snellings is the attorney for and a stockholder of Summa-2-4-U Corp., the youthful 16-member board of owners of Tipitina's. Professor Longhair is also one of the stockholders, and it is from a song of his, recorded by Dr. John on his *Gumbo YaYa* album, that the place is named.

Tipitina's is at the corner of Napoleon Avenue, and Tchoupitoulas Street (chop-it-too-lus), a wide street that runs upside the Mississippi River. The word comes from an old Indian tribe whose name meant "muddy feet," appropriate enough for those living on the banks of the Big Muddy. Along the river tonight the warehouses and railroad cars are silent, but the deep blast of a freighter's foghorn is heard over the crowd like a baritone sax still echoing from the final afternoon concert at the Fairgrounds. In its earlier incarnations Tip's, as it is fondly known, served as a waterfront bar and a KKK meeting hall and, after several other changes, was the 501 Napoleon Club, a country roadhouse transplanted to the middle of up-town New Orleans.

The current operation evolved out of a group of friends who felt that "traditional music in New Orleans didn't have a home and that the musicians were getting a raw deal," according to Steve Armbruster, one of Tipitina's owners-crew. Lanky, with sandy beard and long hair, Armbruster looks like a grown-up Huck Finn. Part of the Tipitina's coalition includes the Krewe of Alligator, the music and pleasure fanatics whose Alligator Balls held around Mardi Gras time were drawing larger and larger crowds. Complete with incredible poster iconography, the work of Bunny "Family Man" Matthews, and striking wall photographs of the musicians by Michael Smith, Summa 2-4-U stockholder, Tipitina's has rapidly evolved into a cultural force not unlike the San Francisco ballrooms of a decade ago. (Where those West Coast halls served as a showcase for electronic acid rock, Tipitina's has created a magnetism by recycling and reviving the long-neglected deacons of R&B, an indigenous sound in an indigenous setting.)

Not only do the greats like Blu Lu Barker ("Don't You Feel My Leg"), Dr. John, Longhair, Jesse Hill, James Booker, The Meters, Earl King, et al., grace the stage at Tip's; the bistro has also become the spawning ground for young new groups like Li'l Queenie and the Perculators, Spencer Bohren and the Impossible Cases, Smoky Jim and the Sweet Potatoes, Satisfaction and a spate of others.

"We had Fess playing a couple of the 'Gator Balls," Tip's bartender and partner Richard Weir, 26, is telling me as he draws two Dixie Beers for the people at the bar. "Then when Fess's house burned down there was a benefit at which all the musicians in town turned out. Right around that time the group formed and we took over the 501 Club, changed its name and vibration, and the rest is history," Weir says grinning. As he is talking, I

Hearing Professor Longhair and the band is like being served an original dish, fresh out of the oven of the master chef of rock 'n' rhythm.

notice a long 1965 Cadillac pulling up in front of the bar. The car is gun-metal gray and sports two eight-foot CB antennas swaying behind it. A tall, spindly black man gets out from behind the driver's seat, a brown riverboat-gambler's hat on his head and on his face the thickest, darkest sunglasses you've ever seen.

Under the white glow of the Dixie Beer sign over the doorway, the crowd murmurs approvingly as Henry Roeland Byrd, the Professor, makes his way into the club with the slow, stiff-legged gait of one whose health has been impaired through a freak accident. Professor Longhair, as a young man, made his living for a time as a ballroom dancer. "Whirlwind" was his stage name. Part of his act included running up the side of a wall, flipping over backwards, landing on his feet and on with the dance—only one time he didn't make the complete flip and landed instead on his back. The resulting sprain left him with an arthritic leg, and forced him to take up the piano in earnest; it was then that he began creating the rumba boogie, which would later influence so many of the greats.

Inside the smoky club, the audience quickly spots the Professor's profile gently edging toward the stage, where his band is already tuning up. The crowd, many of whom weren't even born when Byrd was making the rounds in '48, breaks into applause and cheers. At the piano bench Longhair sweeps back the tail of his crimson-colored sharkskin sport coat, sets his face not more than two inches from the microphone at the upright, places both of his large hands on the glistening ivories and, with a quick nod to the band, bounces into the house theme song, "Tipitina, Tra-la-la-la," and suddenly everyone is dancing in spite of their festival-weary feet. At the break, Fess comes in with his famous, piercing whistle, and the dancers start whistling too. With lips

pursed up to the mike, furrowed mound of eyebrows bunched over the shades, Professor Longhair's profile looks ancient, timeworn, yet solid as black onyx. It is a profile that should be added to those on Mt. Rushmore.

Fess smiles to the crowd as he lets out a warble, a clear-pitched vibrato that ripples the vertebrae. Though the words he sings are distinct, it is some kind of made-up language, a mumble, a jumble, the original mumbo-jumbo. ("You should hear him on the CB," Steve Armbruster told me. "Fess'll let go with a blast and then you hear all sorts of guys squawking 'Come back? Come back? Whaddhe say?'")

For the final number, Fess and the band launch into "Got My Mojo Workin'," the traditional cry of the hoodoo man. With his left hand, he cranks out a vibrational boogie that hits the dancers in the pelvis, causing the whole spinal column to oscillate in time to the music.

During the last two days of the Jazz Festival, I'd heard different artists doing that song, as if it were the sub-rosa theme of the whole event, the gearing up of certain primitive juices so elemental to the human race. But hearing Professor Longhair and the band do it is like being served up an original fresh out of the oven, cooked by the loving hands of a master chef, creator of what he calls "rock 'n' rhythm" but which the world knows as rock 'n' roll.

"What rewards did this momentous discovery earn its maker?" wrote music critic Albert Goldman. "What did he get for giving Elvis his 'Blue Suede Shoes' voice? Little Richard his boogie frenzy? Dr. John his catchy, quirky, off-the-wall licks? Why, the usual poverty, humiliation and indifference that our great country has traditionally bestowed on its black musical geniuses."

"Y'know, I don't think about that too much," the genial Professor tells me later, sitting in a large rocking chair at his manager's house.

"See, I don't worry about fame," Professor Longhair muses after several slow, thoughtful rocks in the rocking chair. "It's just part of this thing. But I wouldn't want my kid to be a musician, ain't no real livin' in it. But when we up there playin', when I can hear the musicians listenin', analyzin', and then coming back with something, there is nothin' finer in the world. Now, with the club and all, things are movin' along fine. I got nothin' but good feelin's about the Jazz Festival, 'cause now lots of young cats, as well as the old-timers, gets to express themselves.

"I'm just glad to play music and make people feel good. This sound is somethin' that gets passed around. I don't write it down. Like if I'm workin' with musicians, horns say, I might whistle it out and scat it for them to hear. But we don't write it down, 'cause it would come out mechanical. You understand, dontcha?" ■

Golden Treasure of the Incas

A blaze with golden idols and awesome terraced cities, reeking with bloody and bizarre rituals, the empire of the Incas flourished for a thousand years. But it quickly collapsed before the horses and blunderbusses of the barbarous Spanish conquistadores, leaving little more of its alien splendors than legends of El Dorado.

Archeologists now sift carefully with pick, shovel and compass for the

remaining glories of the ancestors of the Sun, digging through the thin soil in search of treasures that were hidden from the eyes of the Spanish. Here is uncovered perhaps the rarest and finest treasure from that pagan era. Royal gold more brilliant than the breastplate of the Sun King and higher than the Andes from which he was flung by the Dominican friars. Feast your eyes

upon an archeological find more wondrous than Machu Picchu... the stash of the Golden Inca!









A. Craig Coates



UPI



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U.S. Torture in Mexico

They have ways of making you *habla*

While American President Jimmy Carter champions "human rights" in far-off nations, the American-supported antinarcotics program in Mexico has been waging a systematic campaign of torture against dope smokers, growers and dealers. The men most responsible are Carlos Aguilar Garza, general coordinator of the program, and Jaime Alcalá, chief of the Mexican Federal Judicial Police (MFJP). In two years they have destroyed more than 11,000 acres of marijuana and 22,500 acres of opium poppies through aerial application of toxic herbicides.

They have also overseen more than 2,000 arrests of suspected *narcotraficantes*, many of whom found themselves victims of a torture mill that has the support of American money and experts. This situation could embarrass President Carter, who recently told the Organization of American States that America should withhold aid from any country that violated its people's rights. To date, Mexico has received more than \$50 million in anti-dope-war funds, and another \$6 million is under consideration. The truth about Garza's torture tactics may spell the end of any such continued support from America, as well as Garza's career itself.

**"They got my wife
all wet," Leon explained,
"then put electrodes
on her nipples."**

High Times has learned that Police Chief Alcalá has been forced to resign from the campaign. His resignation is being kept secret by the Mexican government, which is legally liable to prosecute Alcalá under Mexican law for authorizing torture.

My investigation into the Garza accusations began here in this once notorious border town of Tijuana, where brutal events surrounding a cocaine bust have stirred official criticism of narc torture.

On May 27, 1978, Mexican federal police assisted by agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration detained 70 people while trying to break a narcotics ring said to be operating out of a small, elegant Tijuana shopping center called Plaza Vendome. The bust netted but four arrests and five pounds of cocaine that

police said they found in a Volkswagen parked in the center's garage. While in custody, the four suspects disappeared. Two weeks later, when they turned up at La Mesa Penitentiary to await trial, they charged that they were held incommunicado by federal police and tortured into confessing.

It was late in July when I arrived at La Mesa. I was immediately led into a *carra-ca*, a small prison bungalow where some of the more affluent prison inmates live. It closely resembled an Upper East Side Manhattan studio. It was wallpapered with rich gold-and-olive scenes of naked men and women, except for the split-level bedroom, which was enclosed in mirrored tiles. Downstairs the private bathroom had a shower with a shower massager, and a full selection of eight-track tapes played in the background from the Marlin multiplex AM-FM stereo system. The refrigerator was stocked with juices and good wine.

Four men in their late 20s and early 30s strolled into the room. The men were Francisco Abel Carranza Gutierrez, Gregorio Gallarde Leon, Jesus Bucardo Alvarado and Ricardo Jorge Merida, the businessmen police say operated a narcotics ring out of the Plaza Vendome.

by Craig Pyes

None of the men showed any visible marks except Leon, who complained he still had trouble hearing out of his left ear. The prisoners were casually dressed and more than a little suspicious. They offered me a slice of some fresh lemon layer cake. At that point, Alvarado began pacing back and forth and explaining how the four had been taken to the Ministerio Publico Federal, where bound and blindfolded and covered by a sheet they were beaten:

"There were two federales seated on me. I was completely naked and wet so it would intensify the beating. Then one of them put the *chicharra* [cattle prod] on my balls and the other, on my face.

"They burned me in the huevos, these fucking sons of bitches; they made me Tehuacan..." (Tehuacan is Mexico's famous carbonated mineral water, which police frequently use in interrogations by forcibly pouring it down a victim's nose while the mouth is taped shut, which creates an effect like breathing Alka Seltzer.) "They lashed my feet and put me over a bench tied from behind," Alvarado showed me, "like this, my mouth bandaged, eyes blindfolded, while one federales held my head back and the other poured in the Tehuacan."

"You feel die when they put Tehuacan in the nose!" added Carranza, who had four 12-ounce bottles poured down his nasal passages. "You want to take air, but you can't! I was tied on my hands and knees on the floor, with water poured all over me and them giving me electric shocks, asking all the time, 'Where is the clavo, goddamn it?'"

"On the third day, they went for my wife at my house in Ensenada and brought her here and did it to her. There was nothing I could do, I was all tied up. She cried and cried. 'If you don't gonna tell, we're going to kill you and your wife. Now where's the clavo, goddamn it?' Then they took a belt and tied it around here [pointing to his genitals] and began to pull tighter and tighter, asking me all the time about something I don't even have."

"They did it to everybody's wife," put in Leon. "They got my wife all wet, you know, then put electrodes here on her nipples. And Ricardo's wife," he said, pointing to Merida, who stayed pretty quiet in the background, "when they were torturing him, she couldn't watch it anymore, and she sees a nail sticking out of the wall and runs over and tries to cut her throat open."

"Everybody need a signature only," declared Carranza. "And you want to read what they put, and they say, 'No-no-no-no! Just your signature.' Well I want to read what I say. But they've got the papers already filled out, and they give me the pen and say, 'No. Just sign here.'"

"Did you sign the confession?"

"Yeah, sure. They gonna kill me. They make the same *torturas* to me again. And I don't want more because I am like something dead, you know. I am green here. I

am bad! And when they tell me 'signature', I signature whatever you want! If you want me white, I'm white. I don't want any more problem."

"Does everybody sign?"

"Everybody."

The torture lasted four days, according to the prisoners' account. By the time they had signed their confessions, their faces were bloated and swollen, their bodies covered with bruises and burns. Gregorio Leon had trouble hearing because, he said, police kept firing a gun

The Sinaloa report listed 18 different types of torture routinely used by the MFJP against narcotics suspects.

next to his ear. The prisoners claim the police kept them incommunicado ten more days in the Ministerio Publico Federal, waiting for their marks to disappear. They were then delivered to La Mesa Penitentiary, a separate facility from the MFJP. When the warden, Salvador Gonzalez Gutierrez, saw the prisoners' condition on arrival and heard their stories, he ordered the prison doctor to examine them and certify what he saw.

Unfortunately I was unable to talk to the warden, who had a reputation as a prison reformer and was popular among the prisoners. On the day I arrived in Tijuana, both he and his assistant were shot dead in front of the prison infirmary in an abortive escape attempt by Marcio Enrique Alvarez, a young cocaine dealer from Culiacan. (Alvarez had been apprehended last year in the Tijuana airport with over 300 pounds of cocaine, one of the largest seizures in history.) The bullet holes were still clearly visible on the white brick wall a few days later when these interviews were conducted. Also gone was the prison doctor, Ricardo Estavillo, who having dived for cover as five bullets ripped through the infirmary when the warden was cut down, quit the next day in search of less risky employment. I did manage however to talk to him by telephone and ask him what he had seen on the day he examined the Plaza Vendome prisoners:

"Their bodies," Estavillo told me, "had yellow marks and dark bruises and some scars, too—like a burn or a welt from a whip or belt."

"One of the prisoners reported his ear-drum was badly broken?"

"Yes it is. An eye, ear, nose and throat specialist saw him."

Dr. Estavillo, who had only been at the prison two months, estimated that at least 25 percent of the prisoners he examined showed signs of physical abuse, but he

could not say whether this was from police interrogation, injuries sustained during apprehension or fights while in jail.

We asked him if it could be discerned medically whether Tehuacan has been used during an interrogation?

"Only if we examine someone immediately after; the membrane in his nose is inflamed. Otherwise it leaves no traces."

"Is it dangerous?"

"Only if you drown."

I then asked Dr. Estavillo if electric-shock torture leaves marks.

"Sometimes there are small burns."

"Did you find any evidence of these on the Plaza Vendome prisoners?"

"Ah, let me... I don't remember— Ah yes, on one of them."

"On what part of the body?"

"On the legs, the lower legs."

"Did you find any examples on the genitalia?"

"Yes, on one of them."

"There were burn marks on the genitalia?"

"Small burns, yes, and inflammation."

After my visit to La Mesa prison and my conversation with Dr. Estavillo, I obtained a personal interview with Carlos Aguilar Garza at his offices in Tijuana.

Garza was cordial at first. However, when I broached the topic of torture in the Vendome case, the normally soft-spoken and relaxed official reflexively grabbed his ornate .45, which had been lying near me, and moved it to the far side of the desk and out of my reach. I began, "It has been alleged that a number of prisoners were held incommunicado for a period of 10 to 14 days without seeing a lawyer, without being admitted to prison, during which time they were beaten by federal agents, electric shocks were applied, Tehuacan was poured down their noses..." when Garza hastily interrupted, "Well, the investigation is still continuing, and I can't recall the exact number of days, but it wasn't that many."

"Before 14 days they saw a judge?"

"Si, señor."

I thought perhaps my inquiry had been ill phrased, so I pressed, "Before 10 days?"

"Si, señor!"

"When they were admitted into prison it was charged that they had bruises and marks from electric shocks."

"No way. Listen," he said, raising his voice slightly. "Why did we need to do this? We already had the five kilos of cocaine, so what was the necessity?" There was a pause. "Independently of this we are investigating, right? I am now almost sure that there was none of what was alleged. I am almost 100 percent sure, but I can't say until we've completed the investigation." I went back to the marks on the bodies, which were sworn to by the prison doctor. "Look," answered Garza,

(continued on page 76)

Escape from Piedras Negras

David Driscoll was a law student vacationing in Merida, Yucatan, when Mexican narcs kicked in his motel-room door and arrested him on flimsy dope charges. That was March 23, 1976, and the beginning of a 13-month trek along Mexico's torture trail. Unknown to the 27-year-old Albuquerque resident, he had been mistakenly identified by Mexican intelligence as the mastermind of the spectacular March 13, 1976, prison break at the notorious Piedras Negras Prison, where in a daring raid an armed team of gringos freed 15 POWs (Prisoners of Weed). Mexican narcs were anxious to nail an American, any American even remotely connected to the embarrassing incident.

While imprisoned without trial Driscoll was repeatedly tortured; he was denied the insulin he needs to survive, resulting in several horrifying incidents of diabetic coma. Driscoll was shunted from prison to prison under conditions that then Secretary of State Henry Kissinger called "disturbing." But David Driscoll was not a beaten man.

The following is David Driscoll's own account of his escape from the perfidious Mexican Gulag. On May 3, 1977, the young American made a solo dash for freedom across the Rio Grande, ironically from the same Piedras Negras Prison he'd been accused of having liberated earlier. Following his dramatic escape, Driscoll was exonerated by American officials and released. Since then he has passed the bar and is awaiting admission to the New Mexico Bar Association. He is currently writing a book about his 13 months in prison.

The day after Easter, I was told to pack my belongings. I did not know if I was being freed (I had been waiting for an appeal for four months) or returned to the city jail dungeon. It turned out to be the latter; the Mexicans were convinced that I was the ringleader of a massive plot to blow up the prison with dynamite. I argued with the warden and collared the reporter from the local paper. I pointed out the holes in the story of the authorities. It was farfetched—involving a volleyball loaded with dynamite—and I was able to make it appear ridiculous. After ten days I was returned to the prison. Finally my appeal came from

Torreón—denied. The superior court refused to even consider the evidence in my favor until the time of sentencing, usually 18 to 20 months after the "formal prisión," another 6 months. I had acquired a .25-caliber Baretta pistol—a seven-shot automatic. I had been saving up a visit to the hospital. My *I Ching* read "Deliverance." It was time to go for it.

Tuesday, May 3, I awoke early, I put on new, stiff blue jeans over the Baretta pistol taped into place next to my balls—the safest place. The Mexicans seldom search there. I was searched then taken to the city jail until the time of my doctor's appointment. My blood was going to be checked. I chain-smoked cigarettes and talked to my friend Bill and a few Mexican friends. Bill was the only one who knew I was going to try it. He wished me luck and told me he hoped he would not see me soon. I told him they would have to carry me back, because I wasn't stopping for anything or anybody. If I was captured, I'd be returned to this dungeon for at least two years, probably longer than I could handle physically. Then I was called for the trip to the hospital.

Two guards handcuffed my wrists behind my back. A Mexican prisoner was also taken. We were placed in the back of a panel truck used to transport prisoners. I told the Mexican, "Let's do it." We worked our cuffed hands under our feet and up in front of our bodies. Then I pulled from my belt the two handcuff keys I had sewn in place there. They wouldn't open the cuffs! I had tried them several times before, but these were American-made cuffs—Smith & Wesson—and my keys didn't work. I couldn't even get the gun out of my pants with my hands cuffed together as they were. I had the Mexican kid pull the gun out of my crotch as we came to a stop in front of the hospital. I told him to get the handcuff keys from the guard, and we would lock the guards in the back of the truck.

He went out the back first, and I jumped out right behind him with the small automatic clenched in my still manacled hands. I went between the guards and ordered one of them to get over by the back door of the truck. As I followed him with the pistol, the other guard was coming up with his .45 in a remarkably well-executed quick draw. I was a bit ahead of him, but I did not want to kill him. Before I had taped the pistol between my legs I had made the sign of the cross with the small weapon and prayed, "Please, I don't want to kill anyone." I held my gun aimed at his heart and he brought his up until it was aimed into my stomach. The mouth of his .45 looked immense. The whole scene froze as we confronted each other from about 12 feet. It was all here.

I told him in Spanish, "If you shoot, we will die together. I don't want to kill

anyone." He knew it was true. Then the kid started running, the policeman turned, and I sprinted in the opposite direction. As I reached the corner I turned left, went one block and then headed right toward the river. It was a quiet side street. There were people gathered here and there, but none wanted to stand in front of a crazy "gringo" running with a pistol clutched in his hands, which were still bound tightly in front of my chest. I ran ten blocks until the street widened into a field. There were workers and an irrigation ditch. I fell once. I screamed at the workers: "Where's a boat?" They shook their heads: "No boat."

I angled to the left following a path. The ditch was wide and full, with steep muddy banks. I leaped across to the far bank, grasping a root with my left hand. I pulled myself up and over the bank just as I heard the police truck screech to a halt near the workers. Curses and then shots rang out. There was a flat, open, slightly muddy field stretching 200 yards from the irrigation ditch to the Rio Grande. I was 70 yards into this field when the shots became a very real concern. One went ten yards over my head and the next one was five feet to my right. I stopped, turned, and aimed carefully. The Mexican guard got down on one knee and also aimed. I shot a foot or two over his head. He flattened out in the mud. I turned and continued running.

I was exhausted—so tired that I wanted to stop, to go back to jail. But then I remembered what I would go back to, and I kept moving, hoping the next shot wouldn't be in my back. More shots rang out. I spun and shot twice. Again the policeman hit the dirt. As I approached the river I quickly shot the rest of my bullets into the air without turning and plunged into the surging water. I was rapidly swept downstream. My jeans and tennis shoes were anchors. I pulled the shoes off. I thought I would rest, because I knew that there were whirlpools under the bridge, but as I came up after removing my shoes a barrage of shots struck the water around my head.

I had floated downstream to where the "Capitán" and several special agents had come from the jail. I stayed under water and fought toward the other side. Finally, I could see the American shore approaching. I knew I could make it. I paused only for the briefest moment before I pulled myself into a sugarcane jungle. I crawled and crashed my way through the cane for ten minutes. I couldn't stop because I wasn't sure I was really across. It could be an island. I had passed several as I was swept downstream. I could see the bridge extending at least 100 yards further. Finally the cane opened into tall grass and I could see roads coming toward me.

I was across. I was free. I was in America. I was alive.

"I'm not sure. They were 72 hours in the federal jail. Maybe something happened to them in there."

Maybe something did. Perhaps one of the prisoners wanted to turn out the lights, right? So he stands in a pail of water and the light shorts just as he flicks the switch with his balls.

When the Vendome prisoners went before Judge Horacio Cardoso of the First District Court of Baja, Mexico, their lawyers claimed that the general coordinator of the campaign against narcotics, Carlos Aguilar Garza, and the chief of the MFJP, Jaime Alcalá, were responsible for authorizing the actions of the police who tortured their clients. While charges of torture are routinely levied by prisoners in Mexico, concrete proof to support these charges is usually lacking. Judge Cardoso ruled that the case for narcotics trafficking prepared by the police was substantial enough to let stand; but then in a move that completely surprised the court, he said on the basis of the evidence that he would recommend that the federal district attorney seriously investigate the accusations of the prisoners.

The federal district attorney in this case is none other than Carlos Aguilar Garza, who, along with Alcalá, had just been transferred from Colincas, Sinaloa, after the same charges were made there. Ignoring the often time-consuming formality of an investigation, Garza immediately assured the press that there was no torture. Defense lawyers paid by powerful narcotics figures had "invented them," he said. The storm of protest raised by more than a half-dozen legal associations he dismissed as "pressure" caused by the arrests of a few socially prominent people with economic and political power. Not so, countered the secretary of the Tijuana Bar Association in response to a reporter's question from the L.A. Times. "The torture is much worse than it used to be. Before it was more humanitarian."

If Operation Vendome was an isolated occurrence, then the incident could be dismissed as an oddity rather than a real taste of the international antinarcotics effort. But the four prisoners' complaints are lent more credence in light of accusations made by the Sinaloa Bar Association that Carlos Aguilar Garza and Jaime Alcalá were responsible for authorizing literally hundreds of tortures during the two years they managed the antidope campaign there. The association's Commission on Human Rights interviewed 457 prisoners arrested for narcotics by the MFJP under Operation Condor. The prisoners were primarily campesinos and poor laborers, although about 40 percent were from cities, many of these being teenagers. According to their testimony, 90 percent were arrested illegally (by the procedures of Mexican criminal law), and a majority claimed to have been brutally beaten at the time of arrest, their personal belongings confiscated and not returned,

and held incommunicado without benefit of counsel, during which time they were tortured "until their physical and moral resistance was worn down" and they signed confessions.

The Sinaloa report listed 18 different types of torture employed by the MFJP against narcotics suspects that would qualify under the Amnesty International definitions. In addition to beatings, electric shocks and carbonated beverages introduced through the nasal

"I was tortured with a cattle prod, punched and choked. The officer torturing me took downs and got crazier."

passages, the study tells of prisoners who were blindfolded, tied into contorted positions and left day and night until they fainted, either from loss of circulation or by sporadic beatings from rifle butts that punctuated the wait for loss of consciousness; of heads submerged in buckets of human excrement; of prisoners bound in sheets and left locked in cars until dehydrated by the hot sun magnified through the car windows. Others were hung for days by only their fingers, until either their will broke or their fingers did; naked bodies were burned by cigarettes and shocked by electric wires and punched with metal and wooden implements. In nearly all cases, the prisoners reported that medical attention was denied. Some of the women prisoners claimed they were raped by their MFJP interrogators. And if personal pain wasn't sufficient, the police would beat a suspect's wife and children in front of him until a signature was obtained.

The report listed 13 federal agents by name who participated in the above described acts, plus Garza and Alcalá as the responsible officers. The study claimed that as a result of these tortures five people died, three disappeared, one woman aborted, and a man had to have his legs amputated. Not quantified was the number of people who suffered extreme distress and failed to make full mental recoveries.

Allegations of torture by Mexican narcs is nothing new to anyone who has followed the plight of American prisoners in Mexican jails and the recent prisoner-exchange program. According to a survey conducted by the L.A. Times, 32 of 106 Americans who served time in Baja, Mexico, last year said they were tortured when arrested (this was before the arrival of Garza).

I talked to one recent ex-prisoner, 29-

year-old Jessie Bishop, who, after serving 16 months of a 75-month term for possessing 270 pounds of marijuana, tunneled out of La Mesa last May and ran through a hail of bullets back across the international line. Bishop, who was traveling with a Mexican when he was arrested, recounted:

"I told them [MFJP] that this guy was only a hitchhiker, but they took him in and really beat him bad. You could hear them beat him. When they brought him back out, he had tape around his eyes, his lips were swollen, his fingers were swollen—he was really shaking. I'd never seen a person like that before. Five minutes later they came in and got me. We walked down this hallway into a big room. As soon as I got into the room, a fedale kicked me in the nuts. Then they straightened me back up and kicked me again. They then put me against the wall and asked, 'Where is the rest of it?' I said, 'I don't know what you're talking about.' So they kicked me again. This went on for 30 minutes. Then they tied my hands behind my back and set me in a chair and started asking me questions while shocking me with a cattle prod on the back of the neck and chest and things. But that's about it. It's what they call 'light treatment.'"

In a Mazatlan jail I spoke to an American prisoner I'll call John, as he declined to state his name for fear of reprisals. "Some people here haven't committed any crimes at all," he told me. "They were beaten into confessing. This is my case. We were taken into town, held five or six days incommunicado and tortured during this time."

"What do you mean 'tortured'?"

"Well, they have this thing they plug into the wall; it's electrodes, and they touch it to certain parts of your body—your balls, your asshole. They get all over you with this thing. They put me in a puddle of water one night—this is about two doors from where the judge's office is—and proceeded to shock me with this electric rod until I signed a paper that the pot was in the car. One night, because I was screaming a little bit too loud in the federal courthouse, they took me down to the bay, put me in a burlap sack, tied it over my head and waist, then threw me down into the water and sat on me for a while. They thought this was really funny. They kept saying, 'Now you yell just as loud as you want, fucker!'"

After John had signed the confession, there was a prison escape from the cell next to his. So he was taken out and tortured again. "There was nothing I really knew about it other than it took place. I was tortured pretty badly. I passed out three times."

"How were you tortured this time?"

"With an electric prod, and punched and choked. This was all done in the central police station right downtown. They just close the door and go to work on

(continued on page 91)

A young Native American girl, likely Navajo, is the central figure. She has dark hair pulled back and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. She wears a dark, long-sleeved tunic with a red and white striped sash across her chest, adorned with several silver concho buckles. Her skirt is dark with a wide, colorful striped band. She is holding the reins of a horse, of which only the head and mane are visible in the lower right. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

High Style

A few years ago, in 1974 to be exact, the Wall Street Journal broadcast the news. Get smart, America, said the know-it-all guide to investment heaven. Forget about blue chips. Stay away from high fliers. Pass up conglomerates heading for interplanetary diversification. The real thing, the American Swiss franc, the hot ticket to the towering tax bracket, the best investment around is—surprise!—turquoise.

Of course, the Journal hadn't really discovered turquoise. It had simply supplied its corporate-consciousness seal of approval to a phenomenon that had already reached boom proportions: the passion for turquoise, the raising of America's "turquoise consciousness" to nearly mythic levels. The trail was clearly marked; in the past ten years, the hunger for and love of turquoise had spread from the traditionalists—a small but dedicated band of collectors—to a good part of the rest of the population. Now it became the dopers' stone, the stone of the commune, the new badge of hip, as authentically counterculture as smoking grass and eating organic.

And yet it was establishment, too. Surrounded by silver in necklaces, rings, earrings and belts made by America's Southwest Indians, the "heavenly blue" stone was threatening to end America's long love affair with the diamond. Rock and country-music stars passed up glitter to flash turquoise rings at loving audiences. Rodeo stars sported turquoise heshi necklaces—turquoise traditionally protected riders from a fall. (Surely, even if it didn't show, the Marlboro Man was a turquoise man, too.) Bikers wore it, or hung a nugget from the handlebars of their mechanical mounts. Suburban mothers "set off" their tailored jeans with turquoise concha belts, dangled squash-blossom necklaces across T-shirts with cocktail-hour messages on the order of "Try me, you'll like me." In Hollywood and New York, Phoenix and Chicago, Houston and Denver, and in smaller towns too, fashion-conscious women and men caught on fast. Turquoise, the stone of the American Southwest, carried the right message. It was authentic (if you bought wisely), radical (pity the poor Indian), Western (the new freedom from the city), young (but dignified, too, and "art" besides)—in short, it was "in," while Liz Taylor's diamonds, suddenly, were not.

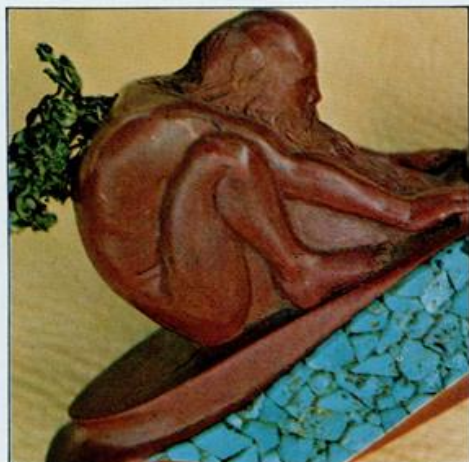
As always, the media played its hyping tune. Turquoise jewelry, Harper's Bazaar announced, was "a fashion must." Like jazz, it was "one of the few authentically American art forms." And it had its practical side, besides. Since it was art, it could be insured at lower rates than diamonds and emeralds and such, much of which was now in vaults because their owners

Timeless Turquoise

Magic, money and the azure gem of the desert

by Bernard Garfinkel

Surrounded by silver in necklaces, belts and rings made by Southwest Indians, the "heavenly blue" stone threatened America's love affair with the diamond.



Photos by John Farrell

would be paying thousands in insurance each time they were worn. Newsweek also registered the seismic shock of the turquoise boom. "Almost overnight," it noted in 1973, Indian turquoise jewelry had become "a national fad."

Needless to say, where there's a fad, there's a fortune. At the height of turquoise fever, in '72, '73 and '74, the trading areas in the Southwest—Phoenix and Gallup, Albuquerque and Santa Fe—might have been modern-day Sutter's Mills. Swarms of money-hungry turquoise hunters descended on the scene, crowding into trading posts with names like Big-hearted Jerry and Smiling Gary, looking for the blue stone. Smart players in the fast game that was going on, long-haired young dealers, oil-rich Arabs, ex-weed dealers and ex-Chicago taxicab drivers (it seemed, at times, as if every dealer was an ex-something), canny natives who'd been sitting on hoards of the stone, made hundreds of thousands of dollars. Others, less sharp or lucky, came out with hardly enough to shine the desert dust off their city shoes. Traders recall

now that they could have done business "24 hours a day, every day." Collectors' houses were literally transformed into well-guarded vaults, with steel doors and barred windows. A complicated hierarchy of values, connoisseurs, dabblers and rip-off artists sprang up.

And from this trading hub the dollars multiplied as the turquoise jewelry traveled across the country, tempting buyers in specialty stores and boutiques, shopping centers and fancy downtown jewelry shops. Giant merchandising mills like Sears and Penney, Saks and I. Magnin, scoured every hummock and hill in the Southwest hoping to unearth new supplies of turquoise jewelry for their customers. Saks, in fact, bought itself a mine, the Landers in Nevada. There was one flaw in this perfect plenitude of profit. The blue stone was a tricky thing. Merchants in the business for years had difficulty telling good from bad without professional examination. It was not unusual, therefore, for a buyer to be fooled, willingly paying, under the spell of turquoise, enormous amounts of money for necklaces, bracelets, rings and chokers without having a clue to their true value.

And there was a joker in the deck. There was only a certain amount of really good turquoise around. Mine production was tailing off, and only 10 percent or less of every pound that came out of the earth was of first-rate quality. Much of that was controlled by three or four men in the industry. And most of the good old stuff had already been swept up by shrewdies who got into the game years ago.

The classic case: demand and shortage produce inflation. The Journal article was the dot on the i, and the already bubbling pot of potential profit boiled over. The turquoise scene became something like an existential movie being shot by a stoned moviemaker, with new and unreal values created every day. It had

something of the quality, too, of a non-stop, quick-time Keystone Kops chase: the quarry was turquoise, hundreds of thousands of dollars were changing hands, and no matter what was paid for something the common expectation was that someone down the line would double the price. But you had to keep moving, and fast. In the bars, the turquoise talk rolled along an endless treadmill of beer and booze: Who's got what, and what's the price?

Behind it all stood a whole sheaf of impulses. Love came first, love of turquoise, love of money. Add "zat," the indescribable but half-hypnotic glow that the best turquoise throws off, like moonlight reflecting on water. Throw in radical chic and fashion hunger, the unisex revelation and back-to-nature simplicity, the tilt to the Southwest and McLuhan's credo that the medium is the message.

The medium was turquoise; the message: get with it. In Albuquerque, the Yellow Pages listing for "turquoise" and "Indians" grew to nine pages. Cadillac Eldorados and Lincoln Continentals began to bloom like metal flowers along the road in the Zuni village, marking the houses of turquoise artisans. And to add a touch of an older Southwest, two Arab traders were knifed on the reservation—with the riches, there were discords, not enough Cadillacs to go around.

A wonderful trip, when you consider, for one thing, that the American Society of Gemologists only recently admitted turquoise to the select circle of "precious" gems. Was it really just a "rock" before that? Not really. The Persians knew better, having mined it furiously, made it into highly valued jewelry and, in fact, established it as their national gem. As long ago as 3000 B.C. the Egyptians were equally enamored of it, engraved sacred beetles on it and buried it with their dead. Marco Polo saw "a mountain" of it on his journey through Tibet and noted the high value given to it.



Globe Photos

Shortly after the oil embargo, Gallup, New Mexico, experienced a minor invasion of oil-rich Arabs intent on cornering the turquoise market with cash.



The Aztecs also knew it as sacred. In Aztec legend, the great god Quetzlcoatl was born after his mother swallowed turquoise. No wonder then that one or more Aztec craftsmen used it to fashion what is surely one of the world's most overwhelming creations, a mosaic mask of Quetzlcoatl. Hundreds of varied blue turquoise chips, mother-of-pearl eyes and seven pearly teeth, the god of priesthood and learning stares at visitors to the British Museum, its message that, in its presence at least, turquoise indeed becomes sacred.

Who knows when and why primitive peoples began to pick up bright-colored and sparkling stones to wear around the neck and arms or to treasure in fire-lit caves? Probably, the attraction was to the out of the ordinary, to the brightness and chromatic rarity, the red of a bloodstone, the green of emerald, that contrasted to a dun-colored world. Soon, when the wearer of a turquoise necklace was able to kill an attacking lion instead of being killed, or to find a warm and waterproof cave for shelter, it became apparent that, in addition to giving the pleasure of color and rarity, turquoise also brought good luck.

Societies may have grown more sophisticated, but these truths did not die. The specific qualities of good that gems carried with them became highly differentiated, codified by sages and priests, so that a gem holder knew exactly what good fortune and protection a particular kind of stone might bring. A diamond, for example, protected against ghosts and harmful magic, gave its wearer strength in battle. Amethysts prevented drunkenness. Sapphires cured snake bites.

As for turquoise, it prevented accidents, especially falls from horses, brought good luck, guarded the spirit from harm and cured the sting of a scorpion. The blue of turquoise signified wisdom and magnanimous thought in a man, politeness and



vigilance in a woman. In Greece, Venus, the goddess of love, wore blue. And because Friday was the day of Venus, those born on Friday wore a turquoise ring and, like Venus, dedicated themselves to "works of love."

And more, depending on where you lived, which sage you listened to. The Hindus knew that after you looked at a new moon, if you looked at turquoise, you would come into great wealth. In seventeenth-century Germany, those who wanted to cure a disease wore a turquoise ring on the little finger, a diamond on the left arm. In many countries, if you dreamed of turquoise, you were marked for prosperity.

Even God had a hand in all this. As Anselmus deBoot, seventeenth-century court physician to Emperor Rudolph II of Germany, noted, angels were "by special grace of God and for the preservation of men, enabled to enter precious stones and to guard men from dangers or procure some special grace for them." This belief was not taken lightly. The best way to gain the benefits residing in a gem was to "incorporate" it into yourself, which meant just what it seemed to mean: get it into your body. Not everyone, obviously, was willing to sacrifice the value of a gem in this way. But if you were ready to see your favorite turquoise smashed into a powder for you to swallow, you were onto strong medicine. In 1534, the failing body of Pope Clement VII received pulverized gems of various kinds worth no less than 40,000 ducats, a popely sum, though perhaps his medical advisers undervalued him, because he died.

Still, the culture and society in which a gem, specifically turquoise, achieved its highest value in legend and in life was that of America's Southwest Indians, the Zuni and Hopi and Navahos and other tribes. The culture of the original Pueblo Indians, including the Zuni and Hopi, can be traced back some 10,000 years



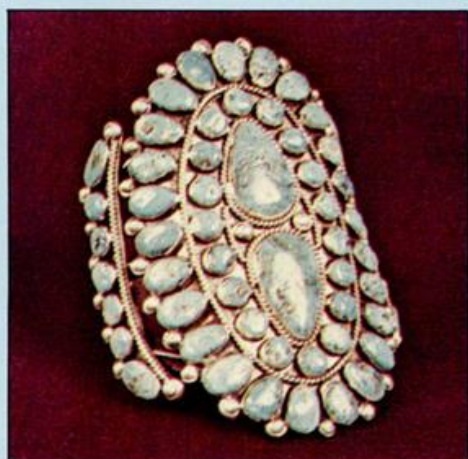
before Christ. The Navahos were "late-comers" of another racial strain, wanderers who drifted into the Pueblo area, probably late in the fourteenth century. By the time the Spaniards arrived in the sixteenth century, the Navahos had settled down to an agricultural way of life similar to that of the Pueblo tribes.

For these Indians, the central element in their religion was the strong need to live in harmony with nature. Everything in nature was sacred, as their legends illustrated, and turquoise, rare in nature, beautiful to behold, had special value. The Navaho legends told of the mother of the universe, the Turquoise Goddess of earth and the heavens. She was born of a small turquoise image on a mountaintop. And after Mother Earth and Father Sky came together, she made the sun out of turquoise beads from her right breast, the moon of white shells from her left breast.

So turquoise was at the center of the Navahos' natural world. It was used by medicine men to heal the sick. It was attached to the planting stick to assure a good crop. It warded off evil on a baby's



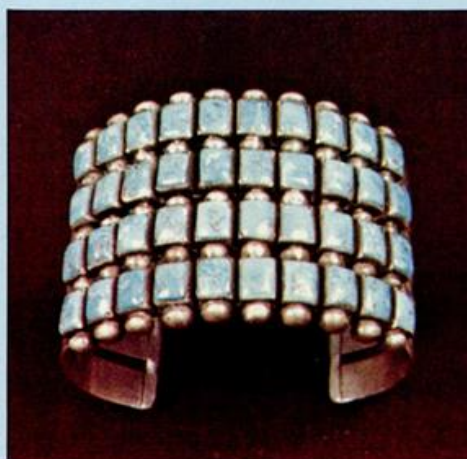
Collectors refer to "zat," the indescribably half-hypnotic glow that the best turquoise throws off, like moonlight reflecting on water.



cradle. It protected whoever was wearing it from being struck by lightning or bitten by a rattlesnake.

The Zuni legend of the tribe's origin starts with a journey from the under world to the upper world. As the Zunis, then "ant people" of the under world, began their procession to the above world, their goddess, the First Woman, told them to take bits of hard blue stone of the sky so that there would be some hard rock in the new world. As the ant people went through the Sky Tunnel leading above ground, they broke off pieces of turquoise to carry along with them. Therefore turquoise was of the earth below and the world above, a sacred stone involved in the creation of the Zuni nation.

The Pueblo Indians have a crowded pantheon of gods and spirits, their *kachina*, who watch over all of nature, ordaining the orderly operation of the world, and anyone who interferes with nature is interfering with the work of this pantheon. These gods are joined by the dead, and departing ancestors are buried



with turquoise, whose magical properties will insure that they make the journey well and safely.

And for the living too, of course, turquoise has magical value. The best way to benefit from this magic is to wear turquoise. As the Franciscan friar Fray Marcos de Niza observed in 1539, as he accompanied the first Spanish force into the area, it was astonishing how much turquoise was worn by the Indians. "Some," he noted, "had as many as three or four strings of green stones around their neck; others carried them as ear pendants and in their noses."

Ironically, in view of the latter-day turquoise fever that would engulf them, the Indians were not encouraged by the Spaniards in their love for the stone. On the contrary, the Spaniards were intent on Christianizing them, and turquoise jewelry represented the alien religion. The disruptions that the Spaniards brought to Indian life did not extend to the commercialization of turquoise. That would come some 250 years later. Meanwhile, the Indians tried to maintain their own special ideas about life and art and sound investment. Mainly their investment was in their own souls and the souls of their spirits, and turquoise was an essential part of this richness. The rest of America went on knowing that Tiffany's was where you got a really fine piece of jewelry.

Zat is where it's at. If turquoise were soap flakes, that would be its slogan. The best turquoise has it, a condition that turquoise historian Joseph Pogue described as "an undefinable property which is something like the water of a diamond or the lustre of a pear." A fine-colored stone, Pogue said, isn't worth much without zat.

The point is that zat is in the eye of the beholder. You might say, if you've seen one diamond, you've seen them all. You



Museum of the American Indians

can't say that about turquoise. It's always different. There's the matrix, first of all, the darker vein that runs through most American turquoise, actually threads of the "mother rock" in which the turquoise is found. It may be thin lines or thick, spreading blotches, iron pyrites or bits of quartz. At its most valuable, distinctively veined and colored from the deep blue of Arizona Bisbee to the greenish hue found in New Mexico's Los Cerrillos, turquoise is, quite simply, a beautiful stone. And part of its beauty is its individuality. The amount and color of the blue to green background varies in every stone, affected by the wandering map lines of the matrix, which can themselves be of a unique shade, blue-black, purple, reddish ochre, yellow.

The collector makes the choice. Is this stone more appealing than that one? The decision is not just a matter of value, of carats and size. It's also very much a personal aesthetic decision. And when it's made, the owner can say that the turquoise chosen is his or hers alone in its unique look. This, surely, is a major fascination of the game, one of the sources of the passion that turquoise collecting seems to inspire.

And make no mistake about it, gem collecting can be a true passion. Those who fall within its spell, who love what they are hoarding for itself as much as for its value (if these two elements can ever be separated completely), are held as strongly in the sway of this passion as any young lover bound to a special bed. The Romans knew this power. In the late republic and early empire, Romans paid enormous prices for gems, vying for the opportunity to dazzle their fellow citizens with displays of their collections in temples. Julius Caesar himself put together six different, awesome gem collections, which he deposited in the temple of Venus Genetrix.

For those in love with turquoise, the



Globe Photos

Turquoise prevents accidents, especially falls from horses, brings good luck, guards the spirit from harm and cures the sting of the scorpion.



passion, pure or tainted with the love of money, is sustained by the gem's special place in America's past. It comes from the West, from the wide-open spaces that embody lost dreams and lost virtues, innocence and power, individuality and freedom, unhassled by today's curses of crowded living, prickly social conflicts and ruined nature. And, perhaps most essentially, it comes out of the lives of the Southwest's Indian tribes, the first Americans, whose past has come to be regarded as more virtuous than our own.

In more prosaic terms, turquoise experts value stones according to the deepness of their color, the hardness of the stone and the color and pattern that forms the matrix. Generally, the more iron in the mother rock, the greener the stone will be, the more copper, the bluer. On the Mohs hardness scale, which lists gems in ascending order of hardness, with diamonds at 10, turquoise ranges between 5 and 6. Today's most favored turquoise stone is a deep blue color with a deeper blue, closely veined matrix, called spiderweb, and it will sell for \$2 and more a carat. Lesser turquoise may be pale and chalky blue or green, it may be a dark green or a hundred shades in between, and its price will vary accordingly, down to a few cents a carat.

Best is, needless to say, rarest. This shortage originates in the nature of turquoise. It is a complex phosphate of aluminum and copper, found in arid, deserted places in sedimentary or volcanic rock, and usually in association with copper. In short, its composition and the conditions that create it make it extremely scarce. First mined extensively in the Sinai peninsula, it came to Europe from Persia through Turkey, which accounts for its name, originally *pierre turquoise*, stone of Turkey.

Fortunately for those seeking it, turquoise occurs relatively close to the surface. In America, Mexican Indians first attacked deposits of it in New Mexico

around 1,600 years ago, poking flaming sticks into the mineral, then dousing it with water to crack the turquoise veins. The search continued, and by the time the first white men, the Spanish, appeared on the scene in the sixteenth century, archeologists estimate that the Southwest Indians were working some 200 turquoise mines. Often they turned over entire hills in their quest for turquoise and, in some cases, dug down 40 feet or more to mine it.

Today, the major turquoise mining states are Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. The major mines are all connected with copper mines owned by large corporations such as Duval, Cities Services and Phelps Dodge. Some of them, such as the Kingman mine in upper Arizona, at Mineral park, are on the site of prehistoric Indian mines. But, in contrast to the past, it is estimated that of the 25 or so mines now working in the Southwest no more than 5 are worked by Indians.

Most of the larger mines, such as the Kingman (Duval), the Morenci (Phelps Dodge) and the Bisbee (Phelps Dodge) in Arizona, the Tiffany (Phelps Dodge) at Tyrone in New Mexico and the Blue Gem in Lander County, Nevada, produce their turquoise almost as an afterthought to the much greater quantity of copper that is extracted. The copper-mining corporations lease the turquoise rights to an individual, who is solely entitled to dig up and market whatever turquoise can be found. The turquoise lease holders only move into an area of the mine after its copper has been exhausted. In these great open pits that shatter the earth, turquoise miners work the ground for turquoise rock, watched closely by inspectors in pickup trucks to insure that they don't "high grade" (steal) any turquoise by shoving it down their work boots or stuffing it into their lunch pails, the two favorite methods. Some gets stolen anyway. In return for the turquoise they find, the lease holders pay the corporation a

certain amount per pound of turquoise.

The leases can be highly valuable. The largest mine in Arizona, the Kingman, was yielding 20,000 pounds of rough turquoise per month in its good days, and the market price of raw turquoise runs as high as \$2 a pound. Many of the lease holders, such as C.W. Hardy at Kingman and Bob Matthews at Bisbee, control the processing and marketing of the turquoise, which adds to their profit. And as major sources of newly found stones, they occupy positions of great power in the industry.

Still, even for the lease holders, there is a supply problem, because the turquoise mines have a way of running out. It is rumored, for example, that the Kingman will close down—no more turquoise. One by one, the mines are shutting. No one thinks that new turquoise will someday cease to appear. But the supply does seem to be dwindling, everyone wants to grab the good stuff that is around, and without doubt much turquoise and jewelry is being hoarded in the expectation that coming shortage will drive prices up.

(continued on page 93)



Globe Photos



Coke Smuggling Dolphins of the Yucatan

And we thought Flipper was smart. The amazing story of the world's first million-dollar interspecies smuggling operation.

I was expecting some sort of gink in multicolored day-glow overalls who jabbed the air with a hash-pipe stem for punctuation between unbelievable, near impossible clauses. It was a style I encountered once near Brownsville, Texas. A biologist gone rogue from the state university, dressed as above, had tried to tell me that he had a hybrid badger-mole or prairie dog (called the Brownsville miner) and that he was using the creature to smuggle brown heroin by a really underground route from Mexico. I spent an evening with him near the Mexican border smoking great crumbling joints rolled in biology-department memoranda and drinking grain alcohol from rubber-stoppered boiling tubes. Every so often the charlatan would say something like, "Reckon that miner 'bout crossed the line," then stagger over to a gopher hole and shout "chuck chuck chuck" into the depths. After a few hours (say six) of this, I became suspicious. I finally agreed to untie his feet from the bumper of the pickup truck, the engine of which I had been revving in a threatening fashion, when the biologist confessed himself a worthless liar.

Jimmy B.'s story had the same sort of cracked-bell ring to my ears. Here was a guy who claimed to be using a dolphin (one of a "pod," or family group) to smuggle cocaine from a cove near Dzilam de Bravo on the Yucatan peninsula to Boca Chica Key, Florida. I saw myself arriving down there—maybe this Jimmy B. would have a van with Mordor painted on the side instead of a pickup—where we would spend a futile night sitting at dockside drinking poisonous booze out of coconut halves while he cranked a siren device in the water and said things like, "Flipper should be at the Tortugas by now." Of course, the cetacean connection never would show with the blow, and I would have been burned again. Writing stories like this is a lot like buying groceries for your mom. You can lose the expense money once. After that, people begin to suspect your honesty.

Jimmy B. did not drive a van. He had a nice Mercedes convertible and no spectacles at all, let alone a pair dyed azure like the Texan's. Sitting in the car, he motioned toward the ashtray. "Fraid that's the last of my personal supply. The

mammal [for so he called his dolphin, sometimes "my mammal" as a pun, not as claim of ownership] should be arriving sometime tonight or maybe tomorrow." The ashtray was full to within about half an inch of the lip with a white powder that the \$100-bill test proved on the spot to be very high-quality coke.

As we drove toward Jimmy's place he told me how he had first made the acquaintance of his courier. It had been Jimmy's habit in previous years to cruise the Gulf of Mexico whenever life on the beach became too intense. How life on a Key beach can become "too intense" I don't know, but I guess it can anywhere. Jimmy knew nothing about dolphins beyond what you get in that segment of the popular press occupying the newsstand of the local grocery store—that is, dolphins are smart men, dolphins sometimes rescue humans, dolphins are being slaughtered by the Japanese to polish their boots with.

On Jimmy's cruises the dolphins would follow the boat sometimes for hundreds of miles. Jimmy used to wonder why. On his 36-foot sailboat he had a pretty loud stereo system, upon which he played a lot of Texas-type cow rock—Waylon, Willie, Jerry Jeff. Jimmy used to sit out there in the middle of the glass-flat Gulf, becalmed and grunting back rum coolers with a friend or two, listening to Waylon and friends while stomping his bare feet and watching the dolphins goon around in the water.

Then one day somebody said, "You know, I think this is the same gang of jug noses that was around us last time we were out." "Naw," said Jimmy, "that's impossible. Last time was two months ago, and there are millions of these creatures out here." Jimmy's girl friend Jeanine said no, she recognized these dolphins because one of them had a big bite or tear in its dorsal fin.

Over the next few months Jimmy and various friends took to jumping in the Gulf and swimming around with the dolphins. They would rub the mammals' bellies, hitch rides on their fins, play catch with balls and even engage in a sort of game of tag, which for the dolphins must have been like playing with the handicapped. They noticed that if the

dolphins weren't around, all they had to do was put on Waylon and Willie and the fiberglass hull would start resonating and in 6 to 12 hours their friendly gang of dolphins would arrive.

Back at Boca Chica Key, Jimmy talked the matter over with friends and they decided to see if they could get the dolphins to pay a visit to Jimmy's dock. A local electronics fellow who ran a recording studio on a neighboring key was summoned and after a week's work at dockside announced he had developed a piece of underwater electric gimmickery that he figured the arctic whale would be able to listen to, at least at low frequencies, which carry farther. Waylon and Willie played their first underwater concert shortly after that. The finned friends did not show. Jimmy called the electronics guy at his studio. "I forgot to tell you," he said. "You have to turn the thing down. Getting close to it for a creature as sensitive to as many frequencies as the dolphin would be like getting hit on the head with a horseshoe. Turn it down."

Jimmy walked down to the dock and dropped the volume, and within an hour Chopped Fin and his pod were there.

For a few months Jimmy used the device to show off the dolphins to friends visiting from points north. They had fun playing with the dolphins. Then one night somebody started talking about the film *Day of the Dolphin*. Told how the creature was trained to carry things on its back. That was all Jimmy needed to start him thinking.

The next day Jeanine sewed a streamlined nylon pack-sack thing and Jimmy filled it with sand and strapped it on Chopped Fin. It wasn't quite the right design, but it didn't seem to interfere with the dolphin's swimming and he did not seem anxious to scrape it off. A few improvements were made to the design. It worked.

Jimmy made a trip to Yucatan to see a connection there the next week. Although Chopped Fin could carry up to ten pounds, Jimmy started with a one-pound payload. He picked the stuff up, sailed about a mile off the Mexican coast and put on Waylon and Willie. The dolphins must have been close because they arrived in about four hours. Chopped Fin

(continued on page 87)

by Michael Croll

All they had to do was put on Waylon and Willie and the fiberglass hull would start resonating. In 6 to 12 hours their friendly gang of dolphins would arrive.

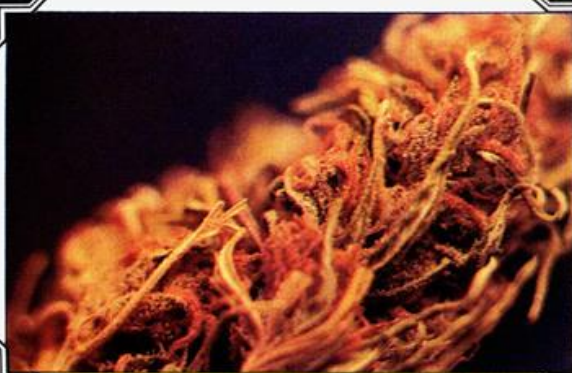
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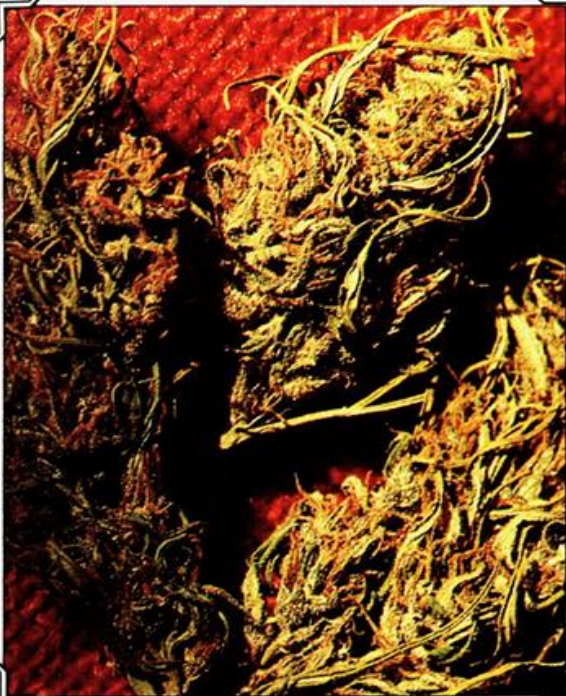


California Mountain High Thai

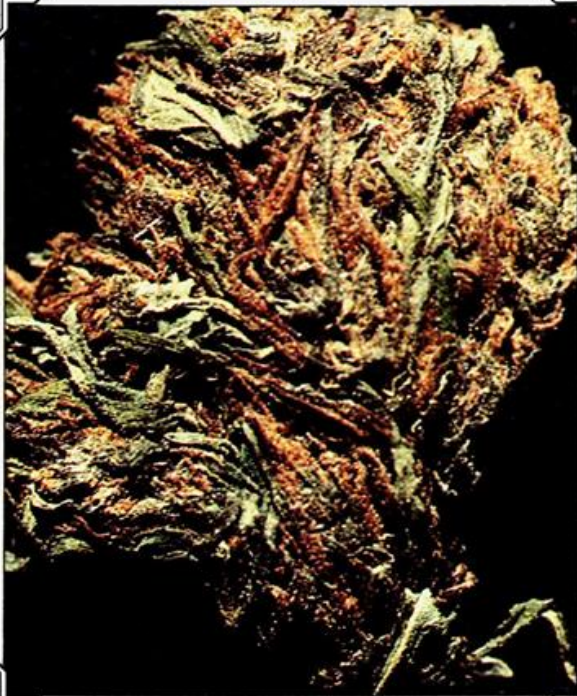
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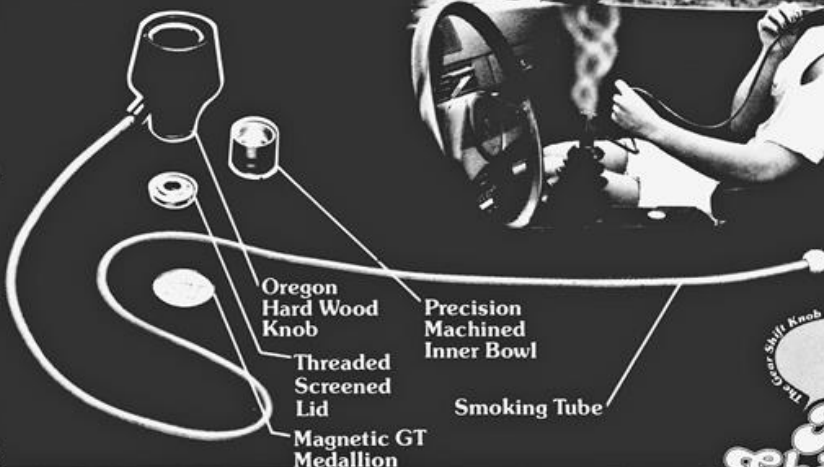
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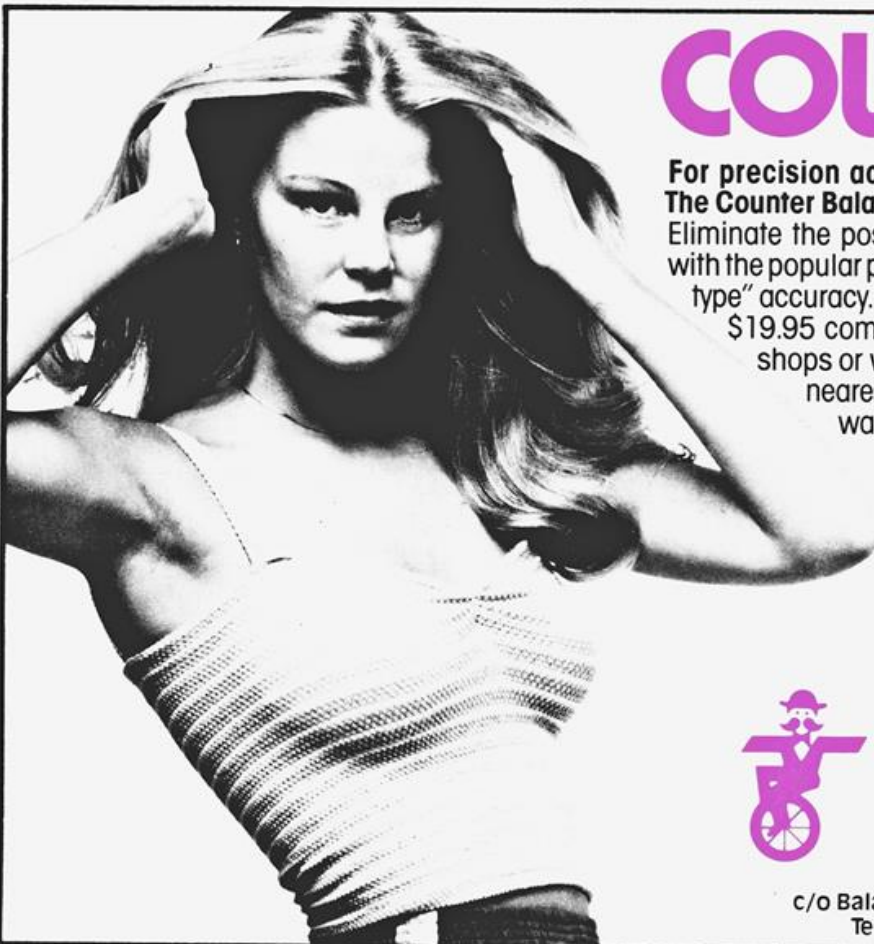
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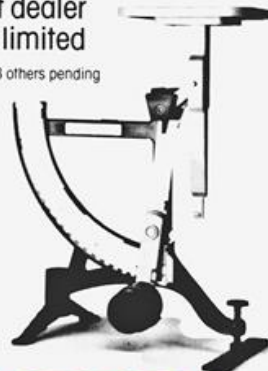
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Smuggling Dolphins

(continued from page 83)

was strapped into his rig. And Jimmy sailed for home. Coincidentally, some Coast Guard boys came aboard and searched him about 150 miles off the Keys. Nothing, of course. When he arrived home Jimmy cranked up the underwater jukebox and sat back on the porch. After 12 hours he turned it down, and within the hour the dolphin gang, international smugglers, had arrived, goods intact, unsearched by the Coast Guard. This was very big.

For the next year or two Jimmy improved his operation. Three more dolphins in Chopped Fin's pod learned to carry the little sacks from Yucatan. Jimmy's Yucatan connection got his own dolphin calling device. So the gang would arrive at Jimmy's and he'd take off the coke and strap on the money for the next shipment. After a while the dolphins would take off. Only once was there a problem. Jimmy's connection said the money "got lost," but he had sent back the dope anyway, and would Jimmy please send double money for next shipment. Okay once, I suppose Jimmy thought.

Anyway this had been going on for a couple of years when I got an invitation to witness the final shipment landing. The Yucatan connection wanted to call it quits, and Jimmy was not opposed. This last shipment would bring the total to about two and one-half tons.

After looking at the broadcast rig down on the dock and watching Jimmy turn it down so the dolphins could approach, we sat up on the porch overlooking the cove drinking a few margaritas. I kept thinking I heard dolphins out there, but Jimmy said, "Naw, not till morning probably," and at about two o'clock showed me where to sleep.

The next morning I woke up and the little cove was full of goddamn dolphins. I must have acted like a Russian at his first horse race. I ran into Jimmy's room and dragged him out of bed. "They're here, they're here!" Jeanine gave me kind of a dirty look, and it's only upon reflection that I realize it looked a little as if... ah, never mind. I dragged Jimmy down to the water, babbling like a fool, and stood on the edge of the dock watching in awe as he slapped his hand on the water and one by one the dolphins came up to be unstrapped. When he was finished, four dripping pack-sacks, each weighing about 20 pounds, lay on the dock. I carried two up to the house. That day we went swimming with some of the world's most successful smugglers. I spent a while throwing a beach ball with one.

When I left that night, Jimmy tossed me an ink bottle as I got on the little Cessna. "Souvenir," he said, "of Boca Chica Marineland. I'm sure you'll treasure it always." ■

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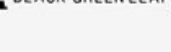


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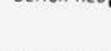
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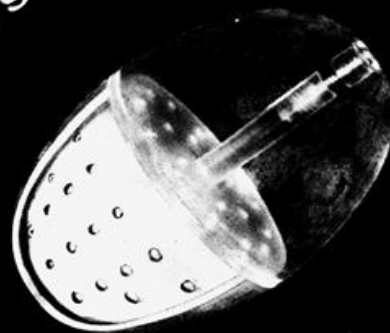
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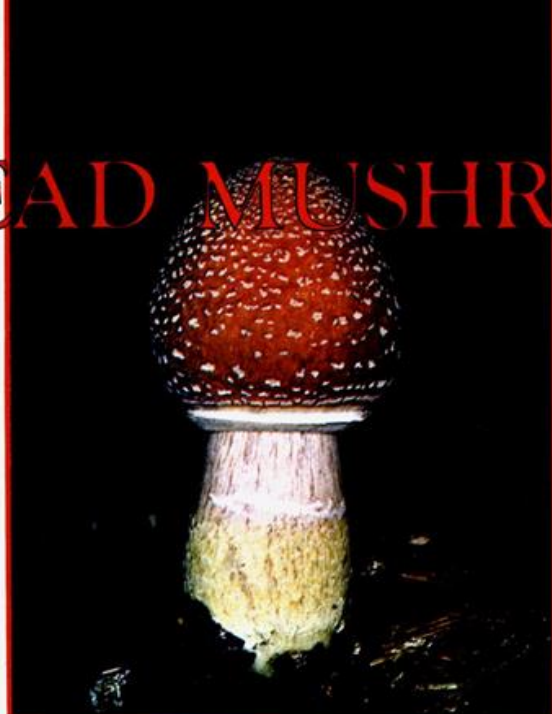
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Myth of the Mafia

(continued from page 58)

get this sort of information in a tight little town such as Las Vegas without having to call on Big Brother. Giancana left his daughter penniless. She was recently evicted from her apartment. What a big-time guy. The Godfather, no doubt.

Giancana was killed with a .22-caliber pistol. Highly unusual, the crime experts noted. They did not note that the only people who routinely use .22 pistols are CIA agents. The Company, in fact, developed special ammunition for the .22 to overcome its lack of stopping power. It isn't easy to kill someone. It is difficult. Humans are bigger than deer and can get medical attention. To kill people with certainty you want a nice big chunk of lead moving at high speed. The .357 Magnum is a favored weapon. Most killings that the police attribute to organized crime are done with .38-caliber police specials. Curious. After the Giancana killing there was a series of murders of supposed Mafia figures, in actuality police informers, all killed in similar circumstances—about to testify—and with .22-caliber pistols without any evidence of resistance. Did their case officers kill them? Who are the hit men?

In all of the fury of the publicity battle no one seems to have asked why, if there really are such professional killers as the hit men of venerable legend, has our government failed to produce one in court and convict him? Every other kind of criminal repeater is eventually caught. Yet not one example of this species. The more important question is: If there were a Mafia, would it cooperate with the Man?

If it did, it would no longer be the Mafia. It is not an accident that in an age when you can't tell the cops from the robbers for two weeks in a row, everyone goes for Don Corleone, with his ancient traditions of honor and loyalty and trust.

The Godfather, as Mario Puzo has declared to all who would listen, is not a book about Italian criminals but a book about justice and power, modeled not on Lucky Luciano but on the Kennedys, hearkening back to a spirit of individual will that Big Brother will never be able to erase. If that spirit is a myth, then possibly it is one we cannot do without.

"You can't run a coal mine without machine guns," the owner of one told Henry Luce. So for the real powers it's a lot cheaper to pay that \$75 billion tab for .38-caliber police specials and smart uniforms with shiny black-leather trim than it is to clean up the job of making steel and plastic, not to speak of making it meaningful, not to speak of creating other, better jobs. Maybe that is the way it is and always was and always shall be. If so, hang onto the myth of the Mafia. What else do you have? ■

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Torture

(continued from page 76)

you while the secretaries are typing away in the next room. The officer who was torturing me was taking barbiturates as fast as he could and getting crazier by the minute. I started to wonder if he just wasn't going to choke me out one time too many. He's here now, that officer, for burglarizing a furniture store a few months ago."

Even if Mexicans are doing all the dirty work, the program is a joint operation, conceived and in grand part paid for by the United States. Through the DEA's Janus program we provide information and assistance that leads to the arrests of narcotics suspects, at least some of whom, one can presume, are tortured into signing confessions.

Ironically the State Department is responsible both for carrying on the human-rights campaign and the international war against narcotics. That one of these projects may be in conflict with the other should have occurred to somebody. Mrs. Josiah Falco, who runs the narcotics program, and Mrs. Pat Derian, who oversees the human-rights campaign, are good buddies. If they've failed to make the connection, then the Office of Special Functional Problems, the State Department's legal adviser for possible concomitant and contradictory issues like these, should. Louis G. Fields, an assistant legal adviser in that office, told us he has heard of no instances of human-rights violations in the Mexican drug campaign. He emphasized, "Instructions to our own narcotics advisers operating in Mexico are to report any violations of that nature to the U.S. embassy, and appropriate representations would be made."

The head of the DEA in Latin America is Jacques Hiere, a veteran officer who was mainly responsible for breaking the French Connection a few years ago. Hiere told me, "In conjunction with President Carter's human-rights campaign, I have given instructions to all DEA personnel to report directly to me any unduly harsh interrogations they might observe. Since the start of the present administration, I can tell you I haven't received one report."

Legislators like Fortney Stark (R-California) have files full of prisoner affidavits, with some declaring that not only was the DEA present at their tortures but sometimes participated in them. "Most Americans in jail in Mexico are students of college age from fine families," our Mexican ambassador reminds us. According to published reports, by June 1976 the State Department had substantiated 250 complaints against its consular officials and the DEA in Mexico for apathy or complicity in the mistreatment of prisoners at the time of arrest. ☐

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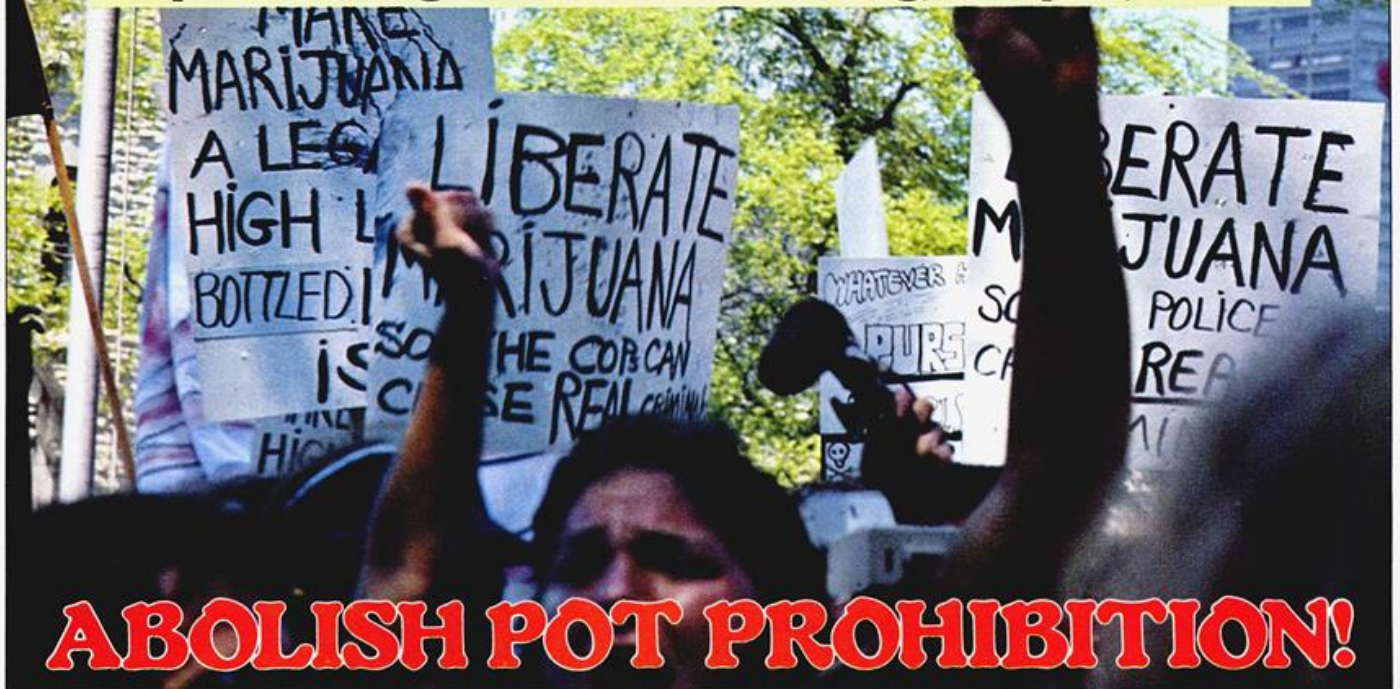
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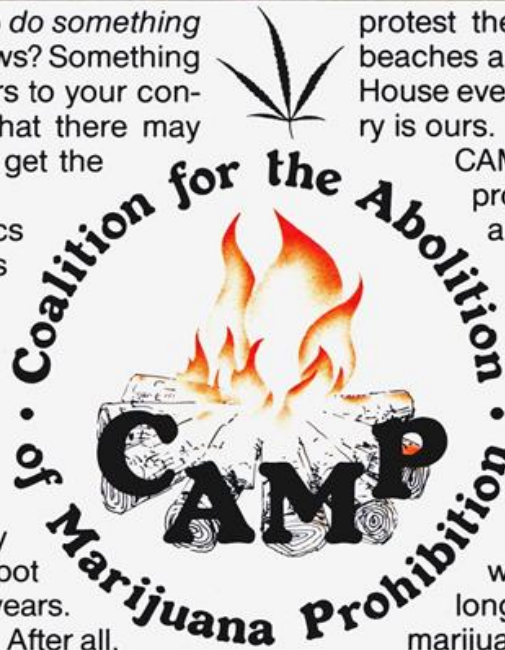
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Turquoise

(continued from page 81)

And even when the mines are yielding plenty of turquoise, much of it is inferior. Of the Kingman's 20,000 pounds a month yield, only 2,000 pounds was rated decent grade when the mine was going good. At times, the 2,000 fell to just 600 pounds. The good stones are hard stones, preferred for a number of reasons. Their deeper color is more zatlike. They can be shaped and polished with the highest degree of skill. And they hold their color over the years. The more porous stones will fade to green in time, affected by air and the wearer's body oils.

Anything nature can do, humans can undo. So of course the turquoise industry has come up with a few ways to stop the fading, in a process that is generally called "stabilizing." One aspect of C.W. Hardy's power in the industry is that he has a patent on his particular stabilizing process, and it has helped to keep him rich. But other methods are used, too, and they come down to the essential idea of sealing the stone against moisture, using silica or clear plastic.

There's great controversy about stabilizing: the purists hate the idea. Those in favor say that, through the ages, the stones have been treated in one way or another to enhance and protect them. Less defensible is the practice of stabilizing by dipping the stones in hot oil or vegetable fat, which only temporarily protects the color—and yet the Indians themselves did this for hundreds of years.

Good stones and bad stones—that's what the turquoise industry revolves around, that's what gives the turquoise scene its frantic feel. For the other love that's operating here, alongside the love of fine stones and fine jewelry, is a great love of money. In pursuit of this love, stabilized stones may be passed off as unstabilized; synthetic turquoise (of which there are at least two brands, one French, one American) may be passed off as real. It is estimated that 50 to 60 percent of all the turquoise jewelry sold in America is made in Taiwan or the Philippines, styled as "American Indian" and, more often than not, sold under that label. Turquoiselike rocks—variscite, chrysocala, malachite, faustite and others—are often labeled as the real thing. Consequently, all over America there are sad-eyed buyers who, if they aren't ashamed to testify to their gullibility, could tell you an outrageous tale of buying "guaranteed" and "authentic" jewelry worth two or three or five thousand dollars, only to discover later that the real value was as little as a fifth or tenth of what they'd paid.

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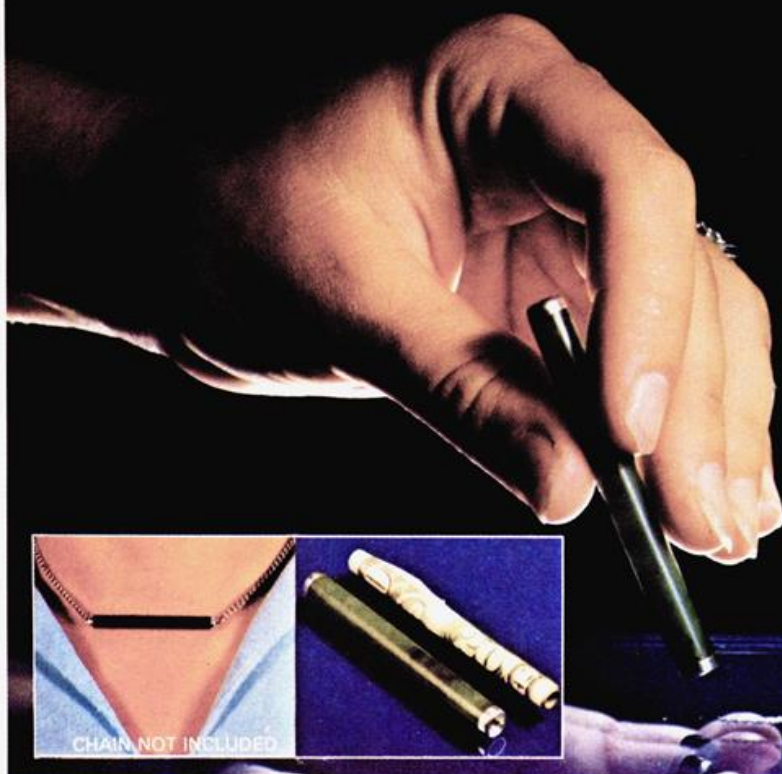
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lectors of turquoise Indian jewelry, had one such woman come to him to appraise the jewelry she'd bought. When he examined it, Hoel found that what had cost her \$5,800 was worth just \$350. Hoel's entire house is a vault, and its contents are watched over by security guards. He does not sell to traders but to individuals, and he's a down-the-line purist about treating stones. To him, polishing a stone is as far as the process should go. Not surprisingly, with that attitude, he deals in only the best, and he can unveil turquoise treasures worth thousands and thousands of dollars. Recently, he showed one visitor ten small plastic bags filled with turquoise stones: their market value, \$60,000.

With that kind of money to be made, it's not surprising that not all turquoise traders are as dedicated to authenticity as Don Hoel. Many, in fact, are bent on outright swindling, as opposed to sharp trading, of which, of course, there is plenty on the turquoise scene. The industry is well aware of the scams; better elements are deep into efforts to police the action. Easier said than done. At its worst, turquoise trading can be like the wildest, most crooked poker game, with every other player using fake chips, palming aces and dealing off the bottom of the deck. For example, at the height of the turquoise boom in 1973 and 1974, motel sales were held on the East and West coasts at which suitcases of stolen turquoise jewelry were grabbed up by unsuspecting buyers.

The center of the frenzied trading in turquoise is Gallup, New Mexico, which is not near the mines but is near the Indian reservation where much of the jewelry is made. Gallup is a town of neon signs, fast-food stands, motels and late-model pickups where just about everyone is into turquoise trading in one way or another, from copper miners who've made off with nuggets to fast-talking "new guys in town" who have heard about the action and come down to sit in the game. Plus old established traders and trading companies such as Woodward's, Tanner's and Gilbert Ortega's, who are generally on top of the game, having the best sources and a long history of dealing.

At one point, after the 1973 oil embargo, Gallup experienced a minor invasion of oil-rich Arabs, who brought their money in large suitcases and immediately began throwing it around like desert sand. What they had in mind, apparently, was to go as far as they could toward cornering the production of new jewelry on the reservation, just down Route 66 from "the turquoise capital of the world," as Gallup calls itself. With all of their money, they decided to buy in quantity from the Indians and make their profit in volume by selling to the next person at a low 10-percent markup. They commissioned Zuni craftsmen to make jewelry for them and kept a 24-hour vigil over the Indians.

(continued on next page)

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Their influence over the Zunis was so strong at one point, because of all the money they were throwing around, that they pressured the tribe into passing a new law, permitting only 80 traders access to the reservation and requiring each one to pay \$1,000 for the privilege.

The Arabs' operation was typical of the way that jewelry traders and stores arrange for new jewelry to be made. Except for recognized artists such as, for example, Charles Loloma and Preston Monongye, the great majority of Indian craftspersons are paid by the hour, not by the piece, for their work. A trader or jewelry store owner or wholesaler will supply turquoise and silver to the Indians and hand over cash for the finished piece on delivery. With enough money, those commissioning the Indians to make jewelry can generate an enormous volume. One wholesaler, for example, estimated that he was turning over \$5,000 worth of jewelry every day.

What kind of jewelry specifically gets made depends of course on the skills and training of the Indian artisan, along with the preference of the commissioner. Indians of the various tribes specialize in certain traditional approaches. Navaho jewelry features a heavy use of silver, since the Navahos learned the art of casting and working silver from the Spanish. The Navahos make concha belts and so-called squash-blossom necklaces (actually based in design on the blossom of the pomegranate), as well as bracelets, earrings, rings, bola ties and ketohs (archer's wrist guards), in which turquoise is used in massive silver settings.

The Zunis are greatly skilled as lapidaries and do much of the cutting and finishing of turquoise. They make fetishes for necklaces, tiny figures carved of shell or turquoise, usually in the shape of animals such as birds, bears, frogs and wolves. The Zunis use much smaller stones than the Navaho to make turquoise "needlework" jewelry, so called because each stone, and there may be as many as 500 in one necklace, is sharpened at each end like a needle. The Zunis also specialize in inlaid jewelry, in which various kinds of stone, turquoise, jet, shell and coral are cut and fitted together in a smooth mosaic effect, held together by an outside silver frame. And they do channel work, in which each piece of stone is framed by a silver outline or channel.

The Hopis' main design preference is for overlay, in which silver is cut into designs, either in wire or in solid pieces, and then set down as a raised relief against a background of silver. And the Santa Domingos make heshi beads, of shell or turquoise, which are strung as necklaces.

In all of this jewelry, besides the skill of the workmanship, the authenticity determines the value. Generally speaking, when the jewelry is made by an Indian, by hand, its value will be much higher than



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that of a machine-made piece. An authentic heshi necklace, for instance, may cost \$1,000, as compared to \$100 for a machine-made one. Deciding what's authentic is of course another peril the buyer faces. Many Indian artisans have taken to putting their own special silver mark on jewelry they make. In response, naturally there has been a rash of forgery of silver marks on machine-made jewelry.

Today, a good deal less jewelry is being commissioned than was the case a year ago, when the boom was still close to its height. The Arabs have begun to retreat now (the Zuni shish-kebab stand on the reservation, which their presence induced, still remains); the frenzy has faded somewhat. But there is still plenty of action. Plenty of people are still sitting on plenty of turquoise, waiting for the right price. In the Zuni nation, Cadillacs are still parked along the roads, and mass-market jewelry buyers still prowling the countryside, arranging next year's production. "Old pawn" jewelry, stuff that Indians left with traders 50 or so years ago in exchange for a few dollars of spending money, is still in premium demand. (And, of course, it also is being faked, made to look old, provided with a counterfeit pawn ticket.) Indian artisans continue to turn out traditional and modern turquoise jewelry, which, at the highest levels of their art, is as breathtaking to behold as anything that Fabergé dreamed up for the Russian czars.

This jewelry, good and not so good, will sell. In 1973, one billion dollars was spent for gems of all kinds in the United States. The figure keeps rising each year, and turquoise is included. In 1975, America's leading auction house, Parke Bernet, sold part of the fantastic collection of C.G. Wallace, who encouraged the Zunis to do inlay and channel work as early as 1900. Hundreds of beautiful top-quality pieces were snapped up, and the sale netted half a million dollars. It was the first time that turquoise jewelry had achieved the cachet of this prestige recognition. But the rest of Wallace's collection of Indian art and jewelry was already in the Heard Museum in Phoenix, its status as both art and treasure well assured.

Indian turquoise jewelry is, in short, here to stay. The feverish trading will go on. The sacred and profane will continue to meet at deserted New Mexico crossroads as buyers and sellers park their pickups nose to nose and haggle over blue stones. And those stones, the blue of Persian heaven, the blue of Indian magic, will continue to speak with soul and zat to the turquoise nation, to free spirits in communes and lovers of the high, to souvenir-collecting tourists, big-city fashion bugs and avaricious collectors, to whoever hungers, in whatever special way, for the glories of turquoise leaping bluely out of silver, gold and ironwood.

As for the Indians, long live zat, for zat has made them free. Well, almost free. ■

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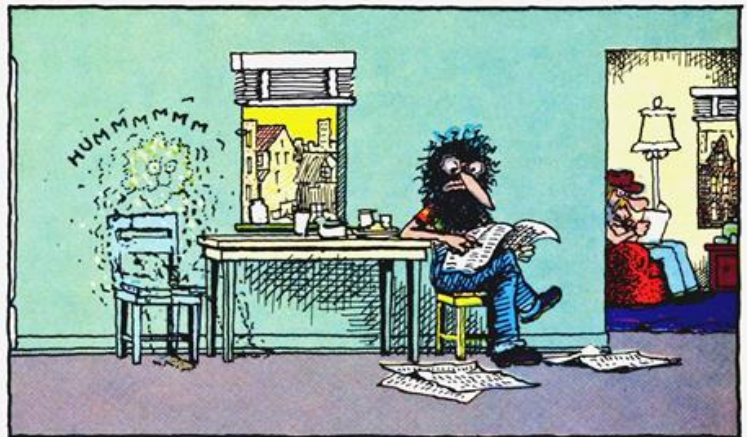
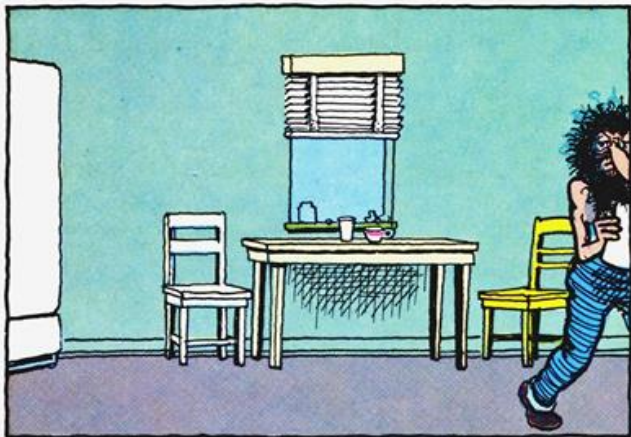
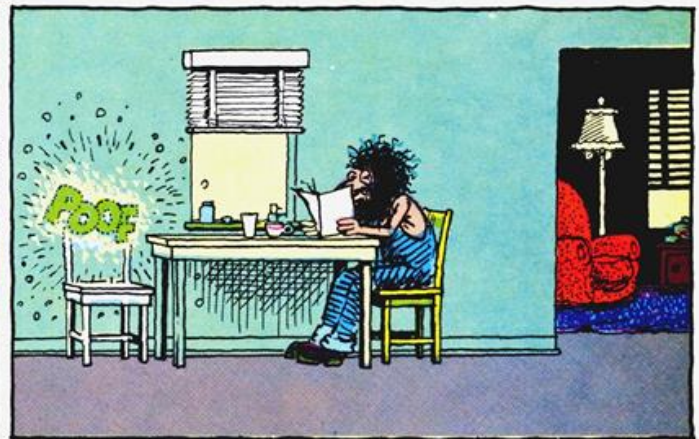
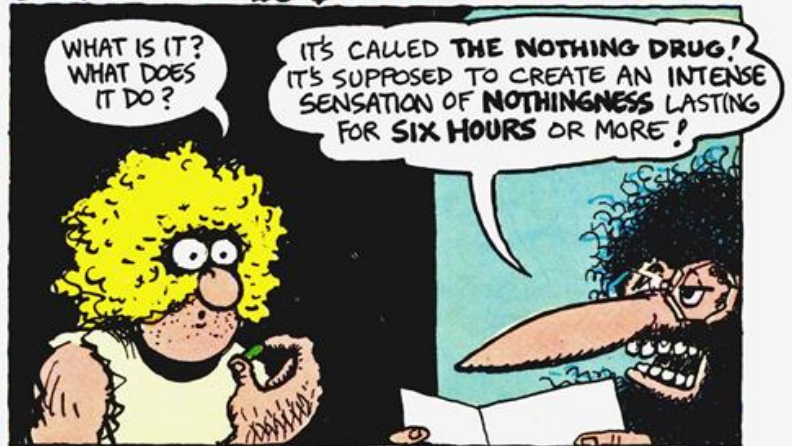
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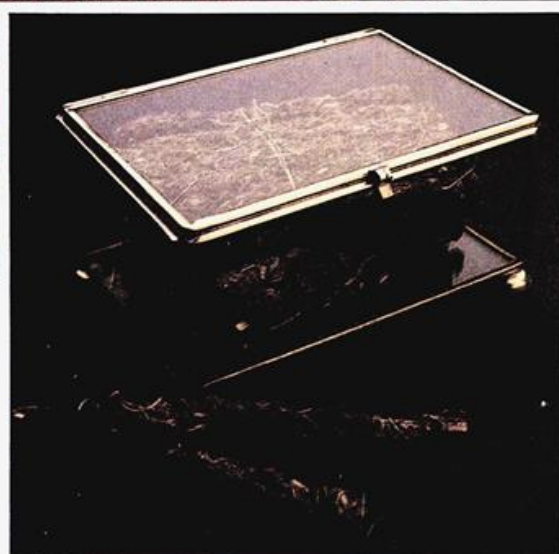
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THE PLANET

Disney Co. Creates Tax-Exempt "Magic Kingdom"

A California lawyer has discovered that Walt Disney World in Florida has managed to create its very own government, exempt from most Florida laws, including tax statutes.

Harold Berliner investigated Florida's Disney World because the Disney people want to build a large resort in northern California. He discovered what he calls "a feudal domain."

The law favoring Disney was passed by state legislators who hadn't even seen the bill they were voting on. It abrogates, or repeals, nearly all state laws, including zoning laws, land-use laws and building regulations. Disney World, also called the Reedy Creek Improvement District, is also exempt from state tax laws. Yet Disney finances its projects by selling tax-exempt bonds—in effect, borrowing millions at 5-percent interest.

The Reedy Creek District supervisors who work for Disney are specifically exempt from any charges of conflict of interest. In fact, it's against the law for them or anybody else to even talk about violating the laws of Disney World.

In the words of attorney Berliner: "It's difficult to imagine a law more antagonistic to the American democratic form of government."



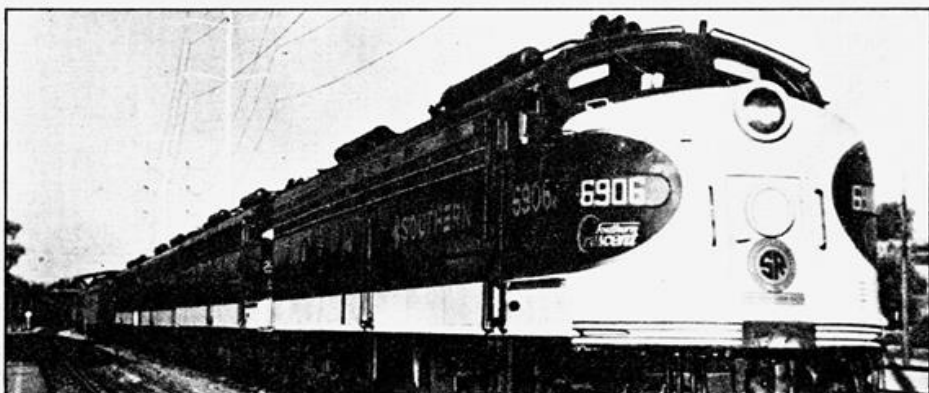
Riding the Rails of Worn-out Elegance

by Mason Wren, Pacific News Service

By a four-to-three vote, the Interstate Commerce Commission ruled that the Southern Railway System may not discontinue its venerable Southern Crescent, famed for its wood-paneled master bedrooms, rolling showers and rich southern cooking served in silver dishes on linen-covered tables.

Despite Southern's claim that it lost \$6.6 million last year operating the Crescent, the ICC ordered that the train be continued for at least one more year. The Crescent is the last long-haul privately run passenger train in the U.S.; the others are operated by Amtrak. According to the ICC, Southern operates the train with 9 or 10 passenger cars and has a fleet of 81 cars supporting the operation. Those 81 antique cars Southern reserves for the Crescent are 30 to 40 years old, and the diner is over 40 years old—all candidates for the Smithsonian.

The ICC decision cites the Crescent as "the premier train between Washington and New Orleans." It is the *only* passenger train between those important points of the vigorous heartland



If you're into nostalgia, or mere seediness, you've got one more year to ride the Southern Crescent.

of the South.

No agency, however, is going to be able to dictate the existence forever of a passenger train unless it also can dictate the acquisition of new equipment. Southern Railway has made it clear it has no intention of ordering new cars for the

Crescent. Even if Southern and the ICC jointly decided to purchase new cars, they would be hard pressed to get them. There is no car-manufacturing plant in this country today turning out, or equipped to turn out, the kind of cars needed for the rail-passenger business in intercity service.



American women are boldly daring to enter the arena of state and national politics, ousting corrupt males, opening fresh new concepts—and inadvertently exposing themselves to the risk of assassination.

Group Set to Aid Women Politicians

A network of programs designed to help women enter politics and run for public office has just been formed by five women's colleges assisted by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation.

The public-leadership education network, founded by Wells College president Frances Farenthold, reports it will encourage the development of a group of women leaders interested in elective and appointive offices, lobbying campaigns and political-party work.

The organization will provide internships for students with female officeholders, fund visiting professorships for female politicians and present

special political courses and seminars for women at Carlow College in Pittsburgh, Goucher College near Baltimore, Spelman College in Atlanta, Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, and Wells College in Aurora, New York.

The Center for American Women and Politics reports that a recent poll shows that the proportion of female officeholders in the country has grown to only 10 percent, despite an obvious political awakening among women. Farenthold says the public-leadership education network will be the first comprehensive attempt to raise this percentage by using women's colleges as a base.



How to escape the rising tide of taxes and household expenses: Hobo King "Steamtrain" Maury Graham and Queen "Long Looker" Mic Denfield advise living on the rails and keeping one jump ahead of the feds.

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Cost of "Moderate" Lifestyle Nears 20G

A study by the University of Arizona's division of economic and business research has concluded that it takes an average family of four in the U.S. \$17,840 a year to maintain just a "moderate" standard of living.

According to the study, food and housing take the biggest bites out of the monthly paycheck, the two totaling up to 47 percent of the yearly income.

Next, in order, were taxes, 19 percent; transportation, 8 percent; clothing, 7 percent; medical care, 6 percent; and miscellaneous, 13 percent.

The study also listed the 25 urban areas with the highest comparative living costs. Topping that list (in order) were Hawaii, Boston, the New York/New Jersey area, the San Francisco/Oakland area, and Buffalo, New York.

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Autistic Savants Suggest New Brain Theories

Arnold, an assembly-line worker with an IQ of 80, spends most of his spare time reading super-technical electronics texts and building the devices described in them. Not long ago he put together a tape recorder, a multicolor neon light-show apparatus and a transistor radio. Music played on the tape recorder was picked up and translated into light-change patterns by the neon gimmick; the light show was subsequently broadcast into the radio, which reduplicated the original music from the tape recorder.

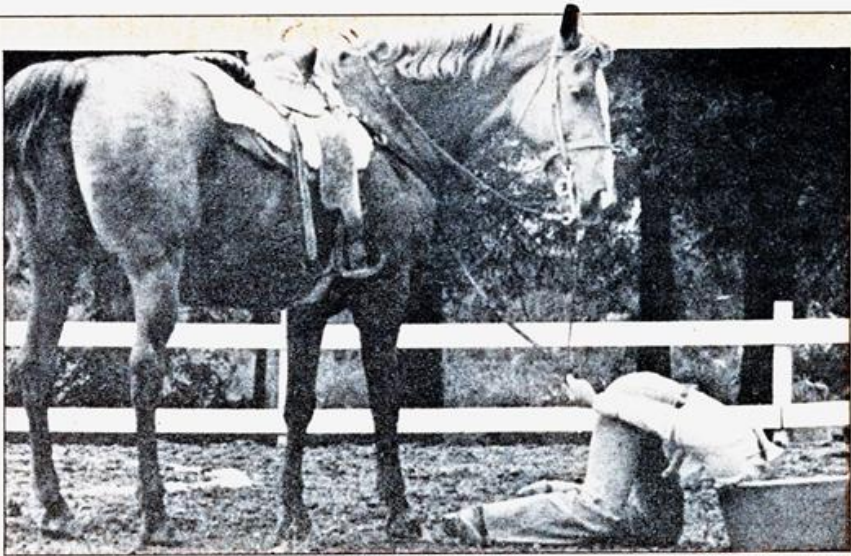
George, 12, attends a special school for children with grave learning disabilities, usually traveling back and forth by bus. "He seems to be very psychic," says his father. "We would decide to pick up George [at school] suddenly, if we were in the area. He would tell the teacher we were coming and would come to open the door when we arrived. So he has many special abilities, but cannot write his name or read a sentence." Elsewhere, a 12-year-old girl has since the age of four been able to tell members of her family about little things that happened to them when she was nowhere around.

Formerly people like this were termed "idiot savants," until it was determined that their apparent lack of intelligence is actually due to subtle brain dysfunctions characteristic of autism. Autistic children typically exist in a virtual inner world, able to communicate to other people only in the most rudimentary fashion. According to Dr. Bernard Rimland at the Institute for Child Behavior Research at San Diego, autism appears to be caused by a malformation in the brain that prohibits these people from focusing and concentrating their attention like "normal" people; though in the case of autistic savants, a mechanism appears to exist in their brains that concentrates their entire attention onto one particular thing—like electronics or kin-bond ESP, as above—to the virtual exclusion of all other intellectual abilities.

Autistic savants have always awed and confounded "normal" people. Some theorists have suggested that such persons in ancient societies were formally installed in tribal posts as "sooth-sayers," "augurers" and astrologists.

Dr. Rimland found that the largest category of savant specialties was music, with children commonly singing entire songs with perfect pitch at the age of 18 months and composing tunes on the piano at four.

Other savants, as children, exhibit extraordinary painting abilities, and many have perfect visual recall. The most conspicuous category of savant is the mathematical specialist: children with this trait can typically compute square roots,



This lady has unwisely taken her eye off her \$3,700 thoroughbred gelding "Prince," evidently unaware that horsenapping gangsters could get up to \$5,000 for him on the Belgium-Luxembourg underground meat market.

Horsemeat Eaters May Doom Rodeos

The American rodeo is in danger of extinction, claims a spokesperson for the International Rodeo Association, because many people prefer to eat horses rather than watch them perform.

Louis Elliott says rodeo promoters are encountering increasing difficulties in purchasing horses for their shows because breeders can often get

better prices from horsemeat factories in Europe.

Elliott claims that this problem, along with efforts by cattle ranchers to eradicate wild horses on their grazing lands, could lead to the extinction of the "outlaw" horses commonly used in rodeos. European food processors pay about 48 cents a pound for a horse on the hoof.

primes, factor multiplication and long division mentally and determine instantly any given weekday of any date in history. Sir Isaac Newton, Beethoven, Picasso, Einstein and Howard Hughes are said to have exhibited some autistic-savant characteristics, as does chess champ Bobby Fischer. Evidently, however, savant powers are most conspicuous in childhood; as the individual is gradually trained to function "normally" in society, the talents appear to diminish markedly. Interestingly, according to Dr. Rimland, such children are most often born to exceptionally brilliant parents.

Investigating the possible causes of the condition, Dr. Rimland has found that autistic people have a chronic deficiency of the hormone serotonin in their blood platelets. In the brain, the serotonin facilitates the transfer of information through brain cells. (Both marijuana and LSD, incidentally, work in the brain by raising the serotonin levels in CSN cells.) Dr. Rimland speculates that autistic savants may have a critical nerve-pattern deformation of the basic brain stem—usually rich in serotonin—which "filters" all their attention into certain right-hemisphere brain areas that govern functions like mathematical cogitation, memory, ESP and musical aptitude.

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Teachers Hate School, Kids Don't

A recent survey shows that teachers hate to hear the school bell ring a lot more than the kids do.

The Foundation for Child Development talked to 2,200 children and found that fewer than one in ten hated schoolwork. Ninety percent said they liked their teachers, their classmates and school in general.

But a poll of teachers by the National Education Association found out something else entirely. A dismal 38 percent said they would choose to be teachers if they had it to do all over again. Experienced teachers are dropping out in record numbers, and only 60 percent plan to stay in the field until retirement.

5,000-Year-Old City Erased by Bulldozers



Harry Redi / Black Star

Fragments of Oriental-style pottery, similar to these vases, have been found amid Ecuadorian rubble dating from 3000 B.C.



Deep in the Cordillera Mountains, Cotacollao yielded some tantalizing archaeological finds before being doomed by a construction project.

COTACOLLAO, ECUADOR—The secret origin of Inca culture may remain a secret forever, now that construction bulldozers have been permitted to destroy a critical 5,000-year-old archaeological site. The site was discovered in 1976 when some construction work first began in this Quito suburb: local children found strange and beautiful pottery fragments being turned up by diggers. A local schoolteacher showed the fragments to the Central Bank Archaeological Museum, which ordained a two-year delay in future construction and called in noted Seattle archaeologist Emil Peterson to conduct a scientific excavation. "This means compressing at least ten years' work into two," complained Peterson, 28, but he agreed to oversee the work anyway.

After digging through two feet of topsoil rich in Indian artifacts, Peterson's workers struck a thick layer of volcanic ash and pumice—left after an eruption of nearby Mount Pichincha in 500 B.C. The next layer showed that the catastrophe had wiped out an earlier society that dated from at least 3000 B.C. Artifacts from this original Cotacollao—tens of thousands of pottery shards, tools, ornaments and ritual objects—clearly exhibited the existence of "a highland kingdom, a stable

agricultural village with a scattered surrounding rural population in little hamlets." With a population of about 1,000, Cotacollao produced few weapons during its final thousand years of existence, indicating a peaceful, prosperous society.

It was also a highly cosmopolitan society: "Cotacollao has material from the Amazon, from the Pacific Coast, from the north in Colombia and from the south in Peru," says Peterson. It may well have had contacts from even further abroad: two human figurines were discovered wearing turbans and seated in an Asian half-lotus position. "They are such a headache that I wish I'd never found them," declares Peterson, who has become embroiled in the "diffusionist" controversy of whether Japanese sailors were in contact with pre-Columbian civilizations—as early, some say, as 3000 B.C.

Another intriguing find was a mass graveyard of over 100 persons interred immediately before the eruption of Pichincha, obviously as futile propitiatory sacrifices. All the skeletons were found bound hand and foot; some had been beheaded, with their faces wedged in between their buttocks. One skull was found with a neat surgical trepanning hole in the cranium: "The

bone had healed over the edges, so clearly the patient had lived many years after the operation," notes Peterson. "That's pretty sophisticated surgery for three and one-half thousand years ago."

Unhappily, the mass sacrifice of one out of every ten citizens in Cotacollao clearly did little to appease the volcano. And nothing at all, it seems, can now keep the Quito construction industry from obliterating all traces of that culture's existence forever.

Resurrected Guerrilla Unites Anti-Govt. Forces

MARQUETALIA, COLOMBIA—The legendary leftist guerrilla leader Manuel "Tiro Fijo" Marulanda has seemingly come back from the dead to unite the Colombian antigovernment movement. At least it was the name Tiro Fijo ("Straight Shot") that signed a clandestine manifesto emanating from this guerrilla-controlled region last fall, announcing that Colombia's two foremost armed resistance movements had formally united, at last, against the Bogota government.

The so-called Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), the document declared, has resolved all fundamental disagreements with the National Liberation Army (ELN). The long-awaited union has finally been effected, purportedly through Tiro Fijo's mediation, because although "this policy is understood by some in one way, and by others in a different way, all our armed movements agree on the urgent necessity for unity."

"Straight Shot" Marulanda, founder of FARC, became a national hero in 1965 by creating the temporarily autonomous "Republic of Marquetalia" in the southern regions of Marquetalia, Riochiquito and Pato y Guayavero in Huila Department. Subsequently the Colombian Air Force bombed the area repeatedly; Marulanda was believed to be killed in action against the military, though his death was never confirmed.

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Starving Kids Whiff Fumes, Termed "Addicts" by Cops

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—An estimated 800,000 children here between the ages of 9 and 15 regularly use industrial solvents both to get high and to reduce feelings of hunger. This staggering statistic, released by the Mexican Center for Drug Addiction, can be partially explained by the fact that in recent years this city's population has swollen to nearly 18 million, many of whom are starving peasant refugees from the vicious land wars that convulse most of rural Mexico.

The children are termed "addicts" by Mexico police, though none of these inhalant solvents—toluene, paint thinner, rubber cement, household cleaners and leather adhesives—is technically "addictive." These children, mainly homeless, wander the slum streets in packs, begging and robbing for small sums of cash. Inflation has rendered food so expensive that a 35-cent quart of industrial solvent is more affordable than a loaf of bread or a can of peaches. Inhaling these chemicals will provide, besides the high, an alleviation of hunger symptoms that lasts for hours. "Many times it's cheaper to inhale than it is to eat," admits a Mexican narc. Within three months of regular use, these solvents begin causing permanent brain, kidney and bone-marrow damage.

Juvenile authority Dr. Campo Zenu charges that no real provisions are made for these children by the government, not even secure basic detention facilities. "They let themselves be picked up when they feel like bathing or eating regularly," says Dr. Campo, "and then they escape." The Portillo government, some charge, is content with a situation that provides for the self-elimination of potential troublemakers.

Brazil to Install National ID Computer

Researchers at the Institute for Policy Studies report that the Carter administration is preparing to approve the sale to Brazil of a sophisticated computer that would form the heart of a national identification system in that country.

Researchers Cynthia Arnsen and Michael Klare say high State Department officials have already approved the sale of the Pintrak 250. The sophisticated computer identification system automatically computes fingerprint data into computer language and is capable of storing information on millions of individuals.

Amnesty International has accused Brazilian police agencies of widespread terror against political dissidents and of suppressing human rights. The two researchers charge that the Pintrak 250 will only help contribute to the "further erosion of human rights" in Brazil.



Now at last you can frolic in the Cuban Caribbean for four nights running; but the Reds will keep tabs on what you're running.

Havana-Miami Air Service Resumes

For the first time since the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis, U.S. passenger flights began regularly passing in and out of Cuba last fall. Shawnee Air Lines was the first service to land a plane there, its 16

passengers including several sons and daughters of Cuban exiles in Florida. The trip was arranged by Amigo Tours in Miami, which offers a four-day tour of Cuba by air and land transportation.

Black Death Menaces Mexico!

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—Twenty miles north of town here, a real-estate company's enormous billboard urges, "Take off your gas mask, you have just entered a fresh air zone." Mexico City ranks with Tokyo and Djakarta, Indonesia, as one of the world's most air-polluted cities; it sits in a dry lake bed in a bowl formed by surrounding mountain peaks, and massive air inversions occur nightly. Currently, due to the inferior grade of gasoline burned in Mexico City's generally ill-kept cars, the city is continuously pervaded with a smog

cloud estimated to weigh 650 tons. By 2000 A.D., if conditions persist, the cloud will weigh 5,000 pounds.

"The danger is that one of these days the nightly inversion may not lift," speculates Dr. Humberto Bravo Alvarez, head of pollution study at the University of Mexico. Were that to happen, Mexico City could sustain an atmospheric holocaust similar to the one that hit London in 1952, when a prolonged smog inversion killed over 4,000 people.

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New Nation Established on Sea Platform



Express Newspapers Ltd.

Their feet firmly planted on the decks of their nation, Prince Roy of Sealand peers through binoculars as Princess Joan beams and security forces brandish arms.

SEALAND, ENGLISH CHANNEL—A small platform of rusty steel, built off the coast of England as part of that country's World War II defenses, has been declared a sovereign and independent nation by the man who has lived on it for the past ten years. Former pirate radio station owner Roy Bates, his wife and their son are the principal citizens of "Sealand," a quarter-square-mile area of metal plate sitting atop two massive concrete pillars eight miles off the city of Harwich.

While Great Britain has refused to recognize Bates's nation in any way, Sealand has figured in several international incidents. Bates is holding prisoner a German mercenary soldier on charges of high treason, after frustrating a temporary takeover of Sealand by Dutch and German arms dealers. Bates also ward off an American CIA bribe squad at one point.

Bates moved onto Sealand in the early 1960s, when he used it as a transmitter site for Radio

Essex, his highly profitable pirate radio station. When international legislation killed all the pirate stations in 1967, the Bates family declared unilateral independence from Great Britain and stayed on, intending to turn the site into a free-trade zone with legalized casino gambling. The British Ministry of Defense objected strongly to this and summoned Bates for a conference in London. While Bates was absent on this mission a squad of British troops attempted to board Sealand from a minesweeper and were repelled by Bates's fashion-model wife Joan and teenaged son Michael wielding shotguns.

In the subsequent firearms trial at the Essex Assizes in Harwich, the magistrate declared himself incompetent on the grounds that Sealand is outside Britain's three-mile territorial limit. Ever since then, Sealand's sovereignty has gone effectively unchallenged by the British government, which refuses to have anything to do with Bates whatsoever, on the principle that to do so might legitimize his claim to the platform.

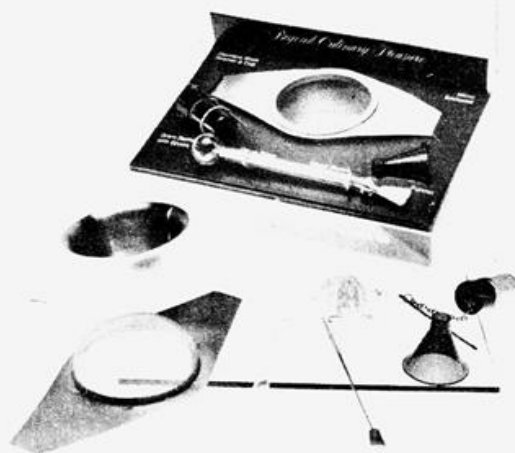
For a few years afterward, Sealand enjoyed its independence undisturbed. "It was like a watery bus in the sea, stripped of all its fittings," recalls Bates. "We put in our own furniture, installed generators and built a helicopter pad." A tricolor Sealand flag was devised—"red for Roy," explains Bates, "white for purity and black for our pirate radio days"—and 50-cent Sealand stamps were issued, along with one-dollar Sealand currency notes and coins. Sealand passports were issued to various friends and business associates of the Bateses, including a German diamond dealer, who eventually became Sealand's foreign minister.

Last year, the foreign minister set up a conference between Bates and several international arms merchants in Austria. While Bates and his wife were conferring in Vienna, a squad of Dutch and West German mercenaries invaded the platform and took possession—on behalf of the foreign minister himself. In a daring predawn raid six days later, Bates and four other armed men retook Sealand and ousted the mercs, keeping one named Gertold Putz prisoner on a capital treason offense with a \$35,000 fine.

This precipitated a crisis between the Bonn government and the British Foreign Office, with threatening bulletins exchanged between the two countries for weeks. When London steadfastly refused to be associated with Bates in any way whatsoever, the humiliated Bonn Foreign Ministry was forced to fly Dr. Christopher Niemoller, their legal chief, to Sealand for negotiations. There, Bates steadfastly refuses to release Putz until the full fine has been paid.

Currently Sealand is guarded with armed sentries, the waters around it are thoroughly mined, and the entire structure is securely circled with booby traps activated by electric trip wires. As a result, attempts by other countries to exploit Sealand's strategic position have become considerably more subtle. "An American church from the Bible Belt came to us and asked if they could install a radio transmitter on Sealand to beam religious broadcasts to Russia," reveals Bates. "I was quite interested—they were offering a lot of money—until somebody told me the church was a front for the CIA. I don't want the Russians down on my back too, so I refused."

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Thousands Cheer Garlic Queen

ARLEUX, FRANCE—In December 1977, 18-year-old Nadine Lerous was chosen Garlic Queen at the yearly Garlic Festival here. Every December, right after harvesting some two million pounds of garlic—over two-thirds of the world's supply—the 3,000 growers around Arleux hold a monster garlic jamboree, with garlic cheese, garlic sausages, garlic sauces and soup for all.

Mlle. Lerous, who was presented with 217 pounds of garlic at her coronation, posed for photographers wearing garlic garlands with her traditional peasant frock. The pretty Garlic Queen admitted that she has no boyfriend.

German doctors researching medical uses of garlic have discovered that it is definitely helpful in preventing heart attacks, since it reduces the accumulation of cholesterol in cardiac arteries. It also has a marked antibacterial effect, especially against tuberculosis and diphtheria bacilli. Dr. Hans Reuter of Cologne seriously recommends the regular daily use of garlic, particularly by middle-aged men, who have the highest statistical incidence of heart attacks. The doctor suggests that their wives should also take garlic, out of self-defense: "If everyone would eat garlic regularly," points out Dr. Reuter, "the smell would bother no one."



A contender in last year's Garlic Festival beauty pageant, caught in a Arleux, France, bistro.

Pete Lippincott

Disco Invades Russia

Beginning with Elvis Presley in the '50s, Western music fads have been avidly adopted by hip Russian youth, and denounced just as enthusiastically by Moscow. Not only has the disco craze swept over the trend-setting Ukraine like wildfire this year, it is being actively promoted by Komsomolskaya Pravda—the Young Communist League's party paper—as a "mass form of leisure time for young people."

Komsomolskaya's coverage of the new disco boom has been bearish. "Discos are growing like mushrooms," the party hacks note approvingly, "due to the powerful law of youth demand." In its first four months after opening, one big Leningrad discotheque pulled in over 70,000 customers; the YCL's reaction, astonishingly, was to complain about the inferior quality and limited selection of the music there.

The newspaper has strongly urged that disco proprietors should get organized and develop standards of technical proficiency equal to Western standards. One disco that "categorically bans anyone wearing jeans" was fingered by name as a deplorably reactionary establishment, and the operators of several others were criticized for their lack of "real deep musical knowledge." Komsomolskaya proposes a national disco-jockey training school, since "to a great extent, the whole style of a disco and its popularity depend on its owner's competence."

Disco owners have responded that, while a great many well-trained technicians are available for setting up light shows and sound systems, the basic equipment—lights, turntables, speakers and especially real Motown records themselves—just isn't sufficiently available on the open market, and they could be busted for black-market gear.

European Farmers Going Organic

Policy makers and scientists in Europe are turning toward organic farming methods in response to mounting problems with conventional farming. These problems include soaring costs for chemical fertilizers, pollution from the fertilizers, pesticides and herbicides, and insects' growing resistance to toxic sprays. A contingent of American farmers and agricultural experts recently went on a tour of

Europe's organic farms and were amazed to see lush, virtually pest-free crops. One university extension agent said, "I have never seen healthier plants. The plants in these organic farms are luxuriant." The healthy crops and the high consumer demand for them convinced many of the experts that research into organic methods here in the U.S. might be a good idea.



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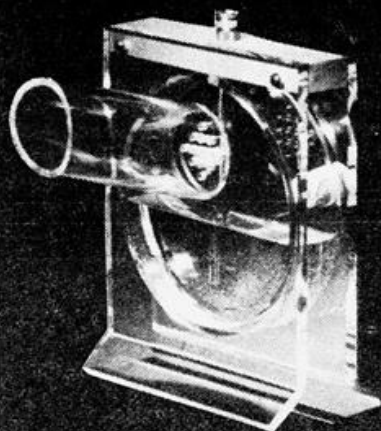
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This Laotian wood carving, entitled "No to Americans," recently went on view at the State Oriental Arts Museum in Moscow. U.S. imperialism is presented as a demon pierced by "the arrow of the courageous Laotian people." The mahogany carving was one of 300 examples of modern Laotian folk art picked for exhibition in Russia.

Imitation Coke Bombs in India

BOMBAY, INDIA—Coca-Cola, Inc., pulled out of India in 1977, when the new Janata Coalition government demanded to know the soft drink's legendary "secret formula" before renewing its franchise. So the Coalition itself promptly brewed up a carbonated kola-nut beverage of its own,

labeled "77" to commemorate its year of ascendancy over the Indira Gandhi "emergency" regime. But "77" proved shortly to be a multimillion-rupee flop. The latest contender for Coke's market, "Campa-Cola," copies Coke's distinctive bottle shape and label lettering.

China Eyes Anti-Smoking Campaign

The People's Republic of China is considering starting a mass antismoking campaign aimed at Chinese youth. China, in recent decades, has had one of the highest rates of tobacco use in the world.

Now, a major article in the Guangming Daily has formally announced to the Chinese people for the first time that there is a link between smoking and cancer. The article was written and signed by

two of China's most respected medical figures, one the chairman of the Academy of Medical Sciences and the other the chairman of the Research Institute of Traditional Medicine.

In the article, the two doctors say that smoking is not good for the lungs, brain or respiration, and that if young people start to smoke today, they will probably be very sick within 20 to 30 years.

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Japan Cracks Down on National Pastime: Work

TOKYO, JAPAN—Overzealous Japanese workers may be endangering the stability of the national economy, the Labor Ministry here fears. By far the world's best-motivated workers, Japanese employees put in an average of 40.2 hours per week (Americans average 37.3 hours) and typically take off only 3.9 days per year for vacation and sick leave. This appears to account for the Japanese yen's recent upward spiral on international money markets, pushing it far out of proportion to other national currencies. "Japan could be blamed by its main trading partners," worries the Finance Ministry, "for earning huge surpluses at the expense of its workers."

The Tokyo government is therefore demanding that big companies forcibly impose paid vacations on their employees, even though this means closing down the factories themselves, with outraged workers trying to break in to get back to their jobs. The Labor Ministry is also calling for a "crackdown" on overtime work: though no Japanese company pays extra for overtime, employees tend to regularly work late out of simple corporate loyalty. Only one in five Japanese workers takes advantage of the five-day work week, recently legislated through the Japanese Diet.

Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda himself, as minister of finance in 1975, indignantly rejected a five-day work week proposal; he would "never take a course that would make people lazy."



This guy uses his compulsory two-day work break to develop weirdo watermelons for forced-leisure dining.

Sri Lanka Cracks Down on National Pastime: Loafing

COLOMBO, SRI LANKA—The government of this island nation off the coast of India formerly known as Ceylon is becoming increasingly impatient with the population's national preoccupation, *ohay nikang innawa*, or "waiting around"—in plain English, loafing. "A Sri Lankan works only every other day," complained Prime Minister Rana-singhe Premadasa recently, noting that between the abundance of Buddhist holidays and liberal trade-union work regulations, Sri Lankans work an average of only 178 days per year. Accordingly, government ministers have begun consulting with efficiency experts working at foreign embassies in Colombo, with the goal of tightening up work habits in Sri Lanka.

One major problem is the Buddhist convention of observing weekly *Poya* rest days, which fall according to the phase of the moon rather than on Sunday. Special Buddhist feast days such as *Vesak* occur almost monthly and generally require that the succeeding day also be set aside for the revelers to recuperate. Once very year the month-long *Perahera* festival occurs, when nearly everyone on the island congregates at the Delada

Maligawa Temple near Kandy, where a tooth of the Buddha Gautama is preserved.

Sri Lanka is one of the few Third World nations to enjoy a five-day work week, legislated shortly after the 1948 British pullout when the Buddhists and trade unions together ordained the country's especially liberal work regulations. Vacations and sick leave are reportedly easily obtained, with few questions asked. Most Sri Lankans enjoy their holidays at home, though some still flock to the old British colonial resort at Nuwara Eliya, where rugby and tennis are featured.

The occasion and reason for the prospective crackdown on *ohay nikang innawa* seems to involve the Bandaranike government's intention of establishing Colombo as an international free-trade zone. Before this highly lucrative step can be taken, Sri Lankan bank holidays will have to coincide with those elsewhere. Also, Sri Lanka has for many years been the chair country of the United Nations' nonaligned bloc of Third World countries, and unless the island achieves a more responsible economic footing, Cuba may usurp its position.

Reveal Chinese Plot to Dose Soviets with LSD

LONDON, ENGLAND—The detective who headed the famed "Operation Julie" acid bust in Wales claims to have uncovered a possible Red Chinese plot to waste the entire Soviet Union with LSD. According to London Deputy Inspector Richard

Lee, a British pharmaceuticals firm secretly sold 400,000 500-microgram doses of pure acid to the Peking government in the early '70s—enough to immobilize every Soviet citizen from Siberia to the Urals for up to 16 hours.

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Merces Rule African Nation



New African

Col. Robert Mustafa Denard, at left in camouflage fatigues, inspects Comoran troops with token president Muhammad Ahmed.

MORONI, THE COMOROS—French and Belgian mercenary soldiers have taken over the vast majority of important government posts here, following the coup that toppled the government of Marxist-Maoist president Ali Solih last summer. Current president Ahmed Abdallah, a fundamentalist Muslim, employed an amphibious force of 50 white French and Belgian mercenary soldiers to gain power by a midnight commando assault on the palace of Solih.

Since then, Ahmed Abdallah has been closely

guided and advised by his minister of defense, Said Mustafa M'Ahdjou—the new name adopted by Colonel Bob Denard, the 40-year-old Basque mercenary who led the midnight raid. Denard/Mustafa's entire commando crew, veterans of mercenary campaigns in Zaire and Biafra, have reportedly adopted Islam, been circumcised and taken over key government posts. Already they've

effectively severed relations with socialist Mozambique and Tanzania and adopted warm relations with the white apartheid government of South Africa.

Knowledgeable sources are convinced that the Abdallah coup was brought about mainly with the connivance of the French government, former colonialist proprietor of the Comoros. Currently the French are deeply engaged in suppressing guerrilla uprisings in sub-Saharan Africa, particularly Chad; it's felt that the Comoros, strategically located near oil-shipping routes out of the Middle East, could provide the French with a crucial base for involvement in southern-Africa guerrilla wars as well.

Only weeks after the mercenary takeover of the Comoros, black African statesmen from countries as ideologically diverse as socialist Madagascar and U.S.-bankrolled Zaire demonstrated unprecedented unity when they expelled the Comoran delegation from the annual Organization of African Unity conference in Khartoum, the Sudan. Denard himself, it was pointed out, had fought on both sides in the long, bloody Zaire conflict in the '60s—simultaneously conducting infantry campaigns, at one point, for both Mobutu Sese Seko and Moïse Tschombe. In 1975, in fact, Denard led the merc force in the Comoros that ousted Ahmad Abdallah in the first place.

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Thousands of elephant tusks stacked on floor of ivory warehouse.

Crackdown on Illegal African Ivory

HONG KONG—Under intense pressure from international environmentalist groups, the Hong Kong Customs Department has finally agreed to crack down on the importation of African ivory. Last year alone, 475 pounds of raw ivory—representing the illegal slaughter of 47,500 elephants—moved

through Hong Kong to be fashioned into ornamental Buddhas, incense burners, piano keys, coke spoons and flake plates. In the future, though, all shipments of ivory into Hong Kong will require official export permits stamped by the country of origin.

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Toby Molenaar / Image Bank

Zambia police have recruited a witch doctor to put the hex on a gang of house burglars.

Cops Use Witch Doctor to Fight Crime

LUSAKA, ZAMBIA—Police here are working closely with licensed witch doctor Sailota Kamuchimba Phiri in an effort to locate and apprehend an organized gang of burglars who have been preying on homes in the well-to-do sections of this

capital city. "I put some herbs in a bicycle tube and pump it," says Dr. Phiri. "While I am doing so the stomach of the thief starts inflating, wherever he is. The thief looks like a woman with a pregnant stomach unless he returns the goods."



Wide world

A competitor in the recent hang-gliding championships held in Cape Town, South Africa, soars over the city toward the Atlantic Ocean.

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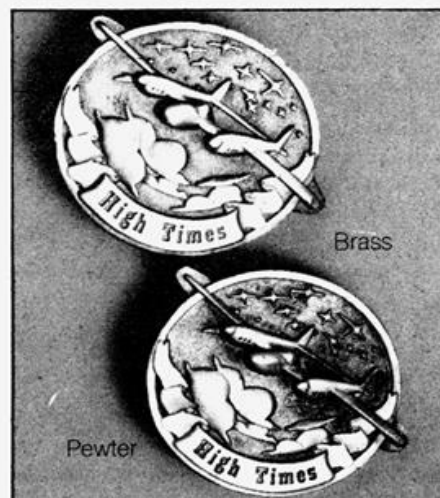
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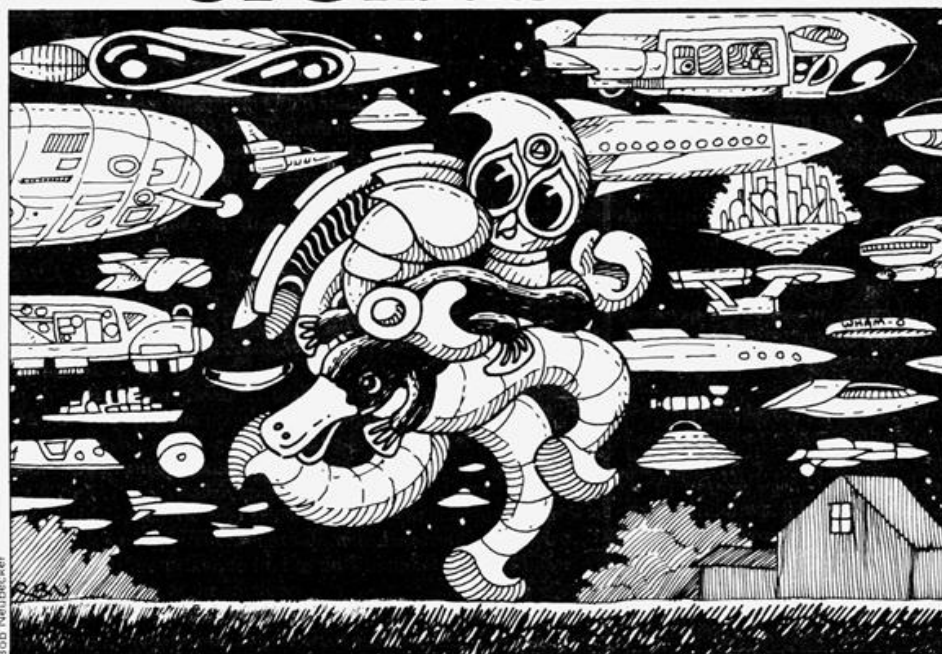
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UFOonauts Invade Tasmania!



Bob Neubacker

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—Since November 1977, more UFO “flaps”—mass sightings—have been reported from New Zealand than nearly any other place in the world. The craft have been repeatedly spotted around the remote Waimate Valley by shepherds and picnicking townsfolk alike, and the sightings all have an intriguing uniformity about them.

The most dramatic visitation occurred at a sheep farm near Gisborne last spring. A local farmer, awakened late at night by a clamor from

his backyard kennel, rushed out armed with a shotgun to see two humanoid ETs in silver suits carrying one of his dogs toward a saucer that had set down by his main paddock. The farmer fired and hit one of the ETs, causing them to drop the dog and pile back in the saucer, which took off by vertical ascent. The dog slowly came out of a daze and seemed “very disturbed” afterward.

Later, an agent for the New Zealand Aerial Phenomena Research Group (APRG) described the craft he saw in the same neighborhood: “It was blue, green and red. As I watched, it came toward me and emitted a blue light that hit a dead tree for about seven seconds. The tree lit up in all colors of the spectrum. The craft then moved about 50 feet to one side, hovered for a couple of minutes and swooped around the back of the hill, where it hovered for a while. The craft was about 30 feet across, 15 feet high, red on top, blue in the middle and green on the bottom. All the animals in the area ran to the bottom of the hill as fast as they could.”

After a night sighting in Waimate, APRG researchers found a kidney-shaped area burnt into a hillside, the grass completely scorched away but the trees standing starkly, quick charred on the outer-bark surfaces. Subsequently a fisherman off the Pimmerton coast saw a UFO that “scared the hell” out of him, emitting a beam of clear light that gave him “a soft tingling” in the head. Then an ET was spotted in the woods nearby, “about four feet, nine inches tall, wearing a metallic silver suit and bright red, illuminated boots”—a description eerily matching that of the Gisborne sheep farmer’s ETs.

Lately, Tasmania also has begun to report mass nighttime spottings of UFOs, with rows of bright orange lights, casting searchlight beams below them. “After a complete investigation,” reports the Tasmanian UFO study center, “officials believe that something out of this world is acting in their area. They base this belief not only on logic but on the evidence that they have accumulated.”

Antarctica

Polar Battle Threatens Over “Beagle Canal” Flap

by Antonio Hunevez

USHUAIA, ARGENTINA—A war is brewing between Argentina and Chile over the ownership of three vital islands that are considered to be “the gateway to the Antarctic.” Although barren and uninhabited, the islands of Nueva, Picton and Lennox, below the Beagle Canal in Tierra del Fuego, are regarded with utmost importance by the two bordering military governments, since they represent Argentina’s access to the Pacific and Chile’s access to the Atlantic. They would also give greater control over Cape Horn, the marine gateway to neighboring Antarctica, where both countries have maintained long and troubled border disputes. Beyond the nationalistic posturing, a major economic reason fires this territorial dispute: Cape Horn’s stormy waters may overlie oil reserves.

Tension over their southern borders has always characterized Argentinian-Chilean diplomatic relations, although the two nations have never fought a war despite isolated skirmishes at the end of the world. Because of Argentinian pressure, Chile was forced to give up a big piece of its southern territory in 1881, and the “Beagle question” was never finally submitted to the arbitra-

tion of the British Crown until 1967. When Her Majesty’s verdict came in favor of Chile ten years later, Argentina simply ignored it, beginning instead an intense national campaign to claim its sovereignty of the bitter islands. Newspaper articles clamoring for armed conflict if new peaceful negotiations failed, and several military demonstrations in spots close to the Chilean borders, have been General Videla’s response to the British arbitration. And Argentina has its own Antarctic dispute with England over the Falkland, or Malvinas, Islands.

Argentina’s virulence came to the point of calling their greatest living cultural figure, writer Jorge Luis Borges, an ignorant traitor when he declared in an interview with a Chilean newspaper that a war between both nations “would be utter nonsense and a crime.” While a tough stand against Chile has been effective in the past, it now seems unlikely that, under the nationalistic rule of General Augusto Pinochet, intimidations will be enough to gain control over the three islands below the Beagle Canal. Not likely, when there might be oil in the icy water strip that separates the Beagle from Antarctica.

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Monkeys Prefer Coke to Bananas

Three rhesus monkeys, given the choice between imbibing banana food pellets and cocaine, opted "almost exclusively" for the coke over the pellets, a customarily preferred monkey delicacy, during an eight-day study at the Medical College of Virginia. Even when they began showing



Animals Animals 1975

For apes, nothing goes better than coke.

symptoms of acute food deprivation, the simian snow freaks continued punching out coke instead of food.

Each monkey was trained to perform a series of lever-pressing maneuvers to obtain the pellets and then an alternative series to gain an intravenous hit of pure coke—.3 milligrams per kilogram of body weight, a generous dose by street standards, but not excessive. The three monkeys quickly took to punching out regular hits of coke, up to 90 doses per day, in preference to the bananas. While their normal behavior was largely unaltered, they quickly began to lose weight, and by the close of the experiment, all had developed nervous tremors.

According to Dr. Tom Aigner, project director, the monkeys rapidly regained their appetite after the experiment ended and exhibited no withdrawal symptoms whatsoever.

Bottled O.J. Lacks Vitamin C

Your morning orange juice may contain a lot less vitamin C than you think. The Connecticut Department of Consumer

Protection has found that bottled orange juice loses 2 percent of its vitamin C content each day it remains on supermarket shelves.

The consumer agency says most vitamin C loss occurs in juice that has been mixed from concentrate at a processing plant and marketed as a liquid. The problem is that vitamin C breaks down in the presence of oxygen, and bottled juice may stand on grocery shelves for weeks. Fresh-squeezed orange juice and frozen concentrate showed very little loss of ascorbic acid if drunk promptly.

Cure for Herpes in the Works?

Researchers at the British headquarters of Burroughs-Wellcome, Ltd., in Research Triangle Park, North Carolina, have reportedly developed a drug to treat herpes simplex II, a painful venereal disease that afflicts over 300,000 victims in the U.S. alone. Heretofore, no treatment against herpes (a noncellular microorganism larger than a human ovum) has been significantly successful, and the disease can be transmitted to unborn children. The new herpes drug, acycloguanosine, is being tested on humans in Europe and America.

Ovulation Improves Vision

A woman's vision improves on the day she ovulates, according to Dr. William Dawson, professor of ophthalmology at



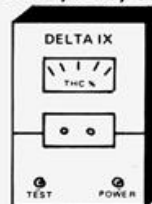
Dr. William Dawson.

the University of Florida. Dawson tested seven women with normal sight and regular menstrual cycles and found their "ability to detect light actually increased from two to three times greater than normal on that particular day." Dawson reports it is the ability to perceive illuminated objects, as opposed to sharpness of vision, that ovulation affects. ■

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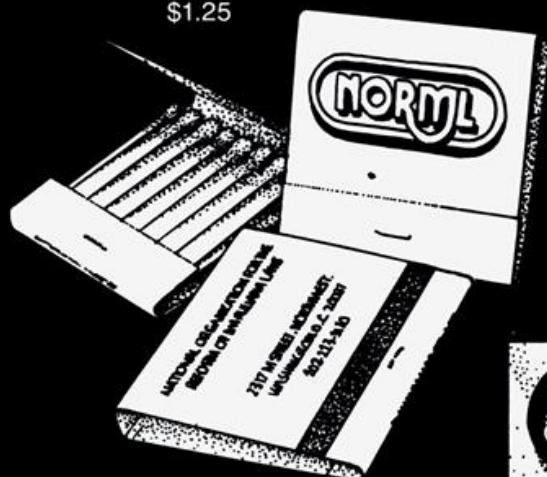
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In the first extradition ever obtained by Canadian authorities in a dope case, an alleged international hash-syndicate boss was deported from Belgium to Canada to face federal dope charges. Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Peel Regional narcs broke up the ring after some 1,147 pounds of Charas hash had been moved into the country tucked inside bolts of fine Madras fabrics. Gurdev Sangha, an Indian who allegedly coordinated the operation, was nailed by Belgian cops on the Luxembourg border. Currently being held in Toronto, Gurdev had been living in Belgium on the proceeds from hotels he owns in Brussels and Amsterdam.



The Moctezuma, busted 80 miles offshore.

Court Stretches 12-Mile Bust Limit

In Miami recently, the Drug Enforcement Administration gained a critical legal precedent for its project to eliminate the traditional 12-mile maritime dope-bust limit: a U.S. District Court judge in Florida convicted the captain of a Colombian mother ship for possession of 57 tons with intent to import it, even though the freighter had been seized 80 miles off the U.S. coast.

As recounted in the July 1978 *High Times*, the narcs busted the 110-foot *Moctezuma* as she was anchored to a reef by Mantanilla Light, 80 miles east of Miami. The ship's captain, Vanderbilt Bowie-Davis of Colombia, was busted along with a dozen crew members.

U.S. magistrate Patricia Kyle promptly dismissed the charges: "We can't bust them when they're outside the 12-mile limit," she said. However, the prosecutors managed to get a new indictment against the men from a West Palm Beach grand jury; and though this was also thrown out

by U.S. magistrate Peter Palermo, he was overruled by U.S. District Court judge Clyde Atkins, who heard the case.

If Judge Atkins's ruling is upheld upon appeal, it will give American drug officials the right to stop and board vessels of all nationalities, everywhere in the world. However, if such a policy is adopted, retaliation on U.S. ships by countries like Colombia should be rapidly forthcoming. As federal legal-aid attorney Laura Snow put it in defense of the *Moctezuma's* crew: "These people... are here today because some DEA agents said: 'We think you were going to the United States, and we think you were going to bring that marijuana into the United States.' We don't want to tell the world that a good, educated guess is the rule of international law."

Rule Cops Not "Dope Experts"

The Illinois supreme court recently overturned a pot conviction on the grounds that since the police officer who testified as an "expert witness" in the case simply wasn't an "expert" at identifying botanical material, there was no solid indication that the defendant had really been in possession of marijuana.

The witness, Deputy Sheriff Billy Carrico, formally identified some alleged marijuana in the evidence bin at the Lawrenceville, Indiana, City Hall the day before the possession trial of a local man began. In his four years on the county force, Carrico had handled 40 grass cases and felt fully qualified to run this lot through something called a "narco test kit" provided by state police. On the stand the next day as an "expert witness" on dope forensics, however, Carrico's competence to identify *Cannabis sativa* was challenged by the defense lawyer, as was the ability of the test kit itself to distinguish marijuana from, for example, oregano. As a result, all references to Carrico's test and most of his on-stand testimony was excised from the trial transcript by the judge's order. Thus, while a conviction was obtained in the Lawrenceville court, the state supreme court found reason to overturn it.

Attorneys for defendants convicted in Carrico's 40 previous pot cases are investigating the possibilities of having those busts reviewed.

The defense tactic of challenging prosecution forensic witnesses in dope cases, previously unheard of, has proven quite promising in recent years. Most of these "experts" are just police-lab cops or local chemists, who don't really have the competence or the equipment necessary to conclusively determine the identity of grass, coke, acid, etc. Persons who get busted in such cases should seriously discuss this tactic with their lawyers; and people who have already been convicted for dope might consider it as a possible means to obtain reversal on appeal. ■

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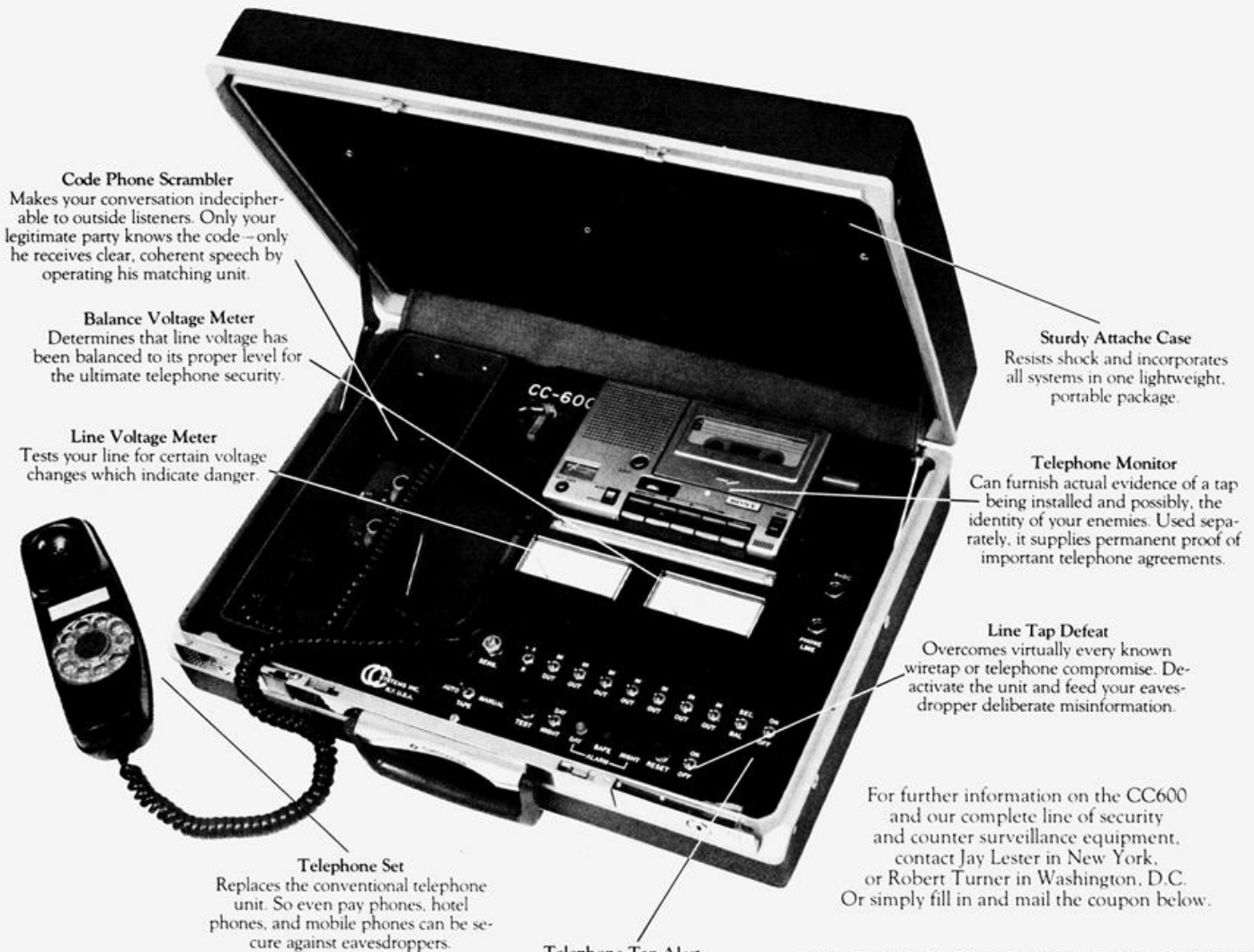
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Vive Plastic Bertrand!

Plastic Bertrand's *Ca Plane Pour Moi* (Sire SRK 6061) is the greatest thing to come out of Belgium since waffles. Plastic Bertrand plays World's Fair music, sort of punk Muzak topped off with vocals in half-spoken French slang. The combination worked big on his smash American single "Ca Plane Pour Moi," which means either "This life's for me" or "Are you new in town, sailor?" The song is a one-note



Waring Abbott

Plastic Bertrand: this man's for us.

send-up of Roxy Music and the Beach Boys that ended up as a huge international hit.

And the album, at last available here in the States, doesn't disappoint in the least. There are songs about little trains, about dogs ("I'm a dog, you are a dog, everybody is a dog, woof woof") and a hot reggae number, "Dance, Dance," wherein Bertrand quotes Shakespeare, all in French of course. The resultant effect is of listening to Freddie Cannon if Palisades Park were in Marseilles.

But why quibble? Punk rock never depended on the comprehension of its lyrics for its impact, and hearing these songs in French is like reading the Dead Sea Scrolls for most of us who reside west of France and south of Montreal. Plastic is cool, you can pogo to him. Viva Bertrand! Chacun à son gout! Après lui, le déluge! And if they don't like it, let 'em eat Meat Loaf.

—Ratso Sloman

The Plastic People's determined resistance to oppression has been the magnetic core of Czechoslovakia's "Second Culture."



"Are we not men? We are Plastic People!"

Banned by the KGB

Egon Bondy's *Happy Hearts Club Banned*, by the Plastic People of the Universe, is simultaneously an historical document and a political act as well as a musical enterprise.

Despite the title, *this is not a funny record*. You will not (unless given to the ecstatic, freeform, dervishlike styles of the San Francisco psychedelic era) dance to it. For sure, there will be no disco version. The musicians whose work it is have been intermittently jailed and persistently harassed by the authorities of their native Czechoslovakia since the group's founding ten years ago amid the rubble of ex-premier Alexander Dubcek's ill-fated attempt to construct "socialism with a human face," an endeavor that crashed to earth at the appearance of Soviet tanks in Prague in August 1968. Plastic People of the Universe was born into a land in the grip of a foreign army of occupation.

The Russians have since withdrawn, but Plastic People have fared no better under the puppet regimes that have ruled in their wake. Since the early '70s the group has been denied a professional musician's license. Playing as amateurs, they were nevertheless threatened with the charge of "illegal earning." Their final resort has been the development of a secretive underground, playing at private gatherings or as guests of legally sanctioned bands. This determined resistance has been the magnetic core of Czechoslovakia's "Second Culture," a semiclandestine network of musicians, artists, intellectuals and their followers. Yet as recently as May 1978, Plastic People's artistic director, Ivan Jirous, was sentenced to 18 months for "disturbing public order," and several members of the group were placed in "preventive detention" during Brezhnev's visit to Prague last spring.

Understandably, the album, notwithstanding a certain undercurrent of sly humor, is rather grim. The lyrics (sung in Czech with English translations on the album sleeve), the work of Czech poet Egon Bondy, are obsessively concerned with illness (titles like "Toxica," "Constipation," and verses like "Today when one is 20./He would vomit with repulsion./But those of 40 even more./Would puke in sheer revulsion") and with futility—songs like "No One" or "Look at You, All Sound Asleep" ("And it's never dawned on you that life./Is more than just subjective pain").

(continued on page 123)

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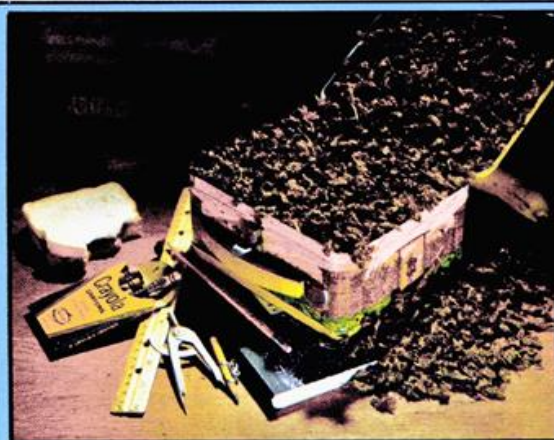
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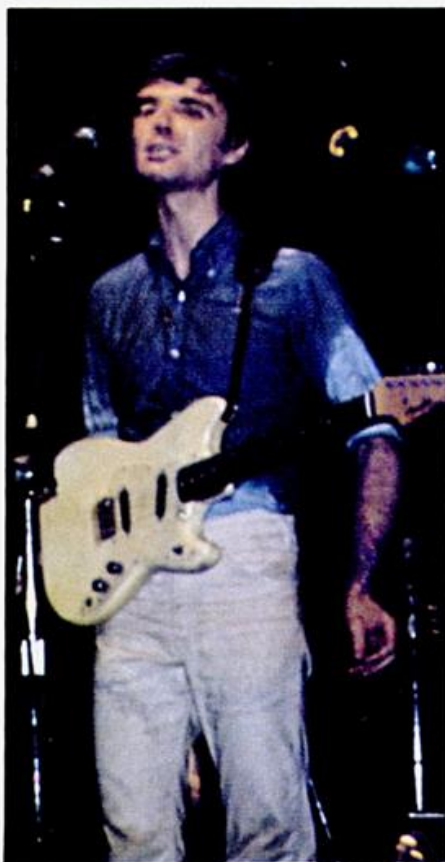
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**Byrne has simplified far enough out of his
art-school intellectuality (Piaget structuralism)
to hitch a ride on the punk craze.**

The music is rigorous and compelling. The rhythm section of bassist Milan Hlavsa and drummer Jaroslav Vozniak produces a ponderous, ominous sound—subaquatic somehow—that lurks and falters and, verging on collapse, abruptly shifts signatures. Vratislav Brabenec plays absolutely impassioned saxophone, mad wailing equal to anything in current Western jazz or rock. Jiri Kabes's viola is haunting and understated, and lead guitarist Josef Janicek plays with a scathing anguish the likes of which has not been heard since the death of Jimi Hendrix.

Easy listening it is not, but it is rock 'n' roll with the dimensions of tragedy. Rock musicians here like to pride themselves on their reputation as rebels, but how many of them could match Plastic People's fortitude? Hopefully, our government will see fit to make Plastic People accessible to the American public without delay.

—Steve Ellman



Mick Rock

David Byrne: primitive weirdo.

The Diadem of Pop Culture

Now I know what it is about Talking Heads that sets them apart from every other act on earth: evolution. Their deal with commerce has a proviso that says they get to evolve. They held out for equity in management, and they've held out for artistic values in commercial art.

Now, in their second album, *More Songs About Buildings and Food* (Sire SRK 6058), this time produced by Brian Eno and themselves, Talking Heads have put into production values the absolute magic that the inspirational values of David Byrne's primitivism provided for those of us lucky enough to be into CBGB when the original Heads were breaking live.

David plays the weirdo very well, and he's genuinely shy for all that, but he's always known the way the game would be played. He simplified far enough out of his art-school intellectuality (Piaget Structuralism, actually) to hitch a ride on the punk craze, though he would never accept that category as the price of the ride.

No matter, he survived punk, and Talking Heads are going to survive us all. Now I know why they didn't like it when I used to compare them to the Beatles, even before they had a disk to their name: the Beatles, compared to this fully evolved form of modern-poetry art music (and in light of Stigwood's *Sgt. Pepper*), are the Stone Age. Talking Heads means music is

in for higher times. They have come further in two albums than Bowie has in ten. At this rate, by their third, make it fourth album, even Mozart and DiMaggio will not be safe. Hats off to Talking Heads, the diadem of pop culture. Available at record stores everywhere for the price of a movie and a burger.

—Michael Newman

Rock and Roll Warriors

In England, the Clash are as popular as Aerosmith; they are being hailed as the next Sex Pistols. But the U.S. hasn't heard much of them except through limited import copies of their first album, which was too politically heavy and audially raw for CBS to release in the States. "All the power is in the hands/Of people rich enough to buy it," they sang in the first album's "White Riot," and "I don't wanna hear about what the rich are doing/They think they're so clever, they think they're so right/But the truth is only known by gutter snipes" in the same album's "Garageland."

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A 5x5 grid of 25 covers of High Times magazine. The covers feature a variety of subjects including celebrities like Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, and Madonna; artists like Salvador Dalí and Andy Warhol; and thematic illustrations such as a chocolate elephant, a pyramid, and a Coca-Cola bottle. The magazine's masthead 'High Times' is prominently displayed at the top of each cover. The grid is a visual representation of the magazine's diverse and countercultural content.

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While the Sex Pistols sang "No Future," the Clash sing that the rotten world can still be changed with enough revolutionaries going wild in the streets.



The Clash advocate complete anarchy on *Complete Control*.

sure this second Clash album would be commercially acceptable in the U.S., CBS flew producer Sandy Pearlman (Blue Oyster Cult, Dictators) to England for some swanky Yankee know-how. Prior supervision prevents subsequent repression. The new album, *Complete Control* (Epic JE35439), is great, and the Clash have retained their basic integrity. The only change is that they're playing bigger, heavier chords.

The first two songs on the album are about terrorism: "Tommy Gun," about the PLO, complete with staccato drum rolls like Kiss did in "Love Gun"; and "Guns on the Roof," a hard-rockin' song about armed urban guerrillas. The next two cuts are dope songs: "Julie's in the Drug Squad," about the recent massive Operation Julie acid bust, done with a touch of New Orleans flavor, sounding like Huey Piano Smith's stuff; and "Drug Stabbin' Time," about another dope bust, a hot rocker that ends with an incredible Wilson Pickett rap.

"Safe European Home," about when the band was down in Jamaica, includes the line "Every white face is an invitation to robbery" and has a kind of fast reggae dub ending. They also do a slightly speeded-up reggae version of their current single, "White Man in Hammersmith Palais," which is a glimpse of black culture in England from the point of view of a hip white kid who wanders down from the Odeon to the Palais, a mecca (bingo) place.

The album's social-commentary songs include "Last Gang in Town," a Cajun fiddle number with a heavy beat about the rise of the nouveau Teds and the nouveau skinheads, and "Groovy Times Are Here Again," a down-tempo rocker. "The English Civil War" is a really brutal

thing on Elvis Presley, based on "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

While the Sex Pistols sang "No Future," the Clash sing that there is a future, that the rotten world can still be changed with enough dope-smoking revolutionaries going wild in the streets.

—Miles and Howie Klein

Coltrane

It's been more than a decade since the passing of 'Trane. In his lifetime he changed the course of modern jazz, taking it from smoke-filled clubs and speakeasies to the farthest reaches of inner and outer consciousness. When he died, there was much material that had been recorded but never released. In the past year, producer Michael Cuscuna, a man with impeccable jazz credentials, has been going through the Impulse vaults, remixing and reissuing some of the best material.

First Meditations for Quartet (Impulse AS9332) is a five-part suite recorded in September '65, a few months before the better known version (with Pharaoh Sanders and Rashied al Ali) was cut.

The *Mastery of John Coltrane* series, two double albums that contain some of his most important unknown material, shows a new and fairly unknown side of Coltrane's genius. Vol 1: *Feeling Good* (Impulse IZ9235) was done with the classic quartet of Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison and McCoy Tyner. At the time they went down, Coltrane had practically moved into the Rudy Van Gelder recording studios, cutting an incredible five sessions in six weeks—eight compositions, including "Living Space," "Joy" (from the "Medita-

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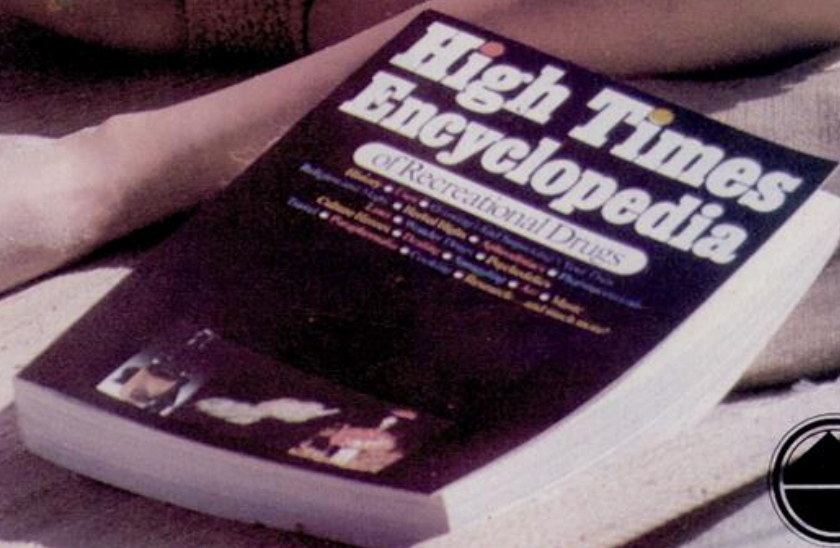
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tion Suite"), "Dusk/Dawn" and a 14-minute live session of "My Favorite Things." Vol. II: *To The Beat of a Different Drum* (Impulse IZ9346) replaced Elvin Jones with Roy Haynes, who recalls, "When I worked with Trane, the intensity was so high, it stayed high, so I stayed with the intensity. When I was with him, I didn't want to let him down. I wanted to keep him inspired."

The material on this second volume includes sessions from '63, '65, and from Newport.

The "Trane may have pulled out of this station, but his music lingers on.

—Charlie Frick

Chet Atkins and Les Paul, Guitar Monsters

When the two greatest living masters of the craft of the electric guitar get together for a session, all that can come of it is musical history. Such was the case when Chet Atkins, father of thousands of mail-order-trained lead-guitar pickers, joined forces with Les Paul, the man who inspired 50 years of up-and-coming guitar cats and redesigned the shape and electronics of the electric guitar into what it is



Goodnight, Chet! Goodnight, Les.

today. (Gibson even named their most popular rock axe after him.) It is rumored that Paul has countless patents, ideas and blueprints for future technological advances in guitar design stashed away in the safe in his New Jersey home. These grandfathers of electric rock music play faster, cleaner and with more authority than any of the Johnny-come-lately players half their age.

The two men met in Nashville for a session with some of Music City's best studio talent. On *Guitar Monsters*, (RCA APL2786), they skate effortlessly through a collection of standard instrumental material that connects the musical decades from when Les started pickin' way back when—"Over the Rainbow," "Lazy River" and "Brazil"—to the late '40s/early '50s swing-R&B sounds of "Limehouse Blues," "Hot Toddy" and "I Surrender Dear." On

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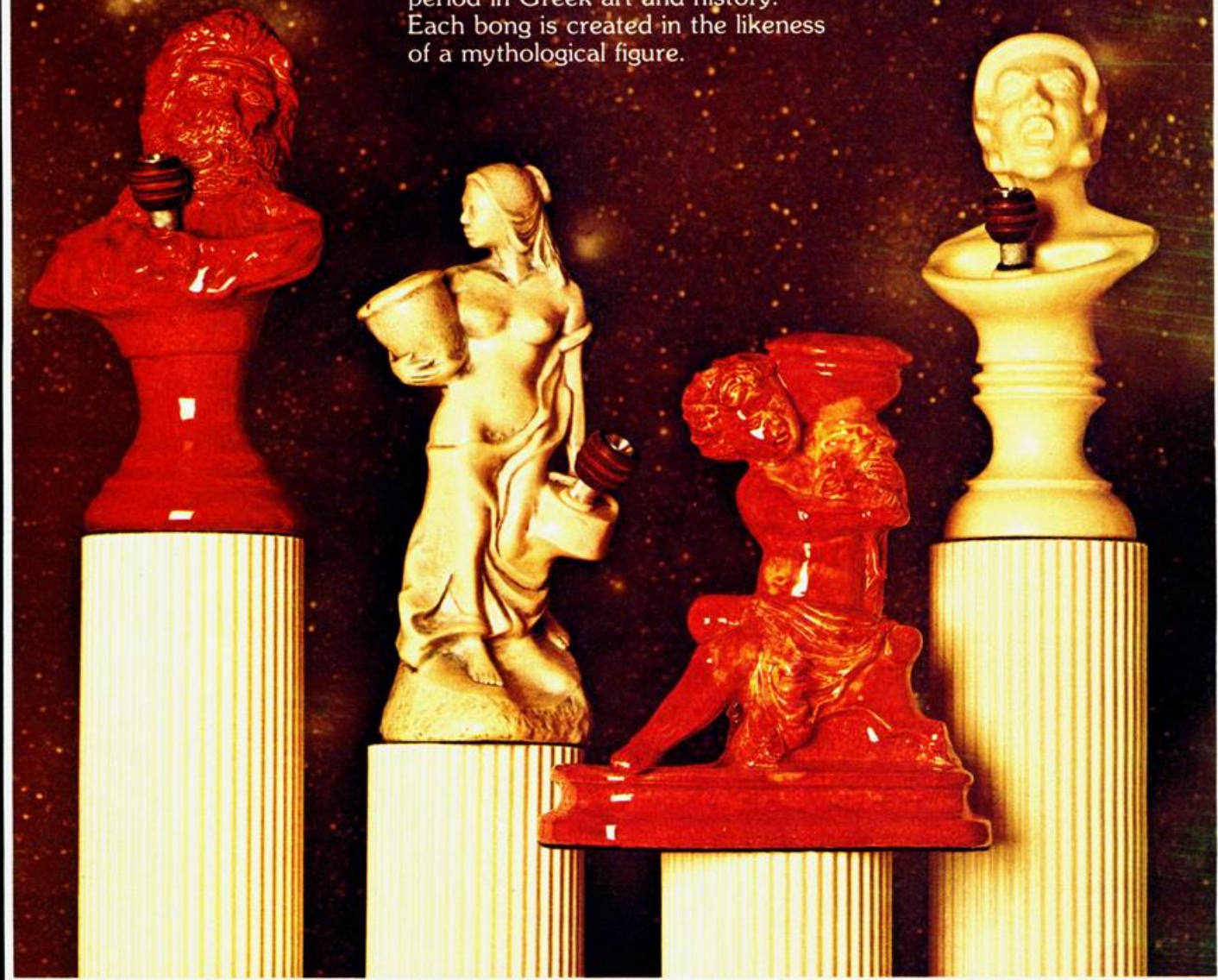
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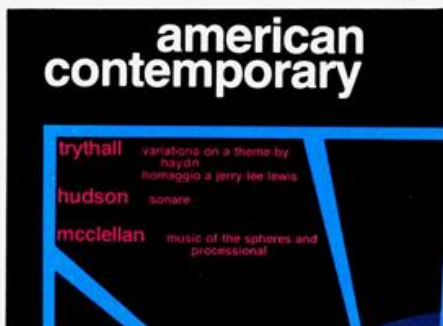
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the album's showcase, "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing," they trade licks clean and smooth as Tennessee moonshine with effortless ease and grace. A flawless sound with the sophistication and class of the hottest hands ever to hold a guitar.

—Charlie Frick

Real to Reel

In jazz it's the sax, in rock it's the electric guitar, but in that contradiction in terms called "modern classical" the main instrument is the tape recorder. Elsewhere it's used as a mirror, and its service as mimic is reflected in the quest for fidelity. But to the composer the tape machine means, for the first time in the history of



Electronic musique concrete.

music, the ability to shape sound beyond the limits of humanity's own voices, reflexes and handmade instruments.

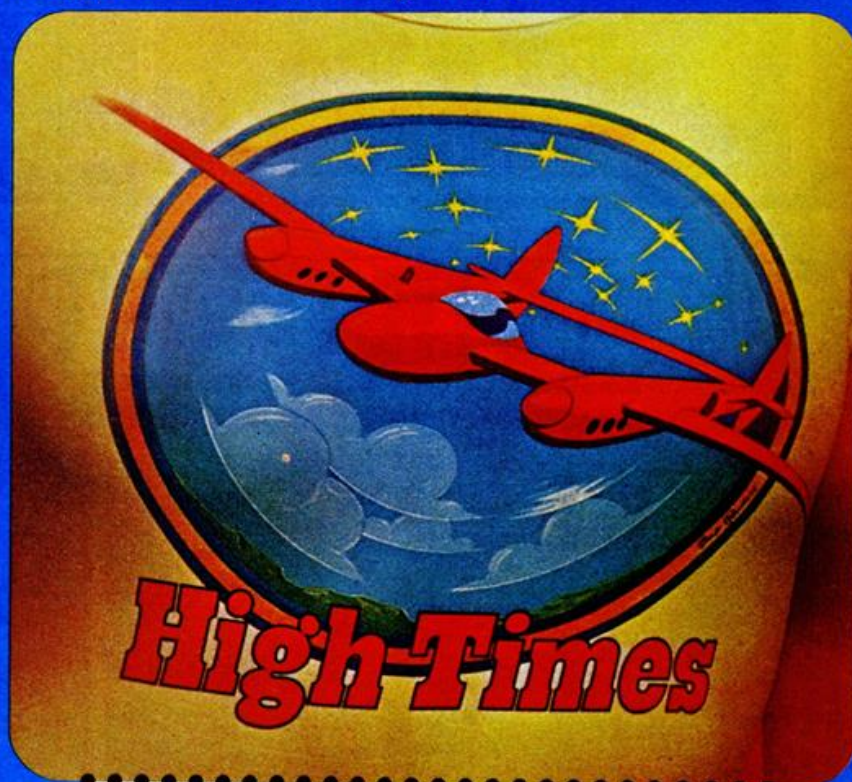
Tapeheads have developed a dazzling array of *musique concrète* techniques that can create an entire bizarre sonata out of, let's say, a recorded flushing toilet or dropping pin. Now that these methods have been explored for some decades, there are more and more attempts to unite the human and the electronic, to fuse the real to the reel, so to speak. *Players and Tape: Music by Trythall, Hudson and McClellan* (Composers Recordings, Inc. SD382, 170 West 74 Street, New York, N.Y. 10023) collects four such attempts, but the two by Richard Trythall stand out as easily the most successful.

In "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," a woodwind quintet and a tape deck find happiness by dissecting part of Haydn's Divertimento No. 1 and reassembling it into a new creation unified by the bits of classical harmony that escaped destruction. Trythall plays the same tape games without human performers in the "Omaggio a Jerry Lee Lewis," dedicated to his 1957 Knoxville, Tennessee, high-school graduating class. The reconstruction lifts "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" to an ever higher level of electricity. Sparks fly, the hum in the amps becomes a UFO's lift-off, the guitar twang remains as a reference point, and Jerry Lee's disembodied, reverbed voice becomes a divine injunction to "wiggle it around."

—Gary Stimeling

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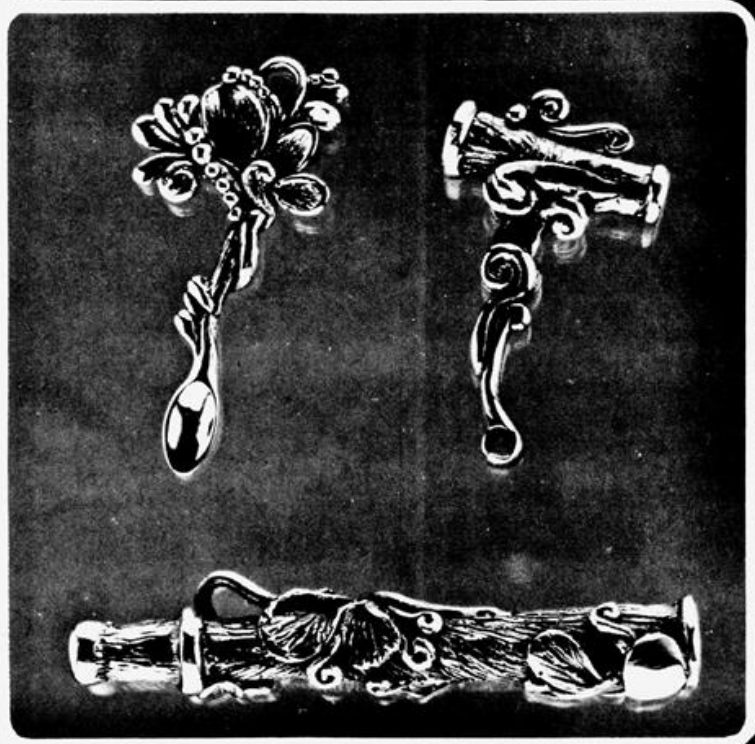
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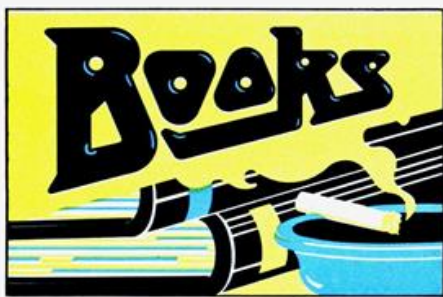
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19-inch Journalism

TV GUIDE: The First 25 Years, edited by Jay S. Harris (New York: Simon and Schuster, \$14.95).

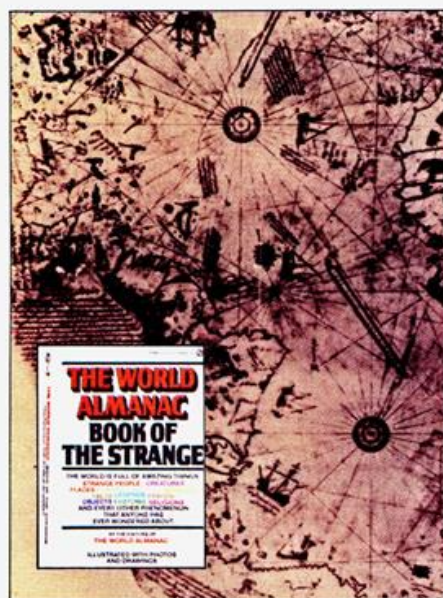
The highest praise that can be given to this book is that I thought of it myself, about two years ago, and even considered writing a letter to Walter Annenberg, publisher of TV Guide, to see if I could land a job compiling it for him. Only difference was, my idea was just to reproduce hundreds of pages of program listings. This is not the format followed here. What we have instead are some 40 or 50 articles culled from the editorial pages of TV Guide over a quarter of a century, some of them quite interesting, others not, but withal exuding a sort of stupid but basically OK intelligence that is sure to give cheer to those of us who read TV Guide all the time just to prove we're not pseuds and trendies.

There are plenty of photographs and some 500 TV Guide covers reproduced in full color. We see Ralph Edwards, Desi Arnaz Jr. as an infant, Queen Elizabeth II, Perry Como, J. Fred Muggs, Dave Garroway, Mason Reese and Bob Dylan as they were immortalized at the times of their maximum influence on the broadest possible audiences. The book's greatest shortcoming is that it is edited to appeal to the lowest common, or least cool, denominator; therefore those essays of shimmering, incandescent stupidity on the charms of "Gilligan's Island" and "I

THE WORLD ALMANAC BOOK OF THE STRANGE, by the editors of the World Almanac (New York: Signet/New American Library, paperback, \$2.50).

This is a lovely and wonderful thing, to have all this outré material together in one volume at last, amply explicated in sober, literate, professional prose, with illustrations and bibliographies. Puzzle and ponder no more. O ye seekers after Truth. Here it is, every conceivable category and subtext of it: black holes, big bangs, cargo cults, Kirlian photography, Nostradamus, Aleister Crowley, Nazca, Tiahuanaco, the entire Easter Island alphabet, the True Shroud, the Sasquatch, divination by entrails (in a "how-to" format!), tarot cards, all the way down to killer bees and jellyfish nettle cells.

Atlantis you'll find in the "Myths and Legends" category between the ten lost tribes of Israel and lycanthropy, while the Bermuda Triangle follows the Piltown man in "Hoaxes and Forgeries." This may, alas, wound the feelings of true believers, but then, in covering Scientology, the editors are very careful not to be properly condemnatory. The UFO section is probably the most all-inclusive and responsible survey ever compiled on the phenomenon, and the references and bibliography make it invaluable to any serious researcher.



Piri Reis map: Antarctica as the ancient Greeks imagined it.

There's even a slice of very appetizing cheesecake in the Wicca entry: a photo of a leggy blond enchantress "calling down the moon" with a ceremonial dagger. As old Ectoplasm Breath himself might put it: Everything you ever wanted to know about weird shit is in this book!

—Dean Latimer

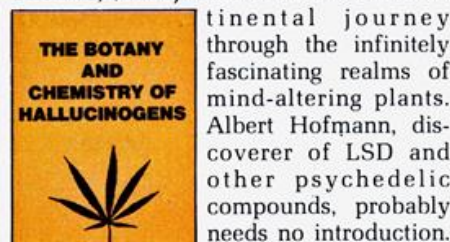
Essays on the charms of "Gilligan's Island" go unprinted in favor of self-congratulatory gunk anent TV's own sensitive coverage of Apollo landings.

Dream of Jeannie" have gone unprinted in favor of TV's self-congratulatory gunk anent its own allegedly profound and emotionally sensitive coverage of the Kennedy assassination, the Apollo landing, etc.

The most glaring omission is of an article, seen mentioned on the cover of a TV Guide reprinted on the dust jacket of 25 Years, entitled "How to Improve TV Violence" by Mickey Spillane. When Spillane will receive his due honor as America's greatest living author, I don't know.

—Eric Kibble

THE BOTANY AND CHEMISTRY OF HALLUCINOGENS, by Richard Evans Schultes, Ph.D., and Albert Hofmann, Ph.D. (Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, \$14.75). This book is a transcontinental journey through the infinitely fascinating realms of mind-altering plants.



Richard Evans Schultes, director and curator of economic botany, at the Botanical Museum of

Harvard University, is undoubtedly the world's leading authority on hallucinogenic plants.

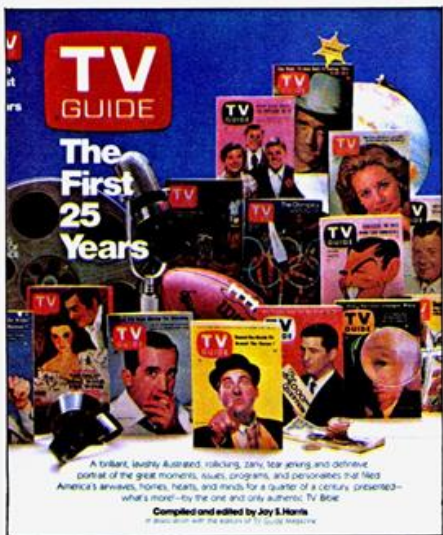
The authors are scientists, and they approach the subject with considerable technical expertise. From *Amanita muscaria* to *Lobelia tupa* each hallucinogenic or purportedly hallucinogenic species is described in terms of its botany, chemistry, history of use and psychopharmacological effects. Accompanying some of these descriptions are skillfully drawn illustrations depicting the important characteristics of the plants' structures. *The Botany and Chemistry of Hallucinogens* is a classic in the field of psychoactive plant research.

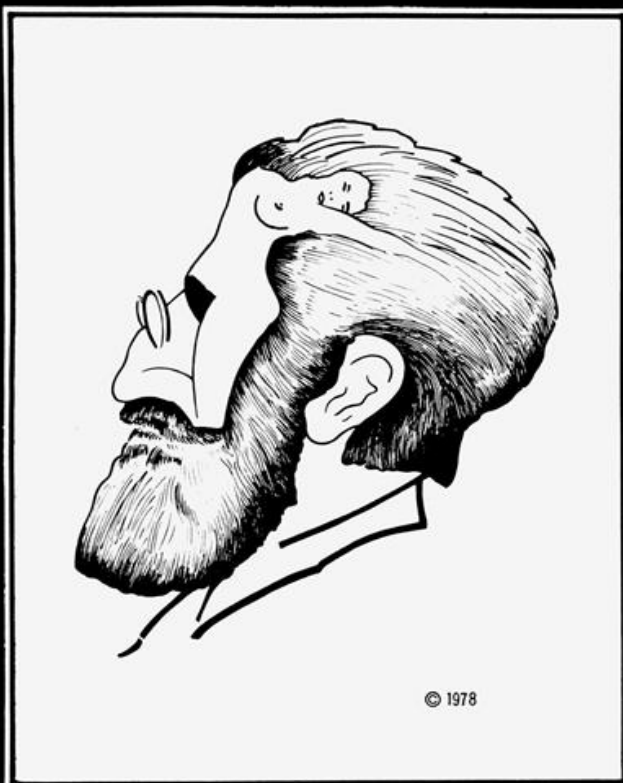
—Ralph Begley

THE ILLUSTRATED ROGER ZELAZNY, by Byron Preiss and Gray Morrow (New York: Baronet, \$8.95).

The Illustrated Roger Zelazny is a mutant coffee-table book for aficionados of the fantastic, a guided tour with pictures through the mind of Zelazny, the Hugo and Nebula awards winner and one of the acknowledged masters of modern fantasy.

This oversized paperback contains several of Zelazny's early stories, written before he abandoned short fiction for novels like *Nine Princes in Amber* and *Lord of Light*. In adapting Zelazny's





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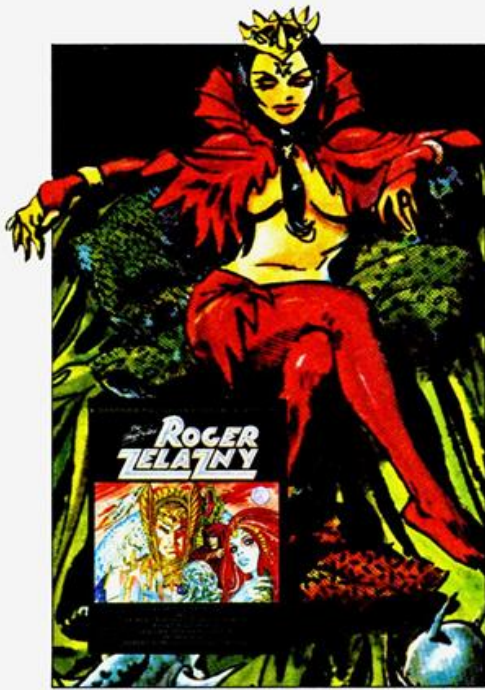
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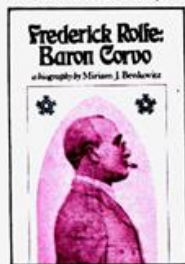
stories to graphic form, Preiss has maintained a reverence usually reserved for new editions of the Koran. The high point of the book is "Shadowjack," the complex adventure of a thief searching for a mystic jewel in the Court of the Hundred Towers, which has a bell clanging in every one and is managed by a ringing mad magician with bells in his beard and anger in his eyes. Not to mention the deadly *doppelgängers* of Shadowjack himself and a crystalline demon called a Vorkle thrown in for no apparent reason.

Zelazny runs through his paces and shows just how much fun a comic strip can be.

Morrow, one of the most visible science-fiction artists of the '60s, is an intriguing choice as Zelazny's illustrator. His strong sense of character and his peculiar Sunset Boulevard vision of the future give the stories fascinating dimensions, although the execution of his drawings is often uneven.

Zelazny's stories are solid, however, and "Shadowjack" is the best non-nonsense fantasy adventure you're likely to see in years. —Jim Wheelock

FREDERICK ROLFE: BARON CORVO, a biography by Miriam J. Benkovitz (New York: Putnam, \$10.95). Few decadents of the late nineteenth century were more eccentric, flamboyant, cantankerous, perverse, vindictive and pious than Frederick Rolfe, the self-styled Baron Corvo. "An exquisitely elaborate loafer...by the grace of



God" was the way he described himself; he was, among other things, the inventor of submarine photography, failed priest, pimp, scrounger, scholar, unrepentant pederast and painter of religious banners.

Of his fantastic novels, the best known, *Hadrian VII* is an illuminated daydream in which an Englishman "with the temperament of a cat" becomes, through a series of miraculous and improbable circumstances, pope, only to die ecstatically smothered under vestments and jewels during a papal procession. Like the sumptuous *Three Tales of Venice* or the piquant *Stories Toto Told Me*, Rolfe's books are written in "orchidaceous prose" sprinkled with archaic words—zaimph, purrothrixine, fyflot, phasma, totuliquent, kopricomatose—of his own devising.

Corvo's ragged and ramshackle career is painstakingly chronicled by Miriam Benkovitz with subtle insight, detached humor and an obvious affection for her subject's alarming and headlong descent into self-fabricated dilemmas. Corvo oscillated wildly between the very real terror of being eaten alive by crabs and swimming rats as he slept in his hovel,

and phantasmagoric self-indulgence as he reclined on his gondola covered with the skins of leopards and lynx while a thin-waisted boy rowed him along the canals of Venice.

Corvo could also rise to sublime heights, as in this almost Miltonic ranting on the follies of human nature: "You build as for eternity a house suspended in air, of which, for every brick you lay on, another silently drops into space...Are you much more successful than the celluloid dog who chases an asbestos cat through hell? But I—I have reached the Realm of White Light through the Ravine of Ultra Violet despair and I chuck my insults at devouring time and impale the inevitable on a smile." While less dramatic than A.J. Symons's classic biography of the '30s, *Quest for Corvo*, Benkovitz's study is the definitive biography of "one of the most whimsical of writers and...beguiling men of the great world." —David Dalton

"Composting is easier to do than to describe and, like lovemaking, magic when you do it well."—The Toilet Papers

THE TOILET PAPERS, by Sim Van der Ryn (Capra Press, 631 State Street, Santa Barbara, California 93101, \$3.95). My own



family used a three-hole outdoor toilet until 1961, it so happens. We weren't the least bit proud of it, mind you: unlike these southern California eco-maniacs with their compost privies and Greywater systems, we who lived in the North Woods felt rather a trace burdened with all that blooming, bursting, bellowing environment. Try using that little shack by the barn on a night when it's -20°F. Try pitchforking it steaming out into the spreader every other autumn.

Shit can get up to 165 degrees as it turns into compost. It's the combined action of evaporation and the activity of aerobic detritivore bacteria, it says here. Dumb north-country farmers, we never knew from compost. Had we only lined the pit with mulch and straw to provide a congenial environment for the bacteria, ventilated it with some perforated air pipes, and turned it every three days with a pitchfork...

Says the author: "Composting is easier to do than to describe and, like lovemaking, magic when you do it well." In fact, he makes it all sound, if not precisely ecstatic, at least a salubrious and honorable thing to do. Every time you poop, some ten trillion bacteria and a significant amount of nitrogen are released; in the 90 gallons of pissing you do each year there is ten pounds of nitrogen. If all this were diverted to agriculture, food prices would

go down, marine pollution would be dramatically eased, and poisonous petrol-based fertilizers could be phased out.

And here we thought we were getting respectable when we finally moved in a flush toilet. For a tithe of what it cost, we could've built one of these rather lovely and simple "waste"-recycling designs, following Mr. Van der Ryn's meticulous designs. A noted architect and Zen devotee, he vociferously favors the squat crapper over the orthodox, straitlaced Victorian sit-up commode. Squatters could virtually eradicate the "greatest physical vice of the white race: constipation." Gastroenterologists consider the practice of toilet training defenseless infants on grown-up-model toilets perfectly deplorable.

And as everybody knows, the most revolutionary inspiration in modern history occurred in an earth toilet in Wittenburg, when Martin Luther composed his 95 feces "at the stool." All we ever had to read was the Sears-Roebuck catalog.

—Dean Latimer

EMERGENCE, by Cynthia MacAdams, introduction by Kate Millett (New York: Chelsea House, \$15). This is a new kind of



photo book. It's about women; but that's not really new. There have been a lot of successful photo books about women lately—Helmut Newton's *White Women*, J. Fredrick Smith's *Sappho*—and billions of magazines devoted to the female form. The difference is that this publication is of

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women, by women and for women, or according to Kate Millett's intro, of, by and for a new kind of woman. There's some truth to that.

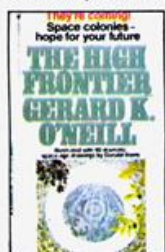
What you notice in this collection is the eyes of the women, which are not averted, as is the convention in Western erotic painting, photography and advertising. They are looking back. As Millett says, they are seeing. They aren't sex objects, although they are often sexy. This book has quite a sexual quality, not only because woman-to-woman sexuality is sometimes implied, but because the women here are powerfully attractive and photographed in a way that presents this attraction naturally.

Although it's possible to get turned on (there are a number of great beauties here, and often there is an erotic mood), the photographs aren't porn because they are anti-illusionary. If you get hot, you'd probably want to put down the book and find the real thing.

Many great women are depicted here, including Jane Fonda, Patti Smith, Anne Waldman, Judy Chicago, Marisol, Alice Neel, Viveca Lindfors and Margo St. James. The best thing about this volume is that it gives the impression that you could learn something from talking to each subject, which is a feeling you don't usually get from photography of women.

—Neal Barlowe

THE HIGH FRONTIER, by Gerard K. O'Neill (New York: Bantam Books, \$2.75).



Just imagine breathing pure laboratory oxygen in zero gravity all the time: you would spend your everloving life stoned out, good buddy! Of course they'd probably cut the oxygen with more ignoble gases, lest the whole 100-mile-diameter space island touch off like a Roman candle the first time anyone lit up a joint; then again, from what all the astronauts say about it, you really wouldn't want to hang out in zero grav any more than you absolutely had to. But, by Apollo, this guy sure makes it all sound swell, orbiting around the empyrean in superdeluxe space-island style.

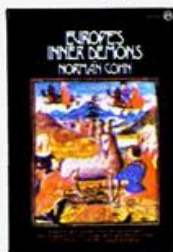
A consortium of nations under U.N. auspices would put these things out there, see: they mine the moon for unlimited construction material, erect these huge solar-energy reflectors in deep space and set hundreds of great spheroid space stations spinning among them with 100-percent terra grav inside at the equator and free fall at the poles. Inside are children

pedaling their toy triplanes around the "sky," lovers disporting in erotic slow motion, everybody accumulating piles of the local space-island capital and living it up like Reilly. And no reason it couldn't turn out this way, either; you just watch and see if it doesn't.

Looks damned inevitable, in fact—tired old Earth asworn with support satellites beaming solar power down, like a fat, sick old lady on perpetual intravenous drip, the brightest of her offspring ruthlessly plundering the moon, the asteroids and the rings of Uranus. Mr. O'Neill gives us 10,000 years to go before we eat our way through the whole solar system and descend upon the stars. No stopping us, good buddy. Look out Antares, here come... people!

—Dean Latimer

EUROPE'S INNER DEMONS: An Enquiry Inspired by the Great Witch Hunt, by Norman Cohn (New York: New American Library, \$3.95).



According to Professor Cohn, the very concept of the witch is a mass hallucination, "fantasy at work in history (and, incidentally, in the writing of history). Fantasy, and nothing else..." In spite of the vast literature on witchcraft, it is only in recent years that British scholars such as Christina Lerner, Alan Macfarlane and Cohn began to ask the audacious question: Did witches exist at all? Amazingly enough, they found no documentary evidence of witchcraft or devil-worshiping sects anywhere in medieval Europe.

One can go further; there is serious evidence to the contrary: no survival of pagan fertility cults, no secret societies, no Black Masses, no orgies, no sacrifices human or otherwise, no confessions except those produced under torture (all these testimonies, of course, conforming to society's preconceived stereotype of witchcraft)... therefore no witches.

But there really were witch hunts, and the investigation of the origins of this mass persecution is the true subject of Professor Cohn's book. He should know. As the author of classic studies on racism (*Warrant for Genocide*) and on fanatical mystic anarchists of the Middle Ages (*The Pursuit of the Millennium*), and as the director of the ominous-sounding Centre for Research in Collective Psychopathology, Cohn brings to bear his colossal erudition, crystal logic and profound understanding of the mechanisms that drive us to create our own demons and then attack them.

—David Dalton



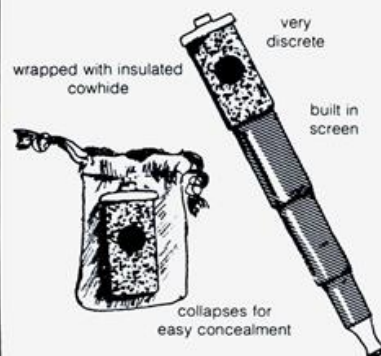
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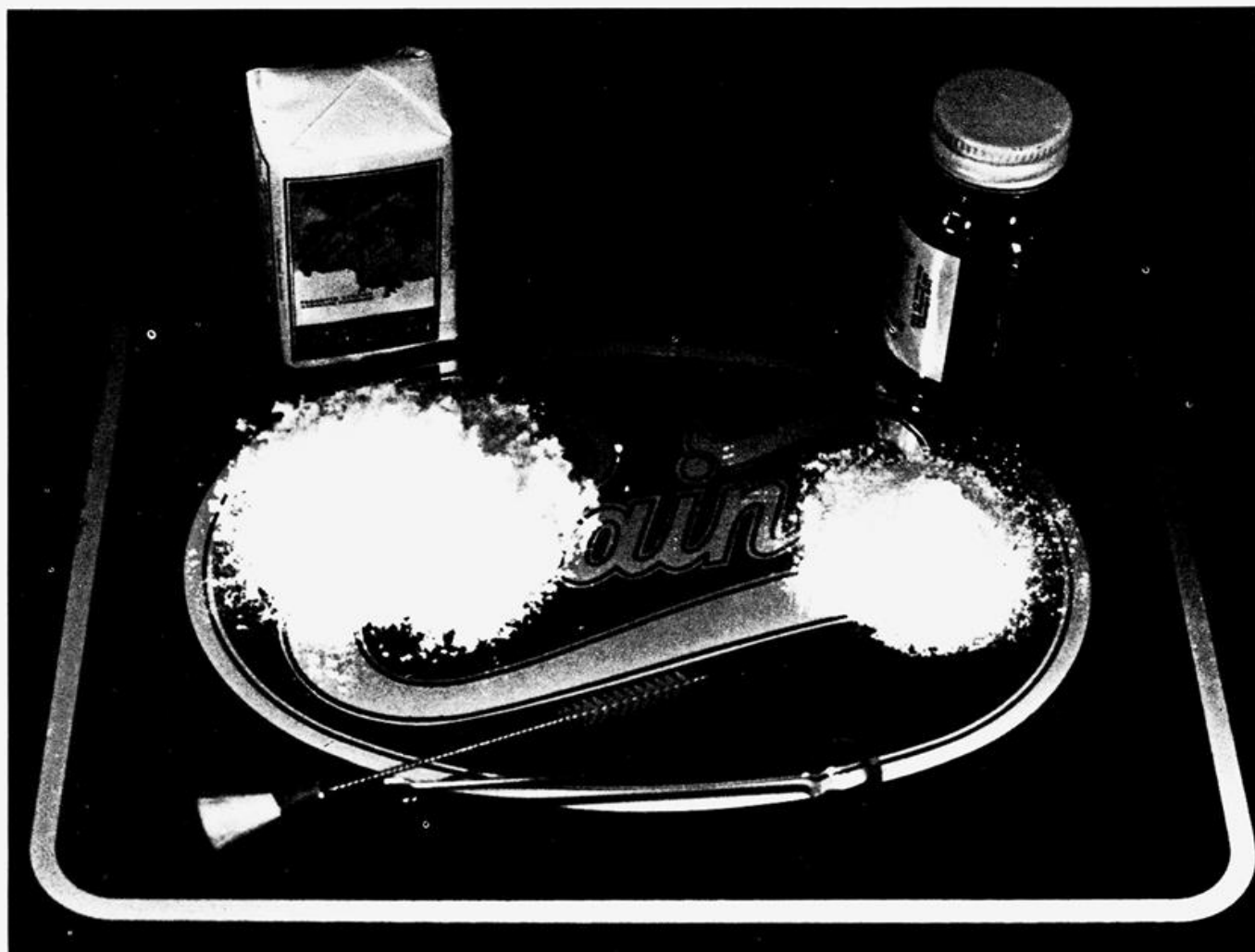
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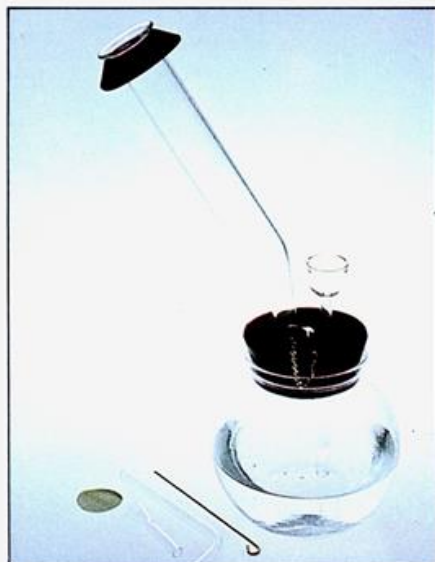
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Kokaine, Mein Herr?

Das kunstgeschichte autokontainen kokainznortingkit ist frum Deustchland ge-imported. Koms mit nikkel-geplated eksteriorkase mit der artengraving, mit der mirror, mit der razor, mit der shnooter vat zu puts in der snotter, und mit also der Sno-Seal vat mit holds der kokaine. Ist gut, ja? Nein! Nein? Ja, das ist only \$9 from Stone Wood Imports, 1480 Kleppe Lane, Sparks, Nevada 89431.



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"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☐

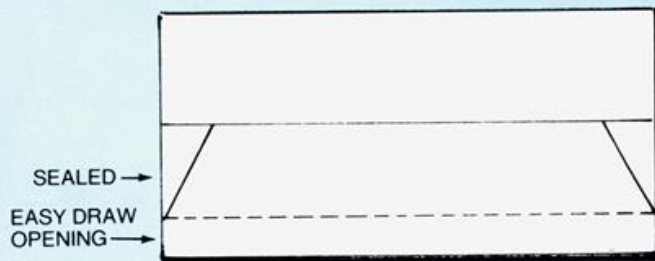
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High Times

JANUARY 1979



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